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CHARACTER PORTRAITS
FROM DICKENS

Character Portraits from Dickens

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

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Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics,"
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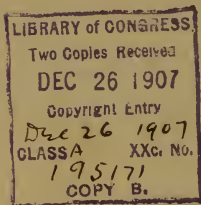
BOSTON

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1907

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PREFACE

That Charles Dickens touched our varied human nature at every point, and drew his characters from every walk of life, is a matter of common knowledge to the lover and student of his works. But the ordinary reader, absorbed in the movement and interest of the story, scarcely realizes with what wonderful truthfulness as to exterior and physical features,—and with what powerful insight as to mental characteristics his people are presented. They are intensely human, every one; vital and palpitating; and they endure as living personalities in the mind of the reader when plot and story of the novel in which they figure are often but dimly remembered, or are wholly forgotten.

Those ~~of us~~ who have lived nearer to the times and the places of which Dickens wrote have met many of their prototypes and can testify to the truthfulness of the portraiture; but one great and wonderful power of his lies in his being able to make strange characters, living in a strange atmosphere, in a fast-growing far-off time, living and real to-day to those who have never known their like in flesh and blood.

PREFACE

So sharp, and so vivid, so distinct, and so clear, are his word paintings of the men and women who live and move and have their being in his pages that they suffer little, if at all, in mental-picture-forming power, by being taken out of their original setting and disassociated from their action.

The one-hundred and fifty or more pen-portraits from Dickens, which make up this little book; selected from the 1,500 different characters portrayed by him — types of business men, professional men, tradesmen, and women; and of men and women whose occupations are now no more, are proof of the foregoing statement and are offered as giving a view of the genius and power of Dickens as a portrait painter with the pen, which has perhaps not hitherto been presented.

The material selected is arranged alphabetically according to the names of the characters, and prefaced to each portrait is a brief note indicating the place the individual occupies in the story from which the portrait is taken. At the end of each, references are given to all the chapters in the story in which the character appears. No liberty has been taken with the text excepting omissions here and there which are always indicated.

The main idea has been to present those descriptions of individuals which are the

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most vivid and concise in direct description rather than those which reveal their characters in conversation or in their actions only. Many famous ones may therefore be missed in this collection, but those which are given will prove the truth of what has already been said and the compiler of this little volume will be happy if it leads the reader to a better appreciation and understanding of Dickens' inimitable power of pen-portraiture, and a closer acquaintance with his works.

CHARLES WELSH.

Winthrop, Mass.



CHARACTER PORTRAITS FROM DICKENS

BENJAMIN ALLEN, *Mr. Bob Sawyer's friend, whose sister he purposes to marry. He was foiled, however, by the girl herself, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle, who carried her off — the latter marrying her without the leave of any one. He was a medical student of somewhat dissipated character (see Bob Sawyer).*

Mr. Benjamin Allen was a coarse, stout, thick-set young man, with black hair cut rather short, and a white face cut rather long. He was embellished with spectacles, and wore a white neckerchief. Below his single-breasted black surtout, which was buttoned up to his chin, appeared the usual number of pepper-and-salt coloured legs, terminating in a pair of imperfectly polished boots. Although his coat was short in the sleeves, it disclosed no vestige of a linen wristband; and although there was quite enough of his face to admit of the encroachment of a shirt collar, it was not graced by the smallest approach to that appendage. He presented altogether rather a mildewy appearance, and emitted a fragrant odour of full-flavoured Cubas.

Pickwick Papers, ch. xxx, xxxii, xxxviii, xlvi, l, li, liii, liv, lvi, lvii.

MAJOR JOSEPH BAGSTOCK

MAJOR JOSEPH BAGSTOCK, *a retired army officer with an oriental servant. He is the go-between in bringing about the marriage of Mr. Dombey with Edith Granger, and he carried on a kind of platonic flirtation with Miss Tox.*

A wooden-featured, blue-eyed Major, with his eyes starting out of his head. . . . Although Major Bagstock had arrived at what is called in polite literature, the grand meridian of life, and was proceeding on his journey downhill with hardly any throat, and a very rigid pair of jaw-bones, and long-flapped elephantine ears, and his eyes and complexion in the state of artificial excitement already mentioned, he was mightily proud of awakening an interest in Miss Tox, and tickled his vanity with the fiction that she was a splendid woman who had her eye on him. This he had several times hinted at the club: in connexion with little jocularities, of which old Joe Bagstock, old Joey Bagstock, old J. Bagstock, old Josh Bagstock, or so forth, was the perpetual theme: it being, as it were, the Major's stronghold and donjon-keep of light humour, to be on the most familiar terms with his own name.

"Joey B., Sir," the Major would say, with a flourish of his walking-stick, "is worth a dozen of you. If you had a few more of the Bagstock breed among you, Sir, you'd be none the worse for it. Old Joe, Sir, needn't look

MRS. MARTHA BARDELL

far for a wife, even now, if he was on the look-out; but he's hard-hearted, Sir, is Joe—he's tough, Sir, tough, and de-vilish sly!" After such a declaration, wheezing sounds would be heard; and the Major's blue would deepen into purple, while his eyes strained and started convulsively.

Notwithstanding his very liberal laudation of himself, however, the Major was selfish. It may be doubted whether there ever was a more entirely selfish person at heart; or at stomach is perhaps a better expression, seeing that he was more decidedly endowed with that latter organ than with the former. He had no idea of being overlooked or slighted by anybody.

Dombey and Son, ch. vii, x, xx, xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxxi, xxxvi, xl, li, lix, lx.

MRS. MARTHA BARDELL, *Mr. Pickwick's* landlady, gaining the notion that he had offered to marry her, brings an action against him for breach of promise. She is successful, Mr. Pickwick refuses to pay the damages and is imprisoned for the debt. Mrs. Bardell, being unable to pay the fees of the extortionate lawyers, Dodson and Fogg, later on follows him to prison, hearing of which Mr. Pickwick relents, pays the damages, and sets Mrs. Bardell free again.

MR. BARKIS

Mrs. Bardell — the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer — was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man, and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlour; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighbouring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

Pickwick Papers, ch. xii, xxvi, xxxiv, xlvi.

MR. BARKIS, *the carrier who takes David Copperfield to Yarmouth, when he first goes to school. On his way he entrusts David to tell Peggotty that "Barkis is willin'." She proves "willin'" also and after the queerest of courtships they are married.*

Mr. Barkis appeared in an exceedingly vacant and awkward condition, and with a bundle

MR. BARKIS

of oranges tied up in a handkerchief. As he made no allusion of any kind to this property, he was supposed to have left it behind him by accident when he went away; until Ham, running after him to restore it, came back with the information that it was intended for Peggotty. After that occasion he appeared every evening at exactly the same hour, and always with a little bundle, to which he never alluded, and which he regularly put behind the door, and left there. These offerings of affection were of a most various and eccentric description. Among them I remember a double set of pigs' trotters, a huge pincushion, half a bushel or so of apples, a pair of jet earrings, some Spanish onions, a box of dominoes, a canary bird and cage, and a leg of pickled pork.

Mr. Barkis's wooing, as I remember it, was altogether of a peculiar kind. He very seldom said anything; but would sit by the fire in much the same attitude as he sat in, in his cart, and stare heavily at Peggotty, who was opposite. One night, being, as I suppose, inspired by love, he made a dart at the bit of wax-candle she kept for her thread, and put it in his waistcoat-pocket and carried it off. After that his great delight was to produce it when it was wanted, sticking to the lining of his pocket, in a partially melted state, and pocket it again when it was done with. He

JOHN BARSAD

seemed to enjoy himself very much, and not to feel at all called upon to talk. Even when he took Peggotty out for a walk on the flats, he had no uneasiness on that head, I believe; contenting himself with now and then asking her if she was pretty comfortable; and I remember that sometimes, after he was gone, Peggotty would throw her apron over her face, and laugh for half-an-hour. Indeed, we were all more or less amused, except that miserable Mrs. Gummidge, whose courtship would appear to have been of an exactly parallel nature, she was so continually reminded by these transactions of the old one.

David Copperfield, ch: ii, v, vii, viii, x, xxix, xxxi.

JOHN BARSAD *was really Solomon Pross, the brother of Miss Pross — Lucie Manette's maid. He robbed his sister of all she had, and then abandoned her to poverty. He became a spy and secret informer in the pay of the English Government and afterwards a turnkey in the Concièrgerie in Paris.*

Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; generally, rather handsome visage; eyes dark, face thin, long and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister.

. . .

JOHN BARSAD

Sheep of the prisons, emissary of Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English that an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subordination in those characters than a Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the pay of the aristocratic English government. . . .

Thrown out of his honourable employment in England, through too much unsuccessful hard swearing there—not because he was not wanted there; our English reasons for vaunting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date—he knew that he had crossed the Channel, and accepted service in France: first, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there: gradually, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine-shop; had received from the watchful police such heads of information concerning Doctor Manette's imprisonment, release, and history as should

serve him for an introduction to familiar conversation with the Defarges; and tried them on Madame Defarge, and had broken down with them signally. He always remembered with fear and trembling, that that terrible woman had knitted when he talked with her, and had looked ominously at him as her fingers moved. He had since seen her, in the section of Saint Antoine; over and over again produce her knitted registers, and denounce people whose lives the guillotine then surely swallowed up. He knew, as every one employed as he was did, that he was never safe; that flight was impossible; that he was tied fast under the shadow of the axe; and that in spite of his uttermost tergiversation and treachery in furtherance of the reigning terror, a word might bring it down upon him. Once denounced, and on such grave grounds as had just now been suggested to his mind, he foresaw that the dreadful woman of whose unrelenting character he had seen many proofs, would produce against him that fatal register, and would quash his last chance of life.

A Tale of Two Cities, Bk. I, ch. iii, vi, xiv, xvi; Bk. III, ch. viii, ix, ix, xi, xiii, xv.

HARRIET BEADLE

HARRIET BEADLE (*called TATTYCORAM*)
maid to Minnie Meagles. She was taken from the Foundling Hospital by Mr. Meagles, who always advised her to "count five and twenty" when not in a good temper. She is intractable, and insensible to all the kindness shown her—runs away and lives with Miss Wade. She is instrumental in returning a certain box of papers which figures in the story and in the end returns humble and penitent to the home of her benefactors.

A handsome girl with lustrous dark hair and eyes, and very neatly dressed, . . . a sullen, passionate girl. Her rich black hair was all about her face, her face was flushed and hot, and as she sobbed and raged, she plucked at her lips with an unsparing hand.

.

The girl raged and battled with all the force of her youth and fulness of life, until by little and little her passionate exclamations trailed off into broken murmurs as if she were in pain. By corresponding degrees she sank into a chair, then upon her knees, then upon the ground beside the bed, drawing the coverlet with her, half to hide her shamed head and wet hair in it, and half, as it seemed, to embrace it, rather than have nothing to take to her repentant breast.

"Go away from me, go away from me!

MR. BEVAN

When my temper comes upon me, I am mad. I know I might keep it off if I only tried hard enough, and sometimes I do try hard enough, and at other times I don't and won't. What have I said! I knew when I said it, it was all lies. They think I am being taken care of somewhere, and have all I want. They are nothing but good to me. I love them dearly; no people could ever be kinder to a thankless creature than they always are to me. Do, do go away, for I am afraid of you. I am afraid of myself when I feel my temper coming, and I am as much afraid of you. Go away from me, and let me pray and cry myself better!"

*Little Dorrit, Bk. I, ch. ii, xvi, xxvii, xviii;
Bk. ii, ch. ix, x, xx, xxxiii.*

MR. BEVAN, *a warm-hearted, level-headed man from Massachusetts. Martin Chuzzlewit met him at his New York boarding house, and he afterwards advanced him the money to enable him and Mark Tapley to return to England.*

Now, there had been at the dinner-table a middle-aged man with a dark eye and a sunburnt face, who had attracted Martin's attention by having something very engaging and honest in the expression of his features; but of whom he could learn nothing from

either of his neighbours, who seemed to consider him quite beneath their notice. He had taken no part in the conversation round the stove, nor had he gone forth with the rest; and now, when he heard Martin sigh for the third or fourth time, he interposed with some casual remark, as if he desired, without obtruding himself upon a stranger's notice, to engage him in cheerful conversation if he could. His motive was so obvious, and yet so delicately expressed, that Martin felt really grateful to him, and showed him so, in the manner of his reply. . . .

There was a cordial candour in his manner, and an engaging confidence that it would not be abused; a manly bearing on his own part, and a simple reliance on the manly faith of a stranger; which Martin had never seen before. He linked his arm readily in that of the American gentleman, and they walked out together.

It was perhaps to men like this, his new companion, that a traveller of honoured name, who trod those shores now nearly forty years ago, and woke upon that soil, as many have done since, to blots and stains upon its high pretensions, which in the brightness of his distant dreams were lost to view; appealed in these words —

BITZER

Oh but for such, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quickened without
sun,

Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall before her spring were
o'er!

*Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xv, xvii, xxi, xxxiii,
xxxiv, xliii.*

BITZER, a pupil of Mr. McChoakumchild in Gradgrind's Model School, who as a result of their methods grew up devoid of fancy, sentiment and affection.

His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if it were cut, he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisors. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs

BITZER

hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer. . . .

He held the respectable office of general spy and informer in the establishment, for which volunteer service he received a present at Christmas, over and above his weekly wage. He had grown into an extremely clear-headed, cautious, prudent young man, who was safe to rise in the world. His mind was so exactly regulated, that he had no affections or passions. All his proceedings were the result of the nicest and coldest calculation; and it was not without cause that Mrs. Sparsit habitually observed of him, that he was a young man of the steadiest principle she had ever known. Having satisfied himself, on his father's death, that his mother had a right of settlement in Coketown, this young economist had asserted that right for her with such a steadfast adherence to the principle of the case, that she had been shut up in the work-house ever since. It must be admitted that he allowed her half a pound of tea a year, which was weak in him: first, because all gifts have an inevitable tendency to pauperise the recipient, and secondly, because his only reasonable transaction in that commodity would have been to buy it for as little as he could possibly give, and sell it for as much as

DOCTOR BLIMBER

he could possibly get; it having been clearly ascertained by philosophers that in this is comprised the whole duty of man—not a part of man's duty, but the whole.

"Hard Times," Book I, ch. ii; Book II, ch. i, iv, vi, vii, ix, xi; Book III, ch. vii, ix.

DOCTOR BLIMBER, *the proprietor of the exclusive private school at Brighton, where Paul Dombey was educated to death.*

The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice, and a chin so very double that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always expanded into a grin as if he had, at that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. Insomuch that when the Doctor put his right hand into the breast of his coat, and with his other hand behind him, and a scarcely perceptible wag of his head, made the commonest observation to a nervous stranger, it was like a sentiment from the Sphinx, and settled his business.

Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The

DOCTOR BLIMBER

Doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had, always ready, a supply of learning for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green-peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical gooseberries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere sprouts of bushes, under Doctor Blimber's cultivation. Every description of Greek and Latin vegetable was got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Nature was of no consequence at all. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Doctor Blimber made him bear to pattern, somehow or other.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantages. There was not the right taste about the premature productions, and they didn't keep well.

Dombey and Son, ch. xi, xii, xix, xxiv, xli, lx.

JOSIAH BOUNDERBY

JOSIAH BOUNDERBY, *a wealthy self-made man and a vulgar braggart. He married the daughter of Mr. Gradgrind.*

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big loud man, with a stare, and a metallic laugh. A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him. A man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open, and lift his eyebrows up. A man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start. A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility. . . .

His seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness. . . .

"I hadn't a shoe to my foot. As to a

JOSIAH BOUNDERBY

stocking, I didn't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pigsty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch." . . .

As soon as I was big enough to run away, of course I ran away. Then I became a young vagabond; and instead of one old woman knocking me about and starving me, everybody of all ages knocked me about and starved me. They were right; they had no business to do anything else. I was a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest. I know that very well." . . .

"I was to pull through it I suppose. Whether I was to do it or not, ma'am, I did it. I pulled through it, though nobody threw me out a rope. Vagabond, errand-boy, vagabond, labourer, porter, clerk, chief manager, small partner, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. These are the antecedents, and the culmination. Josiah Bounderby of Coketown learnt his letters from the outsides of the shops, Mrs. Gradgrind, and was first able to tell the time upon a dial-plate, from studying the steeple clock of St. Giles's Church, London, under the direction of a drunken cripple, who was a convicted thief, and an incorrigible vagrant. Tell Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, of your district schools, and your model

LAWRENCE BOYTHORN

schools, and your training schools, and your whole kettle-of-fish of schools; and Josiah Bounderby of Coketown tells you plainly, all right, all correct—he hadn't such advantages—but let us have hard-headed, solid-fisted people—the education that made him won't do for everybody, he knows well—such and such his education was, however and you may force him to swallow boiling fat, but you shall never force him to suppress the facts of his life.”

*Hard Times, Book I, ch. iii-ix, xi, xiv-xvi;
Book II, ch. i-xii; Book III, ch. ii-ix.*

LAWRENCE BOYTHORN — *a friend of Mr. Jarndyce.*

“I went to school with this fellow, Lawrence Boythorn,” said Mr. Jarndyce, “more than five-and-forty years ago. He was then the most impetuous boy in the world, and he is now the most impetuous man. He was then the loudest boy in the world, and he is now the loudest man. He was then the heartiest and sturdiest boy in the world, and he is now the heartiest and sturdiest man. He is a tremendous fellow some ten years older than I, and a couple of inches taller, with his head thrown back like an old soldier, his stalwart chest squared, his hands like a

LAWRENCE BOYTHORN

clean blacksmith's, and his lungs! — there's no simile for his lungs. Talking, laughing, or snoring, they make the beams of the house shake. . . . But it's the inside of the man, the warm heart of the man, the passion of the man, the fresh blood of the man, . . . that I speak of; his language is as sounding as his voice. He is always in extremes; perpetually in the superlative degree. In his condemnation he is all ferocity. You might suppose him to be an Ogre, from what he says; and I believe he has the reputation of one with some people. There! I tell you no more of him beforehand. You must not be surprised to see him take me under his protection; for he has never forgotten that I was a low boy at school, and that our friendship began in his knocking two of my head tyrant's teeth out (he says six) before breakfast." . . .

We all conceived a prepossession in his favour; for there was a sterling quality in this laugh, and in his vigorous healthy voice, and in the roundness and fulness with which he uttered every word he spoke, and in the very fury of his superlatives, which seemed to go off like blank cannons and hurt nothing. But we were hardly prepared to have it so confirmed by his appearance, when Mr. Jarn-dyce presented him. He was not only a very

SALLY BRASS

handsome old gentleman — upright and stalwart as he had been described to us, with a massive grey head, a fine composure of face when silent, a figure that might have become corpulent but for his being so continually in earnest that he gave it no rest, and a chin that might have subsided into a double chin but for the vehement emphasis in which it was constantly required to assist; but he was such a true gentleman in his manner, so chivalrously polite, his face was lighted by a smile of so much sweetness and tenderness, and it seemed so plain that he had nothing to hide, but showed himself exactly as he was — incapable (as Richard said) of anything on a limited scale, and firing away with those blank great guns, because he carried no small arms whatever — that really I could not help looking at him with equal pleasure as he sat at dinner, whether he smilingly conversed with Ada and me, or was led by Mr. Jarndyce into some great volley of superlatives, or threw up his head like a bloodhound, and gave out that tremendous Ha, ha, ha!

Bleak House, ch. ix, xii, xiii, xv, xviii, xxiii, xliii, lxvi.

SALLY BRASS, *sister of Sampson Brass.*

Clerk, assistant, housekeeper, secretary, confidential plotter, adviser, intriguer, and bill of

SALLY BRASS

cost increaser, Miss Brass—a kind of amazon at common law. . . . [she] was a lady of thirty-five or thereabouts, of gaunt and bony figure, and a resolute bearing, which if it repressed the softer emotions of love, and kept admirers at a distance, certainly inspired a feeling akin to awe in the breasts of those male strangers who had the happiness to approach her. In face she bore a striking resemblance to her brother, Sampson—so exact indeed, was the likeness between them, that had it consorted with Miss Brass's maiden modesty and gentle womanhood to have assumed her brother's clothes in a frolic and sat down beside him, it would have been difficult for the oldest friend of the family to determine which was Sampson and which was Sally, especially as the lady carried upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations, which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might have been mistaken for a beard. These were, however, in all probability, nothing more than eye-lashes in a wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass were quite free from any such natural impertinencies. In complexion Miss Brass was sallow—rather a dirty sallow, so to speak—but this hue was agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantled in the extreme tip of her laughing nose. Her

SALLY BRASS

voice was exceedingly impressive — deep and rich in quality, and once heard, not easily forgotten. Her usual dress was a green gown, in colour not unlike the curtain of the office window, made tight to the figure, and terminating at the throat, where it was fastened behind by a peculiarly large and massive button.

Feeling, no doubt, that simplicity and plainness are the soul of elegance, Miss Brass wore no collar or kerchief except upon her head, which was invariably ornamented with a brown gauze scarf, like the wing of the fabled vampire, and which, twisted into any form that happened to suggest itself, formed an easy and graceful head-dress.

Such was Miss Brass in person. In mind, she was of a strong and vigorous turn, having from her earliest youth devoted herself with uncommon ardour to the study of the law; not wasting her speculations upon its eagle flights, which are rare, but tracing it attentively through all the slippery and eel-like crawlings in which it commonly pursues its way. Nor had she, like many persons of great intellect, confined herself to theory, or stopped short where practical usefulness begins; inasmuch as she could ingross, fair-copy, fill up printed forms with perfect accuracy, and in short transact any ordinary

SAMPSON BRASS

duty of the office down to pouncing a skin of parchment or mending a pen. It is difficult to understand how, possessed of these combined attractions, she should remain Miss Brass; but whether she had steeled her heart against mankind, or whether those who might have wooed and won her, were deterred by fears that, being learned in the law, she might have too near her fingers' ends those particular statutes which regulate what are familiarly termed actions for breach, certain it is that she was still in a state of celibacy, and still in daily occupation of her old stool opposite to that of her brother Sampson. . . .

She was in a state of lawful innocence, so to speak. The law had been her nurse, and, as bandy-legs or some physical deformities in children are held to be the consequence of bad nursing, so, if in a mind so beautiful any moral twist or bandiness could be found, Miss Sally Brass's nurse was alone to blame.

The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. xxxiii-xxxviii, xlix, li, lvi-lx, lxii-lxiv, lxvi, lxvii, lxxxiii.

SAMPSON BRASS, *an attorney of no very good repute of Bevis Marks, London—Quilp's legal adviser.* At the end of his nefarious career he fell into the clutches of the law and was sent into penal servitude.

He was a tall, meagre man, with a nose like a wen, a protruding forehead, retreating eyes,

SAMPSON BRASS

and hair of a deep red. He wore a long black surtout reaching nearly to his ankles, short black trousers, high shoes, and cotton stockings of a bluish grey. He had a cringing manner but a very harsh voice, and his blandest smiles were so extremely forbidding, that to have had his company under the least repulsive circumstances, one would wished him to be out of temper that he might only scowl.

It was a maxim with Mr. Brass that the habit of paying compliments kept a man's tongue oiled without any expense; and, as that useful member ought never to grow rusty or creak in turning on its hinges in the case of a practitioner of the law, in whom it should be always glib and easy, he lost few opportunities of improving himself by the utterance of handsome speeches and eulogistic expressions. And this had passed into such a habit with him, that, if he could not be correctly said to have his tongue at his fingers' ends, he might certainly be said to have it anywhere but in his face: which being, as we have already seen, of a harsh and repulsive character, was not oiled so easily, but frowned above all the smooth speeches—one of nature's beacons, warning off those who navigated the shoals and breakers of the World, or of that dangerous strait the Law,

JEFFERSON BRICK

and admonishing them to seek less treacherous harbours and try their fortune elsewhere. *The Old Curiosity Shop*, ch. xxxiii-xxxviii, li, lvi, lviii-lx, lxiii-lxvii, lxxiii.

MR. JEFFERSON BRICK, the war correspondent of "*The Rowdy Journal*" introduced to Martin Chuzzlewit by the Editor, Colonel Driver,—a gentleman who "had reason to know that the aristocratic circles of [England] quail before the name of Jefferson Brick."

A small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance, and unwholesomely pale in the face; partly, perhaps, from intense thought, but partly, there is no doubt, from the excessive use of tobacco, which he was at that moment chewing vigorously. He wore his shirt-collar turned down over a black ribbon, and his lank hair—a fragile crop—was not only smoothed and parted back from his brow, that none of the Poetry of his aspect might be lost, but had here and there been grubbed up by the roots; which accounted for his loftiest developments being somewhat pimply. He had that order of nose on which the envy of mankind has bestowed the appellation "snub," and it was very much turned up at the end, as with a lofty scorn. Upon the upper lip of this young gentleman, were tok-

MR. INSPECTOR BUCKET

ens of a sandy down — so very, very smooth and scant, that, though encouraged to the utmost, it looked more like a recent trace of gingerbread, than the fair promise of a moustache; and this conjecture, his apparently tender age went far to strengthen. He was intent upon his work; and every time he snapped the great pair of scissors, he made a corresponding motion with his jaws, which gave him a very terrible appearance.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xvi.

MR. INSPECTOR BUCKET, *the detective officer who brings to light the murderer of Mr. Tulkinghorn, when Lady Dedlock was under suspicion.*

He is a sharp-eyed man — a quick keen man — and he takes in everybody's look at him, all at once, individually and collectively, in a manner that stamps him a remarkable man. . . . When Mr. Bucket has a matter of pressing interest under his consideration, the fat forefinger seems to rise to the dignity of a familiar demon. He puts it to his ears, and it whispers information; he puts it to his lips, and it enjoins him to secrecy; he rubs it over his nose, and it sharpens his scent; he shakes it before a guilty man, and it charms him to his destruction. The Au-

MR. INSPECTOR BUCKET

gurs of the Detective Temple invariably predict, that when Mr. Bucket and that finger are much in conference, a terrible avenger will be heard of before long.

Otherwise mildly studious in his observation of human nature, on the whole a benignant philosopher not disposed to be severe upon the follies of mankind, Mr. Bucket pervades a vast number of houses, and strolls about an infinity of streets: to outward appearance rather languishing for want of an object. He is in the friendliest condition toward his species, and will drink with most of them. He is free with his money, affable in his manners, innocent in his conversation—but, through the placid stream of his life, there glides an under-current of forefinger.

Time and place cannot bind Mr. Bucket. Like man in the abstract, he is here to-day and gone to-morrow—but, very unlike man indeed, he is here again the next day. . . . He is no great scribe; rather handling his pen like the pocket-staff he carries about with him always convenient to his grasp; and discourages correspondence with himself in others, as being too artless and direct a way of doing delicate business. Further, he often sees damaging letters produced in evidence, and has occasion to reflect that it was a green thing to write them. For these reasons he

MR. BUMBLE

has very little to do with letters, either as sender or receiver.

Bleak. House, ch. xxii, xxiv, xxv, xlix, liii, liv, lvi, lvii, lix, lxi, lxii.

MR. BUMBLE, a parish beadle puffed up with the importance of his position — an insolent, tyrannical, pompous, greedy, selfish scoundrel. He marries the matron of the workhouse where *Oliver Twist* was farmed — and in the end loses his place on account of selling some articles left by the mother of *Oliver* for the purpose of the boy's identification.

Mr. Bumble emerged at early morning from the work-house gate; and walked, with portly carriage and commanding steps, up the High Street. He was in the full bloom and pride of beadlehood; his cocked hat and coat were dazzling in the morning sun; and he clutched his cane with the vigorous tenacity of health and power. Mr. Bumble always carried his head high; but this morning it was higher than usual. There was an abstraction in his eye, an elevation in his air, which might have warned an observant stranger that thoughts were passing in the beadle's mind, too great for utterance.

Mr. Bumble stopped not to converse with the small shop-keepers and others who spoke to him, deferentially, as he passed along. He

MR. BUMBLE

merely returned their salutations with a wave of his hand; and relaxed not in his dignified pace, until he reached the farm where Mrs. Mann tended the infant paupers with parochial care.

Now, Mr. Bumble was a fat man, and a choleric. He had a decided propensity for bullying; derived no inconsiderable pleasure from the exercise of petty cruelty; and, consequently, was (it is needless to say) a coward. This is by no means a disparagement to his character; for many official personages, who are held in high respect and admiration, are the victims of similar infirmities. The remark is made, indeed, rather in his favour than otherwise, and with a view of impressing the reader with a just sense of his qualifications for office. . . .

Mr. Bumble sat in the workhouse parlour, with his eyes moodily fixed on the cheerless grate, whence, as it was summer time, no brighter gleam proceeded, than the reflection of certain sickly rays of the sun, which were sent back from its cold and shining surface. A paper fly-cage dangled from the ceiling, to which he occasionally raised his eyes in gloomy thought; and, as the heedless insects hovered round the gaudy network, Mr. Bumble would heave a deep sigh, while a more gloomy shadow overspread his countenance.

MR. BUMBLE

Mr. Bumble was meditating; it might be that the insects brought to mind, some painful passage in his own past life.

Nor was Mr. Bumble's gloom the only thing calculated to awaken a pleasing melancholy in the bosom of a spectator.^b There were not wanting other appearances, and those closely connected with his own person, which announced that a great change had taken place in the position of his affairs. The laced coat, and the cocked-hat; where were they? He still wore knee-breeches, and dark cotton stockings on his nether limbs; but they were not *the* breeches. The coat was wide-skirted; and in that respect like *the* coat, but, oh, how different! The mighty cocked-hat was replaced by a modest round one. Mr. Bumble was no longer a beadle.

There are some promotions in life, which, independent of the more substantial rewards they offer, acquire peculiar value and dignity from the coats and waistcoats connected with them. A field-marshal has his uniform; a bishop his silk apron; a counsellor his silk gown; a beadle his cocked-hat. Strip the bishop of his apron, or the beadle of his hat and lace; what are they? Men. Mere men. Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine.

CAPTAIN JACK BUNSBY

Mr. Bumble had married Mrs. Corney, and was master of the workhouse. Another beadle had come into power; and on him the cocked-hat, gold-laced coat, and staff, had all three descended.

Oliver Twist, ch. i, iii-v, vii, xvii, xxiii, xxxvii, xxxviii, li.

CAPTAIN JACK BUNSBY, *an oracular friend of Captain Cuttle, who always looks to him for advice. He is master of a vessel called the "Cautious Clara" and is finally captured and married by force to Mrs. MacStinger, his landlady and formerly Captain Cuttle's—who succeeded in escaping her clutches.*

Immediately there appeared, coming slowly up above the bulk-head of the cabin, another bulk-head—human, and very large—with one stationary eye in the mahogany face, and one revolving one, on the principle of some lighthouses. This head was decorated with shaggy hair, like oakum, which had no governing inclination towards the north, east, west, or south, but inclined to all four quarters of the compass, and to every point upon it. The head was followed by a perfect desert of chin, and by a shirt-collar and neckerchief, and by a dreadnought pilot-coat, and by a pair of dreadnought pilot-trousers, whereof the waistband was so very broad and

SYDNEY CARTON

high, that it became a succedaneum for a waistcoat: being ornamented near the wearer's breast-bone with some massive wooden buttons, like backgammon men. As the lower portions of these pantaloons became revealed, Bunsby stood confessed; his hands in their pockets, which were of vast size; and his gaze directed, not to Captain Cuttle or the ladies, but the mast-head.

Dombey and Son, ch. xxviii, xxxix, lx.

SYDNEY CARTON, a lawyer's "devil" and drudge for Mr. Stryver, a man of good sentiment and great ability, but dissipated and reckless. He is in love with Lucie Manette, but knowing his unworthiness, he declares his love and leaves her forever. Her husband is condemned to death during the Terror. Carton rescues him by drugging him and changing clothes with him—the resemblance between them is striking—and he goes to the scaffold in his place. "They said of him 'about the city that night that it was the 'peacefullest man's face they ever beheld 'there. Many added that he looked sublime 'and prophetic.'"

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together, between Hilary Term and Michaelmas, might have floated a king's

SYDNEY CARTON

ship. Stryver never had a case in hand, anywhere, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court; they went the same Circuit, and even there they prolonged their usual orgies late into the night, and Carton was rumoured to be seen at broad day, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings, like a dissipated cat. At last, it began to get about, among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity. . . . Suddenly enough the jackal loosened his dress, went to an adjoining room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, a basin and a towel or two. Steeping the towels in the water, and partially wringing them out, he folded them on his head in a manner hideous to behold, [and] sat down at the table. . . .

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of the drinking-table, while the jackal sat at his own paper-bestrewn table proper, on the other side of it, with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand. Both resorted to the drinking-table without stint, but each in a different way; the lion for the most part reclining with his hands in his waistband, looking at the fire, or

SYDNEY CARTON

occasionally flirting with some lighter document; the jackal, with knitted brows and intent face, so deep in his task, that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass — which often groped about, for a minute or more, before it found the glass for his lips. Two or three times, the matter in hand became so knotty, that the jackal found it imperative on him to get up, and steep his towels anew. From these pilgrimages to the jug and basin, he returned with such eccentricities of damp head-gear as no words can describe; which were made the more ludicrous by his anxious gravity.

At length the jackal had got together a compact repast for the lion and proceeded to offer it to him. The lion took it with care and caution, made his selections from it, and his remarks upon it, and the jackal assisted both. When the repast was fully discussed, the lion put his hands in his waistband again, and lay down to meditate. The jackal then invigorated himself with a bumper for his throttle, and a fresh application to his head, and applied himself to the collection of a second meal; this was administered to the lion in the same manner, and was not disposed of until the clocks struck three in the morning.

“And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of punch,” said Mr. Stryver.

CHRISTOPHER CASBY

The jackal removed the towels from his head, which had been steaming again, shook himself, yawned, shivered, and complied.

A Tale of Two Cities, Book I, ch. ii-vi, xi, xiii, xx, xxi; Book iii, ch. viii, ix, xi, xii, xiii, xvi.

CHRISTOPHER CASBY, *landlord of Bleeding Heart Yard, who grinds his tenants by proxy. His collector, Mr. Pancks, exposes the avaricious old sinner before all his tenants and retires from his service.*

A man advanced in life, whose smooth grey eyebrows seemed to move to the ticking as the fire-light flickered on them, sat in an arm-chair, with his list shoes on the rug, and his thumbs slowly revolving over one another. This was old Christopher Casby — recognisable at a glance — as unchanged in twenty years and upward, as his own solid furniture — as little touched by the influence of the varying seasons, as the old rose-leaves and old lavender in his porcelain jars.

Perhaps there never was a man, in this troublesome world, so troublesome for the imagination to picture as a boy. And yet he had changed very little in his progress through life. Confronting him, in the room in which he sat, was a boy's portrait, which anybody seeing him would have identified as

CHRISTOPHER CASBY

Master Christopher Casby, aged ten: though disguised with a haymaking rake, for which he had had, at any time, as much taste or use as for a diving-bell; and sitting (on one of his own legs) upon a bank of violets, moved to precocious contemplation by the spire of a village church. There was the same smooth face and forehead, the same calm blue eye, the same placid air. The shining bald head, which looked so very large because it shone so much; and the long grey hair at its sides and back, like floss silk or spun glass, which looked so very benevolent because it was never cut; were not, of course, to be seen in the boy as in the old man. Nevertheless, in the Seraphic creature with the hay-making rake, were clearly to be discerned the rudiments of the Patriarch with the list shoes. .

He had a long wide-skirted bottle-green coat on, and a bottle-green pair of trousers, and a bottle-green waistcoat. The Patriarchs were not dressed in bottle-green broadcloth, and yet his clothes looked Patriarchal. . . . Patriarch was the name which many people delighted to give him. Various old ladies in the neighbourhood spoke of him as The Last of the Patriarchs. So grey, so slow, so quiet, so impassionate, so very bumpy in the head, Patriarch was the word for him. He had been accosted in the streets, and respect-

CHRISTOPHER CASBY

fully solicited to become a Patriarch for painters and for sculptors; with so much importunity, in sooth, that it would appear to be beyond the Fine Arts to remember the points of a Patriarch, or to invent one. Philanthropists of both sexes had asked who he was, and on being informed, "Old Christopher Casby, formerly Town-agent to Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle," had cried in a rapture of disappointment, "Oh! why, with that head, is he not a benefactor to his species! Oh! why, with that head, is he not a father to the orphan and a friend to the friendless!" With that head, however, he remained old Christopher Casby, proclaimed by common report rich in house property.

His smooth face had a bloom upon it, like ripe wall-fruit. What with his blooming face, and that head, and his blue eyes, he seemed to be delivering sentiments of rare wisdom and virtue. In like manner, his physiognomical expression seemed to teem with benignity. Nobody could have said where the wisdom was, or where the virtue was, or where the benignity was; but they all seemed to be somewhere about him.

Little Dorritt, Book I, ch. xii, xiii, xxiii, xxxv; Book II, ch. ix, xxiii, xxxii.

THE REVEREND MR. CHADBAND

THE REVEREND MR. CHADBAND, *a type of canting parson of the predatory order.*

Mr. Chadband is a large yellow man, with a fat smile, and a general appearance of having a good deal of train oil in his system. Mrs. Chadband is a stern, severe-looking, silent woman. Mr. Chadband moves softly and cumbrously, not unlike a bear who has been taught to walk upright. He is very much embarrassed about the arms, as if they were inconvenient to him, and he wanted to grovel; is very much in a perspiration about the head; and never speaks without first putting up his great hand, as delivering a token to his hearers that he is going to edify them. . . . From Mr. Chadband's being much given to describe himself, both verbally and in writing, as a vessel, he is occasionally mistaken by strangers for a gentleman connected with navigation; but, he is, as he expresses it, "in the ministry." Mr. Chadband is attached to no particular denomination; and is considered by his persecutors to have nothing so very remarkable to say on the greatest of subjects as to render his volunteering, on his own account, at all incumbent on his conscience; but, he has his followers. . . .

"My friends," says he, "what is this which we now behold as being spread before us? Refreshment. Do we need refreshment then,

THE REVEREND MR. CHADBAND

my friends? We do. And why do we need refreshment, my friends? Because we are but mortal, because we are but sinful, because we are but of the earth, because we are not of the air. Can we fly, my friends? We cannot. Why can we not fly, my friends? . . . I say, my friends, . . . why can we not fly? Is it because we are calculated to walk? It is. Could we walk, my friends, without strength? We could not. What should we do without strength, my friends? Our legs would refuse to bear us, our knees would double up, our ankles would turn over, and we should come to the ground. Then from whence, my friends, in a human point of view, do we derive the strength that is necessary to our limbs? Is it from bread in various forms, from butter which is churned from the milk which is yielded unto us by the cow, from the eggs which are laid by the fowl, from ham, from tongue, from sausage, and from such like? It is. Then let us partake of the good things which are set before us!"

The persecutors denied that there was any particular gift in Mr. Chadband's piling verbose flights of stairs, one upon another, after this fashion. But this can only be received as a proof of their determination to persecute, since it must be within everybody's ex-

EDWARD CHESTER

perience, that the Chadband style of oratory is widely received and much admired.

Bleak House, ch. xix, xxiv, liv.

EDWARD CHESTER, *the son of Sir John Chester who married Miss Emma Haredale in spite of the opposition of his heartless father.*

A young man of about eight-and-twenty, rather above the midde height, and though of a somewhat slight figure, gracefully and strongly made. He wore his own dark hair, and was accoutred in a riding-dress, which, together with his large boots (resembling in shape and fashion those worn by our Life Guardsmen at the present day), showed indisputable traces of the bad condition of the roads. But travel-stained though he was, he was well and even richly attired, and without being over-dressed looked a gallant gentleman.

Lying upon the table beside him, as he had carelessly thrown them down, were a heavy riding-whip and a slouched hat, the latter worn no doubt as being best suited to the inclemency of the weather. There, too, were a pair of pistols in a holster-case, and a short riding-cloak. Little of his face was visible, except the long dark lashes which concealed his downcast eyes, but an air of careless ease

MR. CHESTER

and natural gracefulness of demeanor pervaded the figure, and seemed to comprehend even these slight accessories, which were all handsome, and in good keeping.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. i, ii, v, vi, xiv, xix, xxix, xxxii, lxvi, lxxi, lxxii, lxxix, lxxxii.

MR. (afterwards SIR JOHN) CHESTER, a man without heart and without principle, but of the most elegantly punctilious and polite manners. He unsuccessfully attempted to break off the marriage of his son with Emma Haredale, because she is poor, and because he has a match in view for him which will confer more wealth and importance on himself. He was killed in a duel by Mr. Geoffrey Haredale.

He was a staid, grave, placid gentleman, something past the prime of life, yet upright in his carriage, for all that, and slim as a greyhound. He was well-mounted upon a sturdy chestnut cob, and had the graceful seat of an experienced horseman; while his riding-gear, though free from such fopperies as were then in vogue, was handsome and well chosen. He wore a riding-coat of a somewhat brighter green than might have been expected to suit the taste of a gentleman of his years, with a short black velvet cape, lace pocket-holes and cuffs, all of a jaunty fash-

MR. CHESTER

ion; his linen, too, was of the finest kind, worked in a rich pattern at the wrists and throat, and scrupulously white. Although he seemed, judging from the mud he had picked up on the way, to have come from London, his horse was as smooth and cool as his own iron-grey periwig and pigtail. Neither man nor beast had turned a single hair; and, saving for his soiled skirts and spatter-dashes, this gentleman, with his blooming face, white teeth, exactly-ordered dress, and perfect calmness, might have come from making an elaborate and leisurely toilet, to sit for an equestrian portrait. . . .

Mr. Chester reclined upon a sofa in his dressing-room in the Temple, entertaining himself with a book.

He was dressing, as it seemed, by easy stages, and having performed half the journey was taking a long rest. Completely attired as to his legs and feet in the trimmest fashion of the day, he had yet the remainder of his toilet to perform. The coat was stretched, like a refined scare-crow, on its separate horse; the waistcoat was displayed to the best advantage; the various ornamental articles of dress were severally set out in most alluring order; and yet he lay dangling his legs between the sofa and the ground, as intent upon his book as if there were nothing but bed before him.

MR. CHESTER

"Upon my honour," he said, at length raising his eyes to the ceiling with the air of a man who was reflecting seriously on what he had read; "upon my honour, the most masterly composition, the most delicate thoughts, the finest code of morality, and the most gentlemanly sentiments in the universe! . . .

"My Lord Chesterfield," he said, pressing his hand tenderly upon the book as he laid it down, "if I could but have profited by your genius soon enough to have formed my son on the model you have left to all wise fathers, both he and I would have been rich men. Shakspeare was undoubtedly very fine in his way; Milton good, though prosy; Lord Bacon deep, and decidedly knowing; but the writer who should be his country's pride, is my Lord Chesterfield. . . .

"I thought I was tolerably accomplished as a man of the world, I flattered myself that I was pretty well versed in all those little arts and graces which distinguish men of the world from boors and peasants, and separate their character from those intensely vulgar sentiments which are called the national character. Apart from any natural prepossession in my own favour, I believed I was. Still, in every page of this enlightened writer, I find some captivating hypocrisy which has never occurred to me before, or some superlative

JOHN CHIVERY

piece of selfishness to which I was utterly a stranger. I should quite blush for myself before this stupendous creature, if, remembering his precepts, one might blush at anything. An amazing man! a nobleman indeed! any King or Queen may make a Lord, but only the Devil himself—and the Graces—can make a Chesterfield.”

Men who are thoroughly false and hollow, seldom try to hide those vices from themselves; and yet in the very act of avowing them, they lay claim to the virtues they feign most to despise. “For,” say they, “this is honesty, this is truth. All mankind are like us, but they have not the candour to avow it.” The more they affect to deny the existence of any sincerity in the world, the more they would be thought to possess it in its boldest shape; and this is an unconscious compliment to Truth on the part of these philosophers, which will turn the laugh against them to the Day of Judgment.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. x-xii, xiv, xv, xxii, xxiv, xxvi-xxx, xxxii, xl, xliii, liii, lxxv, lxxxi.

JOHN CHIVERY, son of the Turnkey of the Marshalsea prison, a lover of little Dorritt, who while admiring his faithful character cannot return his affection.

Young John was small of stature, with

JOHN CHIVERY

weak legs, and very weak light hair. One of his eyes (perhaps the eye that used to peep through the keyhole) was also weak, and looked larger than the other, as if it couldn't collect itself. Young John was gentle likewise. But he was great of soul. Poetical, expansive, faithful.

Though too humble before the ruler of his heart to be sanguine, Young John had considered the object of his attachment in all its lights and shades. Following it out to blissful results, he had descried, without self-commendation, a fitness in it. Say things prospered, and they were united. She, the child of the Marshalsea; he, the lock-keeper. There was a fitness in that. Say he became a resident turnkey. She would officially succeed to the chamber she had rented so long. There was a beautiful propriety in that. It looked over the wall, if you stood on tip-toe; and, with a trellis-work of scarlet beans and a canary or so, would become a very Arbour. There was a charming idea in that. Then, being all in all to one another, there was even an appropriate grace in the lock. With the world shut out (except that part of it which would be shut in); with its troubles and disturbances only known to them by hearsay, as they would be described by the pilgrims tarrying with them on their way to the Insolvent

JOHN CHIVERY

Shrine; with the Arbour above, and the Lodge below; they would glide down the stream of time, in pastoral domestic happiness. Young John drew tears from his eyes by finishing the picture with a tombstone in the adjoining church-yard, close against the prison wall, bearing the following touching inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of JOHN CHIVERY, Sixty years Turnkey, and fifty years Head Turkey, Of the neighbouring Marshalsea, Who departed this life, universally respected, on the thirty-first of December, One thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, Aged eighty-three years. Also of his truly beloved and truly loving wife, AMY, whose maiden name was DORRIT, Who survived his loss not quite forty-eight hours, And who breathed her last in the Marshalsea aforesaid. There she was born, There she lived, There she died." . . .

It was an affecting illustration of the fallacy of human projects, to behold her lover with the great hat pulled over his eyes, the velvet collar turned up as if it rained, the plum-coloured coat buttoned to conceal the silken waistcoat of golden sprigs, and the little direction-post pointing inexorably home, creeping along by the worst back streets, and composing, as he went, the following new inscription for a tombstone in St. George's Churchyard:

MAJOR HANNIBAL CHOLLOP

“Here lie the mortal remains of JOHN CHIVERY, Never anything worth mentioning, Who died about the end of the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, Of a broken heart, Requesting with his last breath that the word AMY might be inscribed over his ashes, Which was accordingly directed to be done, By his afflicted Parents.”

Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. xviii, xix, xxii, xxv, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi; Bk. II, ch. xviii, xix, xxvi, xxvii, xxix, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxiv.

MAJOR HANNIBAL CHOLLOP, *one of the callers on Martin Chuzzlewit during his sojourn in Eden.*

Mr Chollop was, of course, one of the most remarkable men in the country; but he really was a notorious person besides. He was usually described by his friends, in the South and West, as “a splendid sample of our native raw material, Sir,” and was much esteemed for his devotion to rational Liberty; for the better propagation whereof he usually carried a brace of revolving-pistols in his coat pocket, with seven barrels apiece. He also carried, amongst other trinkets, a sword-stick, which he called his “Tickler;” and a great knife, which (for he was a man of a pleasant turn of humour) he called “Ripper,” in allusion to its usefulness as a means of ventilating the

MAJOR HANNIBAL CHOLLOP

stomach of any adversary in a close contest. He had used these weapons with distinguished effect in several instances, all duly chronicled in the newspapers; and was greatly beloved for the gallant manner in which he had "jobbed out" the eye of one gentleman, as he was in the act of knocking at his own street-door.

Mr. Chollop was a man of a roving disposition; and, in any less advanced community, might have been mistaken for a violent vagabond. But his fine qualities being perfectly understood and appreciated in those regions where his lot was cast, and where he had many kindred spirits to consort with, he may be regarded as having been born under a fortunate star, which is not always the case with a man so much before the age in which he lives. Preferring, with a view to the gratification of his tickling and ripping fancies, to dwell upon the outskirts of society, and in the more remote towns and cities, he was in the habit of emigrating from place to place, and establishing in each some business — usually a newspaper — which he presently sold: for the most part closing the bargain by challenging, stabbing, pistolling, or gouging, the new editor, before he had quite taken possession of the property.

He had come to Eden on a speculation of

this kind, but had abandoned it, and was about to leave. He always introduced himself to strangers as a worshipper of Freedom; was the consistent advocate of Lynch law, and slavery; and invariably recommended, both in print and speech, the "tarring and feathering" of any unpopular person who differed from himself. He called this "planting the standard of civilisation in the wilder gardens of My country."

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xxxiii, xxxiv.

MR. CHUFFEY, *Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit's clerk. He understood no one but his master, to whom he was faithful as a dog and as a dog he was treated by the scoundrel Jonas Chuzzlewit. He was a witness of the attempted poisoning of his father by this precious son.*

The door of a small glass office, which was partitioned off from the rest of the room, was slowly opened, and a little blear-eyed, weazen-faced, ancient man came creeping out. He was of a remote fashion, and dusty, like the rest of the furniture; he was dressed in a decayed suit of black; with breeches garnished at the knees with rusty wisps of ribbon, the very paupers of shoe-strings; on the lower portion of his spindle legs were dingy worsted stockings of the same colour. He

MR. CHUFFEY

looked as if he had been put away and forgotten half a century before, and somebody had just found him in a lumber-closet.

Such as he was, he came slowly creeping on towards the table, until at last he crept into the vacant chair, from which, as his dim faculties became conscious of the presence of strangers, and those strangers ladies, he rose again, apparently intending to make a bow. But he sat down once more, without having made it, and breathing on his shrivelled hands to warm them, remained with his poor blue nose immovable above his plate, looking at nothing with eyes that saw nothing, and a face that meant nothing. Take him in that state, and he was an embodiment of nothing. Nothing else. . . .

As matters stood, nobody thought or said anything upon the subject; so Chuffey fell back into a dark corner on one side of the fire-place, where he always spent his evenings, and was neither seen nor heard again that night; save once, when a cup of tea was given him, in which he was seen to soak his bread mechanically. There was no reason to suppose that he went to sleep at these seasons, or that he heard, or saw, or felt, or thought. He remained, as it were, frozen up — if any term expressive of such vigorous process can be applied to him — until he was again

JONAS CHUZZLEWIT

thawed for the moment by a word or touch from Anthony.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xi, xviii, xix, xxv, xlvi, xlvi, xlix, li, liv.

JONAS CHUZZLEWIT, son of Anthony and nephew of old Martin Chuzzlewit. Sly, cunning, ignorant and brutal. His motto is "Do other men; for they would do you." He attempts to poison his father and believes he has done so. But Chuffey, his father's old clerk, frustrated his plans. He married the youngest daughter of Mr. Pecksniff, believing she would come into money and treats her brutally. He becomes associated with Montague Tigg, the swindling director of the Anglo-Bengalee Loan & Life Insurance Co., and finally murders him, because of the secrets he believes him to possess. The crime is traced to him, he is arrested, and poisons himself on his way to prison.

The education of Mr. Jonas had been conducted from his cradle on the strictest principles of the main chance. The very first word he learnt to spell was "gain," and the second (when he got into two syllables), "money." But for two results, which were not clearly foreseen perhaps by his watchful parent in the beginning, his training may be

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

said to have been unexceptionable. One of these flaws was, that having been long taught by his father to over-reach everybody, he had imperceptibly acquired a love of over-reaching that venerable monitor himself. The other, that from his early habits of considering everything as a question of property, he had gradually come to look, with impatience, on his parent as a certain amount of personal estate, which had no right whatever to be going at large, but ought to be secured in that particular description of iron safe which is commonly called a coffin, and banked in the grave.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. iv, viii, xi, xviii-xx, xxiv, xxvi, xxvii, xxxviii, xl-xliii, xliv, xlvi-xlviii, li.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT (*the elder*), is the brother of Anthony and the grandfather of young Martin. He quarrelled with and disowned him, the only one of all his fawning relatives for whom he ever cared. For purposes of his own he goes to live in Pecksniff's house, pretending to be on friendly terms with him. Young Martin returns from America humble and penitent, but Pecksniff drives him away. At last, however, when he finds his grandson true and Pecksniff and all his covetous relatives false, he makes ample amends.

"I am a rich man. Not so rich as some suppose, perhaps, but yet wealthy. I am not a miser, Sir, though even that charge is made against me, as I hear, and currently believed. I have no pleasure in hoarding. I have no pleasure in the possession of money. The devil that we call by that name can give me nothing but unhappiness." . . .

"For the same reason that I am not a hoarder of money I am not lavish of it. Some people find their gratification in storing it up; and others theirs in parting with it; but I have no gratification connected with the thing. Pain and bitterness are the only goods it ever could procure for me. I hate it. It is a spectre walking before me through the world, making every social pleasure hideous." . . .

"You would advise me for my peace of mind, to get rid of this source of misery, and transfer it to some one who could bear it better. Even you, perhaps, would rid me of a burden under which I suffer so grievously. But that is a main part of my trouble. In other hands, I have known money do good; in other hands I have known it triumphed in, and boasted of with reason, as the master-key to all the brazen gates that close upon the paths to worldly honour, fortune, and enjoyment. To what man or woman; to what

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

worthy, honest, incorruptible creature; shall I confide such a talisman either now or when I die? Do you know any such person? Your virtues are of course inestimable, but can you tell me of any other living creature who will bear the test of contact with myself?"

"You have heard of him whose misery (the gratification of his own foolish wish) was, that he turned everything he touched to gold. The curse of my existence, and the realization of my own mad desire, is that by the golden standard which I bear about me, I am doomed to try the metal of all other men, and find it false and hollow."

"I tell you, man, that I have gone, a rich man, among people of all grades and kinds; relatives, friends, and strangers; among people in whom, when I was poor, I had confidence, and justly, for they never once deceived me then, or, to me, wronged each other. But I have never found one nature, no, not one, in which, being wealthy and alone I was not forced to detect the latent corruption that lay hid within it, waiting for such as I to bring it forth. Treachery, deceit, and low design; hatred of competitors, real or fancied, for my favour; meanness, falsehood, baseness, and servility; or," and here he looked closely in his cousin's eyes,

“or an assumption of honest independence, almost worse than all; these are the beauties which my wealth has brought to light. Brother against brother, child against parent, friends treading on the faces of friends, this is the social company by which my way has been attended. There are stories told — they may be true or false — of rich men, who, in the garb of poverty, have found out virtue and rewarded it. They were dolts and idiots for their pains. They should have made the search in their own characters. They should have shown themselves fit objects to be robbed and preyed upon and plotted against and adulated by any knaves, who, but for joy, would have spat upon their coffins when they died their dupes; and then their search would have ended as mine has done, and they would be what I am.”

“Hear me to an end; judge what profit you are like to gain from any repetition of this visit; and leave me. I have so corrupted and changed the nature of all those who have ever attended on me, by breeding avaricious plots and hopes within them; I have engendered such domestic strife and discord, by tarrying even with members of my own family; I have been such a lighted torch in peaceful homes, kindling up all the bad gases and vapours in their moral atmosphere, which,

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

but for me, might have proved harmless to the end; that I have, I may say, fled from all who knew me, and taking refuge in secret places have lived, of late, the life of one who is hunted. The young girl whom you just now saw . . . is an orphan child, whom, with one steady purpose, I have bred and educated, or, if you prefer the word, adopted. For a year or more she has been my constant companion, and she is my only one. I have taken, as she knows, a solemn oath never to leave her sixpence when I die, but while I live, I make her an annual allowance: not extravagant in its amount, and yet not stinted. There is a compact between us that no term of affectionate cajolery shall ever be addressed by either to the other, but that she call me always by my Christian name, I her, by hers. She is bound to me in life by ties of interest, and losing by my death, and having no expectation disappointed, will mourn it, perhaps: though for that I care little. This is the only kind of friend I have or will have. Judge from such premises what a profitable hour you have spent in coming here, and leave me; to return no more."

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. iii, iv, x, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xliii, l-liv.

MRS. CLENMAN

MRS. CLENMAN is the supposed mother of Arthur Clenman, who was, however, the child of another woman by her husband whom his father had known before marrying. She keeps the secret as long as she can and in spite of her professions of morality, suppresses a will by which little Dorrit was to benefit on coming of age. But her guilt was discovered and she throws herself on the mercy of the girl, who freely forgives her.

On a black bier-like sofa in this hollow, propped up behind with one great angular bolster, like the block at a state execution in the good old times, sat his mother in a widow's dress.

She and his father had been at variance from his earliest remembrance. To sit speechless himself in the midst of rigid silence, glancing in dread from the one averted face to the other, had been the peace fullest occupation of his childhood. She gave him one glassy kiss, and four stiff fingers muffled in worsted. This embrace concluded, he sat down on the opposite side of her little table. There was a fire in the grate, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a kettle on the hob, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a little mound of damped ashes on the top of the fire, and another little mound swept to-

gether under the grate, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a smell of black dye in the airless room, which the fire had been drawing out of the crape and stuff of the widow's dress for fifteen months, and out of the bier-like sofa for fifteen years.

Stern of face and unrelenting of heart, she would sit all day behind a bible — bound, like her own construction of it, in the hardest, barest, and straitest boards, with one dinted ornament on the cover like the drag of a chain, and a wrathful sprinkling of red upon the edges of the leaves — as if it, of all books! were a fortification against sweetness of temper, natural affection, and gentle intercourse.

She read certain passages aloud — sternly, fiercely, wrathfully — praying that her enemies (she made them by her tone and manner expressly hers) might be put to the edge of the sword, consumed by fire, smitten by plagues and leprosy, that their bones might be ground to dust, and that they might be utterly exterminated. . . .

Woe to the suppliant, if such a one there were or ever had been, who had any concession to look for in the inexorable face at the cabinet. Woe to the defaulter whose appeal lay to the tribunal where those severe eyes presided. Great need had the rigid woman of her mystical religion, veiled in gloom and

COMPEYSON

darkness, with lightnings of cursing, vengeance, and destruction, flashing through the sable clouds. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, was a prayer too poor in spirit for her. Smite Thou my debtors, Lord, wither them, crush them; do Thou as I would do, and Thou shalt have my worship: this was the impious tower of stone she built up to scale Heaven.

Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. lii-v, viii, xv, xxix, xxx; Book II, ch. x, xvii, xxiii, xxviii, xxx, xxxi.

COMPEYSON, the man who heartlessly deceived and robbed Miss Havisham, sank deeper and deeper into crime and became "The worst of scoundrels," a convict who helped to convict his accomplice and tool, Magwitch, and who betrayed him after his escape from the hulks.

This man was dressed in coarse grey, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was everything that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat, broad-brimmed, low-crowned felt hat on. All this I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in: he swore an oath at me, made a hit at me—it was a round, weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, for it

made him stumble — and then he ran into the midst, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him. . . .

A showy man, not to be, without ignorance or prejudice, mistaken for a gentleman; because no man who was not a true gentleman at heart, ever was, since the world began, a true gentleman in manner. No varnish can hide the grain of the wood; the more varnish you put on, the more the grain will express itself. This man pursued Miss Havisham closely, and professed to be devoted to her, and she passionately loved him. There is no doubt that she perfectly idolized him. He practised on her affection in that systematic way, that he got great sums of money from her, and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery (which had been weakly left him by his father) at an immense price, on the plea that when he was her husband he must hold and manage it all. . . . The marriage day was fixed, the wedding dresses were bought, the wedding tour was planned out, the wedding guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom. He wrote a letter which she received when she was dressing for her marriage. At twenty minutes to nine. At which she afterwards stopped all the clocks.

Great Expectations, ch. iii, v, xliii, xlv, xlvii, l, liii-lvi.

JERRY CRUNCHER

JERRY CRUNCHER, *a body-snatcher and messenger outside Tellson's Bank in London. After his experiences during the reign of Terror in Paris he gives up the first named occupation.*

He was an odd-job-man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his son: a grisly urchin of twelve, who was his express image. People understood that Tellson's, in a stately way, tolerated the odd-job-man. The house had always tolerated some person in that capacity, and time and tide had drifted this person to the post. His surname was Cruncher, and on the youthful occasion of his renouncing by proxy the works of darkness, in the easterly parish church of Houndsditch, he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

He had eyes that assorted very well, being of a surface black, with no depth in the colour or form, and much too near together — as if they were afraid of being found out in something, singly, if they kept too far apart. They had a sinister expression, under an old cocked-hat like a three-cornered spittoon, and over a great muffler for the chin and throat, which descended nearly to the wearer's knees. When he stopped for drink, he moved this

JERRY CRUNCHER

muffler with his left hand, only while he poured his liquor in with his right; as soon as that was done, he muffled again. . . . Except on the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff, black hair, standing jaggedly all over it, and growing down hill almost to his broad, blunt nose. It was so like smith's work, so much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair, that the best of players at leap-frog might have declined him, as the most dangerous man in the world to go over. . . .

Exceedingly red-eyed and grim, as if he had been up all night at a party which had taken anything but a convivial turn, Jerry Cruncher worried his breakfast rather than ate it, growling over it like any four-footed inmate of a menagerie. Towards nine o'clock he smoothed his ruffled aspect, and, presenting as respectable and business-like an exterior as he could overlay his natural self with, issued forth to the occupation of the day.

It could scarcely be called a trade, in spite of his favorite description of himself as "a honest tradesman." His stock consisted of a wooden stool, made out of a broken-backed chair cut down, which stool, young Jerry, walking at his father's side, carried every morning to beneath the banking-house win-

dow that was nearest Temple Bar: where, with the addition of the first handful of straw that could be gleaned from any passing vehicle to keep the cold and wet from the odd-job-man's feet, it formed the encampment for the day. On this post of his, Mr. Cruncher was as well known to Fleet-street and the Temple, as the Bar itself,—and was almost as ill-looking.

A Tale of Two Cities, Book I, ch. ii, iii; Book II, ch. i-iii, vi, xiv, xxiv; Book III, ch. vii-ix, xiv.

JAMES CARKER, *the Managing Clerk of Dombey and Son*. Though he has an interest in the business he speculates on his own account and makes a fortune. He does all he can to widen the breach between Mr. Dombey and his cold, proud wife, and to revenge herself on both, she consents to elope with him, leaving him, however, at the moment of their meeting at Dijon, whither they had fled by separate routes. Dombey had followed them, and in trying to avoid him Carker is run over and killed by a train.

Mr. Carker was a gentleman thirty-eight or forty years old, of a florid complexion, and with two unbroken rows of glistening teeth, whose regularity and whiteness were quite distressing. It was impossible to escape the

observation of them, for he showed them whenever he spoke; and bore so wide a smile upon his countenance (a smile, however, very rarely, indeed, extending beyond his mouth), that there was something in it like the snarl of a cat. He affected a stiff white cravat, after the example of his principal, and was always closely buttoned up and tightly dressed. His manner towards Mr. Dombey was deeply conceived and perfectly expressed. He was familiar with him, in the very extremity of his sense of the distance between them. "Mr. Dombey, to a man in your position from a man in mine, there is no show of subservience compatible with the transaction of business between us, that I should think sufficient. I frankly tell you, Sir, I give it up altogether. I feel that I could not satisfy my own mind; and Heaven knows, Mr. Dombey, you can afford to dispense with the endeavour." If he had carried these words about with him printed on a placard, and had constantly offered it to Mr. Dombey's perusal on the breast of his coat, he could not have been more explicit than he was. This was Mr. Carker the Manager.

. . . The Manager sat at his desk, smooth and soft as usual, reading those letters which were reserved for him to open, backing them occasionally with such memoranda and

JAMES CARKER

references as their business purport required, and parcelling them out into little heaps for distribution through the several departments of the House. The post had come in heavy that morning, and Mr. Carker the Manager had a good deal to do.

The general action of a man so engaged — pausing to look over a bundle of papers in his hand, dealing them round in various portions, taking up another bundle and examining its contents with knitted brows and pursed-out lips — dealing, and sorting, and pondering by turns — would easily suggest some whimsical resemblance to a player at cards. The face of Mr. Carker the Manager was in good keeping with such a fancy. It was the face of a man who studied his play, warily: who made himself master of all the strong and weak points of the game: who registered the cards in his mind as they fell about him, knew exactly what was on them, what they missed, and what they made: who was crafty to find out what the other players held, and who never betrayed his own hand.

The letters were in various languages, but Mr. Carker the Manager read them all. If there had been anything in the offices of Dombey and Son that he could *not* read, there would have been a card wanting in the pack.

JAMES CARKER

He read almost at a glance, and made combinations of one letter with another and one business with another as he went on, adding new matter to the heaps—much as a man would know the cards at sight, and work out their combinations in his mind after they were turned. Something too deep for a partner, and much too deep for an adversary, Mr. Carker the Manager sat in the rays of the sun that came down slanting on him through the skylight, playing his game alone.

And although it is not among the instincts wild or domestic of the cat tribe to play at cards, feline from sole to crown was Mr. Carker the Manager, as he basked in the strip of summer-light and warmth that shone upon his table and the ground as if they were a crooked dial-plate, and himself the only figure on it. With hair and whiskers deficient in colour at all times, but feebler than common in the rich sunshine, and more like the coat of a sandy tortoise-shell cat; with long nails, nicely pared and sharpened; with a natural antipathy to any speck of dirt, which made him pause sometimes and watch the falling motes of dust, and rub them off his smooth white hand or glossy linen: Mr. Carker the Manager, sly of manner, sharp of tooth, soft of foot, watchful of eye, oily of tongue, cruel of heart, nice of habit, sat with a dainty

MR. JOHN CARKER

steadfastness and patience at his work, as if he were waiting at a mouse's hole.

Dombey and Son, ch. xiii, xvii, xxii, xxiv, xxvi, xxvii, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxvi, xxxvii, xl, xlii, xlv, xlvii, liii-lv.

MR. JOHN CARKER, brother of James and Harriet. In his youth he had been led astray and robbed his employers *Dombey & Son*. The House, however, kept him on in a subordinate position and he expiated his fault by long, faithful service and by the treatment of his younger brother—the manager. When the latter meets with a violent death, he comes into his fortune, but he secretly makes over the interest of it to Mr. Dombey, who has become a bankrupt in the meantime.

Mr. Carker, the Junior, was his brother, two or three years older than he, but widely removed in station. The younger brother's post was on the top of the official ladder; the elder brother's at the bottom. The elder brother never gained a stave, or raised his foot to mount one. Young men passed above his head, and rose and rose; but he was always at the bottom. He was quite resigned to occupy that low condition; never complained of it; and certainly never hoped to escape from it." . . . He was not old, but

MR. CHEERYBLE

his hair was white; his body was bent, or bowed as if by the weight of some great trouble; and there were deep lines in his worn and melancholy face. The fire of his eyes, the expression of his features, the very voice in which he spoke, were all subdued and quenched, as if the spirit within him lay in ashes. He was respectably, though very plainly dressed, in black; but his clothes, moulded to the general character of his figure, seemed to shrink and abase themselves upon him, and to join in the sorrowful solicitation which the whole man from head to foot expressed, to be left unnoticed, and alone in his humility.

Dombey and Son, ch. vi, xix, xxii, xxxiii, xxxiv, liii, lviii, lxii.

MR. CHEERYBLE. *The Cheeryble brothers were partners and merchants: among the numerous people they benefited was Nicholas Nickleby — whom they took into their employ and befriended in every way.*

He was a sturdy old fellow in a broad-skirted blue coat, made pretty large, to fit easily, and with no particular waist; his bulky legs clothed in drab breeches and high gaiters, and his head protected by a low-crowned broad-brimmed white hat, such as a wealthy grazier might wear. He wore his coat but-

toned; and his dimpled double-chin rested in the folds of a white neckerchief — not one of your stiff-starched apoplectic cravats, but a good easy old-fashioned white neckcloth that a man might go to bed in and be none the worse for it. But what principally attracted the attention of Nicholas, was the old gentleman's eye,—never was such a clear, twinkling, honest, merry, happy eye, as that. And there he stood, looking a little upward, with one hand thrust into the breast of his coat, and the other playing with his old-fashioned gold watch-chain: his head thrown a little on one side, and his hat a little more on one side than his head (but that was evidently accident; not his ordinary way of wearing it), with such a pleasant smile playing about his mouth, and such a comical expression of mingled slyness, simplicity, kind-heartedness, and good-humour, lighting up his jolly old face, that Nicholas would have been content to have stood there and looked at him until evening, and to have forgotten meanwhile that there was such a thing as a soured mind or a crabbed countenance to be met with in the whole wide world. . . .

Everything [in the house of Cheeryble Brothers] gave back some reflection of the kindly spirit of the brothers. The warehousemen and porters were such sturdy jolly

DR. CHILLIP

fellows that it was a treat to see them. Among the shipping-announcements and steam-packet lists which decorated the counting-house wall, were designs for almshouses, statements of charities, and plans for new hospitals. A blunderbuss and two swords hung above the chimney piece for the terror of evil-doers, but the blunderbuss was rusty, and shattered, and the swords were broken and edgeless. Elsewhere their open display in such a condition would have raised a smile, but there it seemed as though even violent and offensive weapons partook of the reigning influence and became emblems of mercy and forbearance.

Nicholas Nickleby, ch. xxxv, xxxvii, xl, xliii, xlvi, xlix, lv, lix, lx, lxi, lxiii, lxv.

DR. CHILLIP, *the medical man who assisted at David Copperfield's birth. He flits across the stage of the story more than once afterwards.*

He was the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out of a room, to take up the less space. He walked as softly as the Ghost in Hamlet, and more slowly. He carried his head on one side, partly in modest depreciation of himself, partly in modest propitiation of everybody else. It is nothing to say that he hadn't a

TOBY CRACKIT

word to throw at a dog. He couldn't have *thrown* a word at a mad dog. He might have offered him one gently, or half a one, or a fragment of one; for he spoke as slowly as he walked; but he wouldn't have been rude to him, and he couldn't have been quick with him, for any earthly consideration.

David Copperfield, ch. i, ii, ix, x, xxii, xxx, lix.

TOBY CRACKIT, *a housebreaker.*

They entered a low dark room with a smoky fire: two or three broken chairs, a table, and a very old couch: on which, with his legs much higher than his head, a man was reposing at full length, smoking a long clay pipe. He was dressed in a smartly-cut snuff-coloured coat, with large brass buttons; and orange neckerchief; a coarse, staring, shawl-pattern waistcoat; and drab breeches. Mr. Crackit (for he it was) had no very great quantity of hair, either upon his head or face; but what he had, was of a reddish dye, and tortured into long corkscrew curls, through which he occasionally thrust some very dirty fingers, ornamented with large common rings. He was a trifle above the middle size, and apparently rather weak in the legs; but this circumstance by no means detracted from his own admiration of his top-boots, which he

MR. CREAKLE

contemplated, in their elevated situation, with lively satisfaction.

Oliver Twist, ch. xxiii, xxv, xxviii, xxxix, l.

MR. CREAKLE, *master of Salem House School, to which Copperfield was sent by the Murdstones—an ignorant, and ferocious "Tartar." He later becomes a Middlesex Magistrate and puts into practice "the only true system of prison discipline"—"solitary confinement."*

Mr. Creakle's face was fiery, and his eyes were small, and deep in his head; he had thick veins in his forehead, a little nose, and a large chin. He was bald on the top of his head; and had some thin wet-looking hair that was just turning grey, brushed across each temple, so that the two sides interlaced on his forehead. But the circumstance about him which impressed me most, was, that he had no voice, but spoke in a whisper. The exertion this cost him, or the consciousness of talking in that feeble way, made his angry face so much more angry, and his thick veins so much thicker; when he spoke, that I am not surprised, on looking back, at this peculiarity striking me as his chief one. . . .

I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle did. He had a delight in cutting

at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially; that there was a fascination in such a subject, which made him restless in his mind, until he had scored and marked him for the day. I was chubby myself, and ought to know. I am sure when I think of the fellow now, my blood rises against him with the disinterested indignation I should feel if I could have known all about him without having ever been in his power; but it rises hotly, because I know him to have been an incapable brute, who had no more right to be possessed of the great trust he held, than to be Lord High Admiral, or Commander-in-Chief: in either of which capacities, it is probable that he would have done infinitely less mischief.

Miserable little propitiators of a remorseless Idol, how abject we were to him! What a launch in life I think it now, on looking back, to be so mean and servile to a man of such parts and pretensions! . . .

[He] "was a great deal older and not improved in appearance. His face was as fiery as ever; his eyes were as small and rather deeper set. The scanty wet-looking gray hair was almost gone; and the thick veins in his bald head were none the less agreeable to look at. *David Copperfield*, ch. v-vii, ix, lxi.

CAPTAIN EDWARD CUTTLE

CAPTAIN EDWARD CUTTLE, *friend and partner of Walter Gay's uncle Solomon Gills, and the protector of Florence Dombey when she fled from her father's house. Like the play of Hamlet, he is "chock-full of quotations"—very much mixed as to text and sources, which latter he is very fertile in inventing.*

A gentleman in a wide suit of blue, with a hook instead of a hand attached to his right wrist; very bushy black eyebrows; and a thick stick in his left hand, covered all over (like his nose) with knobs. He wore a loose black silk handkerchief round his neck, and such a very large coarse shirt collar, that it looked like a small sail. He was evidently the person for whom the spare wine-glass was intended, and evidently knew it; for having taken off his rough outer coat, and hung up, on a particular peg behind the door, such a hard glazed hat as a sympathetic person's head might ache at the sight of, and which left a red rim round his own forehead as if he had been wearing a tight basin, he brought a chair to where the clean glass was, and sat himself down behind it. He was usually addressed as Captain, this visitor; and had been a pilot, or a skipper, or a privateer's-man, or all three perhaps; and was a very salt-looking man indeed.

CAPTAIN EDWARD CUTTLE

His face, remarkable for a brown solidity, brightened as he shook hands with uncle and nephew; but he seemed to be of a laconic disposition, and merely said —

“How goes it?”

“All well,” said Mr. Gills, pushing the bottle towards him.

He took it up, and having surveyed and smelt it, said with extraordinary expression:

“*The?*”

“*The,*” returned the instrument-maker.

Upon that he whistled as he filled his glass, and seemed to think they were making holiday indeed.

“Wal’r!” he said, arranging his hair (which was thin) with his hook, and then pointing it at the instrument-maker, “Look at him! Love! Honour! And Obey! Overhaul your catchism till you find that passage, and when found turn the leaf down. Success, my boy!”

He was so perfectly satisfied both with his quotation and his reference to it, that he could not help repeating the words again in a low voice, and saying he had forgotten ’em these forty year.

“But I never wanted two or three words in my life that I didn’t know where to lay my hand upon ’em, Gills,” he observed. “It comes of not wasting language as some do.”

CHARLES DARNAY

Dombey and Son, ch. iv, ix, x, xv, xvii, xix, xxiii, xxv, xxxii, xxxix, xlviii-l, lvi, lvii, lx, lxii.

CHARLES DARNAY (CHARLES ST. EVREMONDE), a French emigré, the son of the Marquis St. Evremonde. He was accused of being a spy in England and acquitted, afterwards marrying Lucie Manette. Returning to France during the Reign of Terror he was denounced as an aristocrat, thrown into prison and condemned to die. The heroic devotion of Sydney Carton, who dies in his place, saves him, and he and his wife and her father all return to England and pass the rest of their days in peace.

A young man of about five-and-twenty, well-grown and well-looking, with a sunburnt cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark grey, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck; more to be out of his way than for ornament. As an emotion of the mind will express itself through any covering of the body, so the paleness which his situation engendered came through the brown upon his cheek, showing the soul to be stronger than the sun. He was otherwise quite self-possessed. . . .

CHARLES DARNAY

[He was tried and acquitted] for that he was a false traitor to our serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, prince, our Lord the King, by reason of his having, on divers occasions, and by divers means and ways, assisted Lewis, the French King, in his wars against our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth; that was to say, by coming and going, between the dominions of our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, and those of the said French Lewis, and wickedly, falsely, traitorously, and otherwise evil-adverbiously, revealing to the said French Lewis what forces our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, had in preparation to send to Canada and North America. . . .

More months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a higher teacher of the French language who was conversant with French literature. In this age, he would have been a Professor; in that age, he was a Tutor. He read with young men who could find any leisure and interest for the study of a living tongue spoken all over the world, and he cultivated a taste for its stores of knowledge and fancy. He could write of them, besides, in sound English, and render them into sound English. Such masters were not at that time easily found; Princes that

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had been, and Kings that were to be, were not yet of the Teacher class, and no ruined nobility had dropped out of Tellson's ledgers to turn cooks and carpenters. As a tutor, whose attainments made the student's way unusually pleasant and profitable, and as an elegant translator who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge, young Mr. Darnay soon became known and encouraged. He was well acquainted, moreover, with the circumstances of his country, and those were of ever-growing interest. So, with great perseverance and untiring industry, he prospered.

In London, he had expected neither to walk on pavements of gold, nor to lie on beds of roses; if he had had any such exalted expectation, he would not have prospered. He had expected labour, and he found it, and did it, and made the best of it. In this, his prosperity consisted.

A certain portion of his time was passed at Cambridge, where he read with undergraduates as a sort of tolerated smuggler who drove a contraband trade in European languages, instead of conveying Greek and Latin through the Custom-house. The rest of his time he passed in London.

A Tale of Two Cities, Book II, ch. ii-vi, ix, x, xvi-xviii, xx, xxi, xxiv; Book III, ch. i-vii, ix-xv.

ROSA DARTLE

ROSA DARTLE, *Mrs. Steerforth's companion; in love with her son — who does not reciprocate her affection.*

[She was] of slight short figure, dark, and not agreeable to look at, but with some appearance of good looks too, who attracted my attention: perhaps because I had not expected to see her; perhaps because I found myself sitting opposite to her; perhaps because of something really remarkable in her. She had black hair and eager black eyes, and was thin, and had a scar upon her lip. It was an old scar—I should rather call it, seam, for it was not discoloured, and had healed years ago—which had once cut through her mouth, downward towards the chin, but was now barely visible across the table, except above and on her upper lip, the shape of which it had altered. I concluded in my own mind that she was about thirty years of age, and that she wished to be married. She was a little dilapidated—like a house—with having been so long to let; yet had, as I have said, an appearance of good looks. Her thinness seemed to be the effect of some wasting fire within her, which found a vent in her gaunt eyes.

She was introduced as Miss Dartle and both Steerforth and his mother called her Rosa. I found that she lived there, and had

been for a long time Mrs. Steerforth's companion. It appeared to me that she never said anything she wanted to say, outright; but hinted it, and made a great deal more of it by this practice. For example, when Mrs. Steerforth observed, more in jest than earnest, that she feared her son led but a wild life at college, Miss Dartle put in thus:

"Oh, really? You know how ignorant I am, and that I only ask for information, but isn't it always so? I thought that kind of life was on all hands understood to be — eh?" . . . I could not help glancing at the scar with a painful interest when we went in to tea. It was not long before I observed that it was the most susceptible part of her face, and that, when she turned pale, that mark altered first, and became a dull, lead-coloured streak, lengthening out to its full extent, like a mark in invisible ink brought to the fire. . . .

[Steerforth] asked me what I thought of her.

"She is very clever, is she not?" I asked.

"Clever! She brings everything to a grindstone," said Steerforth, "and sharpens it, as she has sharpened her own face and figure these years past. She has worn herself away by constant sharpening. She is all edge."

"What a remarkable scar that is upon her lip!" I said.

JOHN DAWKINS

Steerforth's face fell, and he paused a moment.

"Why, the fact is," he returned, "—*I did that. . . . I was a young boy, and she exasperated me, and I threw a hammer at her. A promising young angel I must have been! . . . She has borne the mark ever since, as you see, and she'll bear it to her grave, if she ever rests in one; though I can hardly believe she will ever rest anywhere. She was the motherless child of a sort of cousin of my father's. He died one day. My mother, who was then a widow, brought her here to be company to her. She has a couple of thousand pounds of her own, and saves the interest of it every year, to add to the principal. There's the history of Miss Rosa Dartle for you.*"

David Copperfield, ch. xx, xxi, xxiv, xxix, xxxiii, xxxvi, xlvi, l, lvi, lxiv.

JOHN DAWKINS, *alias* "*The Artful Dodger,*" *a pickpocket in the service of Fagin the Jew. He encountered Oliver Twist and took him to Fagin's den. Clever as he was in thieving and knavery, he was caught at last and sentenced to transportation for life.*

He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough; and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had about him

JOHN DAWKINS

all the airs and manners of a man. He was short of his age: with rather bow-legs, and little, sharp, ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so lightly, that it threatened to fall off every moment; and would have done so, very often, if the wearer had not had a knack of every now and then giving his head a sudden twitch, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back, half-way up his arm, to get his hands out of the sleeves: apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trousers; for there he kept them. He was, altogether, as roystering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four feet six, or something less, in his bluchers. . . . Oliver discovered that his friend's name was Jack Dawkins, and that he was a peculiar pet and *protégé* of the elderly gentleman before mentioned (Fagin).

Mr. Dawkins's appearance did not say a vast deal in favour of the comforts which his patron's interest obtained for those whom he took under his protection; but, as he had a rather flightly and dissolute mode of conversing, and furthermore avowed that among his intimate friends he was better known by the *sobriquet* of "The artful Dodger," Oliver

LADY HONORIA DEDLOCK

concluded that, being of a dissipated and careless turn, the moral precepts of his benefactor had hitherto been thrown away upon him. Under this impression, he secretly resolved to cultivate the good opinion of the old gentleman as quickly as possible; and, if he found the Dodger incorrigible, as he more than half expected he should, to decline the honour of his farther acquaintance.

Oliver Twist, ch. viii-x, xii, xiii, xvi, xvii, xix, xxv, xxxix, xliii.

LADY HONORIAⁿ DEDLOCK, consort of Sir Leicester Dedlock. She was the mother of Esther Summerson by Capt. Hawdon, a gay rake who abandoned her without marriage—Sir Leicester knows nothing of this, but others come into possession of the secret and her efforts to prevent it from coming to light lead to her flight from home and her miserable death from shame, remorse and exposure at the gate of the miserable churchyard in which the father of her child was buried—where also lies the unfortunate “Jo,” to whom he was “werry good, he wos.” Proud, cold and haughty as she was, she always had some affection for her earlier lover—and for her child.

[Lady Dedlock] had beauty, pride, ambition, insolent resolve, and sense enough to

LADY HONORIA DEDLOCK

portion out a legion of fine ladies. Wealth and station, added to these, soon floated her upward; and for years, now, my Lady Dedlock has been at the centre of the fashionable intelligence, and at the top of the fashionable tree.

How Alexander wept when he had no more worlds to conquer, everybody knows — or has some reason to know by this time, the matter having been rather frequently mentioned. My Lady Dedlock, having conquered *her* world, fell, not into the melting, but rather into the freezing mood. An exhausted composure, a worn-out placidity, an equanimity of fatigue not to be ruffled by interest or satisfaction, are the trophies of her victory. She is perfectly well-bred. If she could be translated to Heaven to-morrow, she might be expected to ascend without any rapture.

She has beauty still, and, if it be not in its heyday, it is not yet in its autumn. She has a fine face — originally of a character that would be rather called very pretty than handsome, but improved into classicality by the acquired expression of her fashionable state. Her figure is elegant, and has the effect of being tall. Not that she is so, but that “the most is made,” as the Honourable Bob Stables has frequently asserted upon oath, “of all her points.” The same authority observes, that

LADY HONORIA DEDLOCK

she is perfectly got up; and remarks, in commendation of her hair especially, that she is the best-groomed woman in the whole stud. . .

There is this remarkable circumstance to be noted in everything associated with my Lady Dedlock as one of class — as one of the leaders and representatives of her little world. She supposes herself to be an inscrutable Being, quite out of the reach and ken of ordinary mortals — seeing herself in her glass, where indeed she looks so. Yet, every dim little star revolving about her, from her maid to the manager of the Italian Opera, knows her weaknesses, prejudices, follies, haughtinesses, and caprices; and lives upon as accurate a calculation and as nice a measure of her moral nature, as her dress-maker takes of her physical proportions. Is a new dress, a new custom, a new singer, a new dancer, a new form of jewellery, a new dwarf or giant, a new chapel, a new anything, to be set up? There are deferential people, in a dozen callings, whom my Lady Dedlock suspects of nothing but prostration before her, who can tell you how to manage her as if she were a baby; who do nothing but nurse her all their lives; who, humbly affecting to follow with profound subservience, lead her and her whole troop after them; who, in hooking one, hook all and bear them off, as Lemuel

SIR LEICESTER DEDLOCK

Gulliver bore away the stately fleet of the majestic Lilliput.

Bleak House, ch. ii, vii, ix, xii, xv, xviii, xxviii, xxix, xxxiii, xxxvi, xxxix-xli, xlvi, liii-lviii.

SIR LEICESTER DEDLOCK, *a typical representative of one of the great county families of England. (See Lady Dedlock.)*

Sir Leicester Dedlock is only a baronet, but there is no mightier baronet than he. His family is as old as the hills, and infinitely more respectable. He has a general opinion that the world might get on without hills, but would be done up without Dedlocks. He would on the whole admit Nature to be a good idea (a little low, perhaps, when not enclosed with a park-fence), but an idea dependent for its execution on your great county families. He is a gentleman of strict conscience, disdainful of all littleness and meanness, and ready, on the shortest notice, to die any death you may please to mention rather than give occasion for the least impeachment of his integrity. He is an honourable, obstinate, truthful, high-spirited, intensely prejudiced, perfectly unreasonable man.

Sir Leicester is twenty years, full measure, older than my Lady. He will never see sixty-five again, nor perhaps sixty-six, nor yet

MONSIEUR ERNEST DEFARGE

sixty-seven. He has a twist of the gout now and then, and walks a little stiffly. He is of a worthy presence, with his light grey hair and whiskers, his fine shirt-frill, his pure white waistcoat, and his blue coat with bright buttons always buttoned. He is ceremonious, stately, most polite on every occasion to my Lady, and holds her personal attractions in the highest estimation. His gallantry to my Lady, which has never changed since he courted her, is the one little touch of romantic fancy in him.

Indeed, he married her for love.

Bleak House, ch. ii, vii, ix, xii, xvi, xviii, xxviii, xxix, xl, xliii, xlvi, liii-lvi, lviii, lxiii, lxvi.

MONSIEUR ERNEST DEFARGE, *the ringleader of the revolutionists in the suburb of St. Antoine in Paris and keeper of a wine shop there. To his house Dr. Manette was taken when he was released from the Bastille and it was he who found the records in that prison afterwards used against Darnay. His house was the headquarters of the Jacquerie and he was known as Jacques No. 4.*

A bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over

MADAME THERESE DEFARGE

his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

A Tale of Two Cities, Book I, ch. v, vi; Book II, ch. vii, xv, xvi, xxi, xxii; Book III, ch. i, iii, vi, ix, x, xii, xiv, xv.

MADAME THERESE DEFARGE, *the leader of the Saint Antoine women revolutionaries, who first befriends and then helps betray Dr. Manette. She is killed in an encounter with Miss Pross, Lucy Manette's maid—who in order to give her mistress time for flight, refuses to admit her to a room where she was supposed to be in hiding.*

She was a stout woman of about [her husband's] age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge from which

one might have predicated that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large ear-rings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way. . . . Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and readiness, of great determination, of that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and animosity, but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities; the troubled time would have heaved her up, under any circumstances. But, imbued from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong, and an inveterate hatred of a class, opportunity had developed her into a tigress. She

MADAME THERESE DEFARGE

was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her, it had quite gone out of her. . . . To appeal to her, was made hopeless by her having no sense of pity, even for herself. If she had been laid low in the streets, in any of the many encounters in which she had been engaged, she would not have pitied herself; nor, if she had been ordered to the axe to-morrow, would she have gone to it with any softer feeling than a fierce desire to change places with the man who sent her there.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough, in a certain weird way, and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap. Lying hidden in her bosom, was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden at her waist, was a sharpened dagger. Thus accoutred, and walking with the confident tread of such a character, and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her girlhood, bare-foot and bare-legged, on the brown sea-sand, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

A Tale of Two Cities, Book I, ch. v, vi, Book II, ch. vii, xv, xvi, xxi, xxii; Book III, ch. iii, v, vi, viii-x, xii, xiv, xv

NED DENNIS

NED DENNIS, the hangman, was one of the ring-leaders of the Gordon rioters; — with the instinct of his profession strong within him he wished to “work off” every one who stood in their way and was disgusted when not allowed to do so. He aided in the burning and destruction of Newgate jail, but protested against setting free the prisoners condemned to death as robbing the hangman of his rights! When the riots were over he was arrested and condemned to death. He could not, however, believe that he would suffer the extreme penalty, and was confident that the government would pardon him, on account of his past services. When he finds there is no hope, his fear renders him abject, and he finds that the satisfaction he had in “working people off” is not shared by those who are to be “worked off.”

A squat, thickset personage, with a low retreating forehead, a coarse shock head of hair, and eyes so small and near together, that his broken nose alone seemed to prevent their meeting and fusing into one of the usual size. A dingy handkerchief twisted like a cord about his neck, left its great veins exposed to view, and they were swollen and starting, as though with gulping down strong passions, malice, and ill-will. His dress was of threadbare velveteen — a faded, rusty,

whitened black, like the ashes of a pipe or a coal fire after a day's extinction; discoloured with the soils of many a stale debauch, and reeking yet with pot-house odours. In lieu of buckles at his knees, he wore unequal loops of packthread; and in his grimy hands he held a knotted stick, the knob of which was carved into a rough likeness of his own vile face.

"I'm of as gen-teel a calling, brother, as any man in England—as light a business as any gentleman could desire. . . . No 'prenticing. It comes by natur. . . . Look at that hand of mine—many and many a job that hand has done, with a neatness and dex-terity, never known afore. When I look at that hand," said Mr. Dennis, shaking it in the air, "and remember the helegant bits of work it has turned off, I feel quite mollon-choly to think it should ever grow old and feeble. But sich is life!"

He heaved a deep sigh as he indulged in these reflections, and putting his fingers with an absent air on Hugh's throat, and particularly under his left ear, as if he were studying the anatomical development of that part of his frame, shook his head in a despondent manner and actually shed tears. . . . I may call myself a artist—a fancy workman—art improves natur'—that's my motto.

NED DENNIS

That [stick] was carved by a friend of mine, as is now no more. The very day afore he died, he cut that with his pocket-knife from memory! 'I'll die game,' says my friend, 'and my last moments shall be dewoted to making Dennis's picter.' That's it. . . . He was a queer subject altogether—a kind of gipsy—one of the finest, stand-up men, you ever see. Ah! He told me some things that would startle you a bit, did that friend of mine, on the morning when he died. . . . He would not have gone off half as comfortable without me. I had been with three or four of his family under the same circumstances. They were all fine fellows. . . . They all had me near 'em when they departed. I come in for their wardrobes too. This very handkecher that you see round my neck, belonged to him that I've been speaking of—him as did that likeness. . . . These smalls," said Dennis, rubbing his legs; "these very smalls—they belonged to a friend of mine that's left off sich incumbrances for ever: this coat too—I've often walked behind this coat, in the streets, and wondered whether it would ever come to me: this pair of shoes have danced a hornpipe for another man, afore my eyes, full half-a-dozen times at least: and as to my hat," he said, taking it off, and twirling it round upon his fist—

"Lord! I've seen this hat go up Holborn on the box of a hackney-coach — ah, many and many a day!"

"You don't mean to say their old wearers are *all* dead, I hope?" said Mr. Tappertit, falling a little distance from him as he spoke.

"Every one of 'em," replied Dennis. "Every man Jack!"

Barnaby Rudge, ch. xxxv-xl, xliv, xlix, l, liii-liv, lix, lx, lxii-lxv, lxix-lxxi, lxxiv-lxxvii.

MR. DICK (RICHARD BABLEY), *a protégé of Miss Betsey Trotwood, who professed to have a great opinion of his intelligence and the wisdom of his judgments, although he was a lunatic of a mild type.*

Mr. Dick was grey-headed and florid: I should have said all about him, in saying so, had not his head been curiously bowed — not by age . . . and his grey eyes prominent and large, with a strange kind of watery brightness in them that made me, in combination with his vacant manner, his submission to my aunt, and his childish delight when she praised him, suspect him of being a little mad; though, if he were mad, how he came to be there puzzled me extremely. He was dressed like any other ordinary gentleman, in a loose grey morning coat and waistcoat and white trousers; and had his watch

in his fob, and his money in his pockets: which he rattled as if he were very proud of it. . . . "Did he say anything about King Charles the First? . . . He is memorialising the Lord Chancellor, or the Lord Somebody or other—one of those people, at all events, who are paid to *be* memorialized—about his affairs. I suppose it will go in, one of these days. He hasn't been able to draw it up yet, without introducing that mode of expressing himself; but it don't signify; it keeps him employed."

In fact, I found out afterwards that Mr. Dick had been for upwards of ten years endeavouring to keep King Charles the First out of the Memorial; but he had been constantly getting into it, and was there now.

"I say again," said my aunt, "nobody knows what that man's mind is except myself; and he's the most amenable and friendly creature in existence. If he likes to fly a kite sometimes, what of that? Franklin used to fly a kite. He was a Quaker, or something of that sort, if I am not mistaken. And a Quaker flying a kite is a much more ridiculous object than anybody else." . . .

Mr. Dick and I soon became the best of friends, and very often, when his day's work was done, went out together to fly the great kite. Every day of his life he had a long sit-

ting at the Memorial, which never made the least progress, however hard he laboured, for King Charles the First always strayed into it, sooner or later, and then it was thrown aside, and another one begun. The patience and hope with which he bore these perpetual disappointments, the mild perception he had that there was something wrong about King Charles the First, the feeble efforts he made to keep him out, and the certainty with which he came in, and tumbled the Memorial out of all shape, made a deep impression upon me. What Mr. Dick supposed would come of the Memorial, if it were completed; where he thought it was to go, or what he thought it was to do; he knew no more than anybody else, I believe. Nor was it at all necessary that he should trouble himself with such questions, for if anything were certain under the sun, it was certain that the Memorial never would be finished.

It was quite an affecting sight, I used to think, to see him with the kite when it was up to a great height in the air. What he had told me, in his room, about his belief in its disseminating the statements pasted on it, which were nothing but old leaves of abortive Memorials, might have been a fancy with him sometimes; but not when he was out, looking up at the kite in the sky, and feeling it pull

and tug at his hands. He never looked so serene as he did then. I used to fancy, as I sat by him of an evening, on a green slope, and saw him watch the kite high in the quiet air, that it lifted his mind out of its confusion, and bore it (such was my boyish thought) into the skys. As he wound the string in, and it came lower and lower down out of the beautiful light, until it fluttered to the ground, and lay there like a dead thing, he seemed to wake gradually out of a dream; and I remember to have seen him take it up, and look about him in a lost way, as if they had both come down together, so that I pitied him with all my heart. . . . He soon became known to every boy in the school; and though he never took an active part in any game but kite-flying, was as deeply interested in all our sports as any one among us. How often have I seen him, intent upon a match at marbles or pegtop, looking on with a face of unutterable interest, and hardly breathing at the critical times. How often, at hare and hounds, have I seen him mounted on a little knoll, cheering the whole field on to action, and waving his hat above his grey head, oblivious of King Charles the Martyr's head, and all belonging to it! How many a summer-hour have I known to be but blissful minutes to him in the cricket-field! How many winter

COLONEL DIVER

days have I seen him, standing blue-nosed, in the snow and east wind, looking at the boys going down the long slide, and clapping his worsted gloves in rapture!

He was a universal favourite, and his ingenuity in little things was transcendent. He could cut oranges into such devices as none of us had an idea of. He could make a boat out of anything, from a skewer upwards. He could turn crampbones into chessmen; fashion Roman chariots from old court cards; make spoked wheels out of cotton reels, and bird-cages of old wire. But he was greatest of all, perhaps, in the articles of string and straw; with which we were all persuaded he could do anything that could be done by hands.

David Copperfield, ch. xiii-xv, xvii, xix, xxxiv, xxxvi, xxxviii, xlii, xliii, xlv, xlix, lii, liv, lxii, lxiv.

COLONEL DIVER, *editor of "The Rowdy Journal."*

A sallow gentleman, with sunken cheeks, black hair, small twinkling eyes, and a singular expression hovering about that region of his face, which was not a frown, nor a leer, and yet might have been mistaken at the first glance for either. Indeed it would have been difficult, on a much closer acquaintance, to describe it in any more satisfactory terms than

COLONEL DIVER

as a mixed expression of vulgar cunning and conceit. This gentlemen wore a rather broad-brimmed hat for the greater wisdom of his appearance; and had his arms folded for the greater impressiveness of his attitude. He was somewhat shabbily dressed in a blue sur-tout reaching nearly to his ankles, short loose trousers of the same colour, and a faded buff waistcoat, through which a discoloured shirt-frill struggled to force itself into notice, as asserting an equality of civil rights with the other portions of his dress, and maintaining a Declaration of Independence on its own account. His feet, which were of unusually large proportions, were leisurely crossed before him as he half leaned against, half sat upon, the steamboat's side; and his thick cane, shod with a mighty ferrule at one end and armed with a great metal knob at the other, depended from a line-and-tassel on his wrist. Thus attired, and thus composed into an aspect of great profundity, the gentleman twitched up the right-hand corner of his mouth and his right eye, simultaneously, and said, once more:

"It is in such enlightened means, that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent."

"You allude to —"

"To the Palladium of rational Liberty at home, Sir, and the dread of Foreign oppres-

DOMBEY AND SON

sion abroad," returned the gentleman, as he pointed with his cane to an uncommonly dirty newsboy with one eye. "To the Envy of the world, Sir, and the leaders of Human Civilization. Let me ask you, Sir," he added, bringing the ferrule of his stick heavily upon the deck with the air of a man who must not be equivocated with, "how do you like my Country?"

"I'm hardly prepared to answer that question yet," said Martin, "seeing that I have not been ashore."

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xxxiv.

DOMBEY AND SON. *Mr. Dombey was a wealthy, stiff, and pompous London merchant possessed with the idea that the universe was pivoted on his House...He ignored his daughter Florence, and centred all his hopes and what affection he had on his son Paul, whose mother died in giving him birth. The son lived but a few years, and his death hardens the heart of the father still more. Later he married a proud and haughty beauty, Edith Granger:—who had no love for him. The two natures clash. His manager, Mr. Carker, helps to widen the breach—and finally they elope—she with the sole idea of being revenged on her husband. Dombey drives his daughter from his home, believing her to have been his wife's accomplice.*

DOMBEY AND SON

His troubles prey on his mind, his business faculties are lost and his business is ruined and he is bankrupt. Finally his pride is broken, his obstinacy melted, and he repents of his injustice chiefly through the influence of his daughter, with whom and her husband and children he passes his declining years.

Dombey sat in the corner of the darkened room in the great arm-chair by the bedside, and Son lay tucked up warm in a little basket bedstead, carefully disposed on a low settee immediately in front of the fire and close to it, as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him brown while he was very new.

Dombey was about eight-and-forty years of age. Son about eight-and-forty minutes. Dombey was rather bald, rather red, and though a handsome, well-made man, too stern and pompous in appearance, to be prepossessing: one of those close-shaved, close-cut moneyed gentlemen who are glossy and crisp like new bank-notes, and who seem to be artificially braced and tightened as by the stimulating action of golden shower-baths. Son was very bald, and very red, and though (of course) an undeniably fine infant, somewhat crushed and spotty in his general effect, as yet. On the brow of Dombey, Time and his brother Care had set some marks, as on a tree

DOMBEY AND SON

that was to come down in good time — remorseless twins they are for striding through their human forests, notching as they go — while the countenance of Son was crossed and recrossed with a thousand little creases, which the same deceitful Time would take delight in smoothing out and wearing away with the flat part of his scythe, as a preparation of the surface for his deeper operations.

Dombey, exulting in the long-looked-for event, jingled and jingled the heavy gold watch-chain that depended from below his trim blue coat, whereof the buttons sparkled phosphorescently in the feeble rays of the distant fire. Son, with his little fists curled up and clenched, seemed in his feeble way, to be squaring at existence for having come upon him so unexpectedly.

“Dombey and Son.” Those three words conveyed the one idea of Mr. Dombey’s life. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light. Rivers and seas were formed to float their ships; rainbows gave them promise of fair weather; winds blew for or against their enterprises; stars and planets circled in their orbits, to preserve inviolate a system of which they were the centre. Common abbreviations took new meanings in his eyes, and had sole reference to

MRS. EDITH DOMBEY

them. A. D. had no concern with anno Domini, but stood for anno Dombei —and Son. *Dombey and Son. For references see Florence Dombey.*

MRS. EDITH DOMBEY, *widow of Colonel Granger. (See Dombey and Son and Carver.)*

Very handsome, very haughty, very wilful, who tossed her head and drooped her eyelids, as though, if there were anything in all the world worth looking into, save a mirror, it certainly was not the earth or sky. . . . It was a remarkable characteristic of this lady's beauty that it appeared to vaunt and assert itself without her aid, and against her will. She knew that she was beautiful: it was impossible that it could be otherwise: but she seemed with her own pride to defy her very self.

Whether she held cheap, attractions that could only call forth admiration that was worthless to her, or whether she designed to render them more precious to admirers by this usage of them, those to whom they *were* precious seldom paused to consider. . . .

"I was a woman — artful, designing, mercenary, laying snares for men — before I knew myself, or even understood the base and wretched aim of every new display I learnt. .

“Look at me, who have never known what it is to have an honest heart, and love. Look at me, taught to scheme and plot when children play; and married in my youth — an old age of design — to one for whom I had no feeling but indifference. Look at me, whom he left a widow, dying before his inheritance descended to him — and tell me what has been my life for ten years since.”

“There is no slave in a market: there is no horse in a fair: so shown and offered and examined and paraded, as I have been, for ten shameful years. Is it not so? Have I been made the byword of all kinds of men? Have fools, have profligates, have boys, have dotards, dangled after me, and one by one rejected me, and fallen off, because you were too plain with all your cunning: yes, and too true, with all those false pretences: until we have almost come to be notorious? The license of look and touch, have I submitted to it, in half the places of resort upon the map of England? Have I been hawked and vended here and there, until the last grain of self-respect is dead within me, and I loathe myself?” . . .

“Who takes me, refuse that I am, and as I well deserve to be, shall take me, as this man does, with no art of mine put forth to lure him. He sees me at the auction, and he thinks it well to buy me. Let him! When

he came to view me — perhaps to bid — he required to see the roll of my accomplishments. I gave it to him. When he would have me show one of them, to justify his purchase to his men, I require of him to say which he demands, and I exhibit it. I will do no more. He makes the purchase of his own will, and with his own sense of its worth, and the power of his money; and I hope it may never disappoint him. I have not vaunted and pressed the bargain."

Dombey and Son (for references see *Florence Dombey*, *Paul Dombey*, and *James Carker*).

FLORENCE DOMBEY, the despised and neglected but loving and lovable daughter of Mr. Dombey. The indifference of her father towards her grows to hatred and at last he drives her out of his house. She marries Walter Gay, once a junior in Mr. Dombey's bank, who found her when she was lost in London as a little child. Subsequently her father becomes reconciled to her when he is stripped of all else and he passes his declining days with her and her children.

So Florence lived in her wilderness of a home, within the circle of her innocent pursuits and thoughts, and nothing harmed her. She could go down to her father's rooms now,

and think of him, and suffer her loving heart humbly to approach him, without fear of repulse. She could look upon the objects that had surrounded him in his sorrow, and could nestle near his chair, and not dread the glance that she so well remembered. She could render him such little tokens of her duty and service, as putting everything in order for him with her own hands, binding little nosegays for his table, changing them as one by one they withered and he did not come back, preparing something for him every day, and leaving some timid mark of her presence near his usual seat. To-day, it was a little painted stand for his watch; to-morrow, she would be afraid to leave it, and would substitute some other trifle of her making not so likely to attract his eye. Waking in the night, perhaps, she would tremble at the thought of his coming home and angrily rejecting it, and would hurry down with slippered feet and quickly beating heart, and bring it away. At another time, she would only lay her face upon his desk, and leave a kiss there, and a tear.

Dombey and Son, ch. i, iii, v, vi, viii-xii, xiv, xvi, xviii, xix, xxii-xxiv, xxvii, xxx, xxxv-xxxvii, xl, xli, xliii-xlv, xlvii-l, lvi, lvii, lix, lxi, lxii.

PAUL DOMBEY, *the son and heir of Mr. Dombey, on whom all his father's hopes are*

centred. His mother dies in giving him birth: the child is a weakling and is sent to Brighton in the care of Mrs. Pipchin. He then goes to Dr. Blimber's School, where the forcing process of education only hastens the end and the lad is taken home to die.

He was a pretty little fellow; though there was something wan and wistful in his small face, that gave occasion to many significant shakes of Mrs. Wickam's head, and many long-drawn inspirations of Mrs. Wickam's breath. His temper gave abundant promise of being imperious in after-life; and he had as hopeful an apprehension of his own importance, and the rightful subservience of all other things and persons to it, as heart could desire. He was childish and sportive enough at times, and not of a sullen disposition; but he had a strange, old-fashioned, thoughtful way, at other times, of sitting brooding in his miniature arm-chair, when he looked (and talked) like one of those terrible little beings in the fairy tales, who, at a hundred and fifty or two hundred years of age, fantastically represent the children for whom they have been substituted. He would frequently be stricken with this precocious mood upstairs in the nursery; and would sometimes lapse into it suddenly, exclaiming that he was tired: even while playing with Florence, or driving Miss

Tox in single harness. But at no time did he fall into it so surely, as when, his little chair being carried down into his father's room, he sat there with him after dinner, by the fire. They were the strangest pair at such a time that ever firelight shone upon. Mr. Dombey so erect and solemn, gazing at the blaze; his little image, with an old, old face, peering into the red perspective with the fixed and rapt attention of a sage. Mr. Dombey entertaining complicated worldly schemes and plans; the little image entertaining Heaven knows what wild fancies, half-formed thoughts, and wandering speculations. Mr. Dombey stiff with starch and arrogance; the little image by inheritance, and in unconscious imitation. The two so very much alike, and yet so monstrously contrasted.

Dombey and Son, ch. i-iii, v-viii, xiv, xvi.

AMY DORRIT (LITTLE DORRIT), daughter of William Dorrit, who becomes the wife of Arthur Clennam. She devoted herself to the support and protection of her father in his misfortune, bearing in her own heart his anxieties and the shame. She was called "the child of the Marshalsea," having been born in the prison, and was christened and married in the same church hard by. When fortune smiled upon the family her faithfulness was

forgotten and she suffered much in consequence, but silently and bravely: — throughout her life like one of old she “went about doing good.”

Little Dorrit let herself out to do needle-work. At so much a day — or at so little — from eight to eight, Little Dorrit was to be hired. Punctual to the moment, Little Dorrit appeared; punctual to the moment, Little Dorrit vanished. What became of Little Dorrit between the two eights, was a mystery.

Another of the moral phenomena of Little Dorrit. Besides her consideration money, her daily contract included meals. She had an extraordinary repugnance to dining in company; would never do so, if it were possible to escape. Would always plead that she had this bit of work to begin first, or that bit of work to finish first; and would, of a certainty, scheme and plan — not very cunningly, it would seem, for she deceived no one — to dine alone. Successful in this, happy in carrying off her plate anywhere, to make a table of her lap, or a box, or the ground, or even as was supposed, to stand on tip-toe, dining moderately at a mantel-shelf; the great anxiety of Little Dorrit's day was set at rest.

It was not easy to make out Little Dorrit's face; she was so retiring, plied her needle in such removed corners, and started away so

scared if encountered on the stairs. But it seemed to be a pale transparent face, quick in expression, though not beautiful in feature, its soft hazel eyes excepted. A delicately bent head, a tiny form, a quick little pair of busy hands, and a shabby dress—it must needs have been very shabby to look at all so, being so neat—were Little Dorrit as she sat at work. . . .

With no earthly friend to help her, or so much as to see her, but the one so strangely assorted; with no knowledge even of the common daily tone and habits of the common members of the free community who are not shut up in prisons; born and bred, in a social condition, false even with a reference to the falsest condition outside the walls; drinking from infancy of a well whose waters had their own peculiar stain, their own unwholesome and unnatural taste; the Child of the Marshalsea began her womanly life.

No matter through what mistakes and discouragements, what ridicule (not unkindly meant, but deeply felt) of her youth and little figure, what humble consciousness of her own babyhood and want of strength, even in the matter of lifting and carrying; through how much weariness and hopelessness, and how many secret tears; she trudged on, until recognised as useful, even indispensable. That time

came. She took the place of eldest of the three, in all things but precedence; was the head of the fallen family; and bore, in her own heart, its anxieties and shames.

At thirteen, she could read and keep accounts — that is, could put down in words and figures how much the bare necessities that they wanted would cost, and how much less they had to buy them with. She had been, by snatches of a few weeks at a time, to an evening school outside, and got her sister and brother sent to day-schools by desultory starts, during three or four years. There was no instruction for any of them at home; but she knew well — no one better — that a man so broken as to be the Father of the Marshalsea, could be no father to his own children. . . . At twenty-two, with a still surviving attachment to the one miserable yard and block of houses as her birthplace and home, she passed to and fro in it shrinkingly now, with a womanly consciousness that she was pointed out to every one. Since she had begun to work beyond the walls, she had found it necessary to conceal where she lived, and to come and go as secretly as she could, between the free city and the iron gates, outside of which she had never slept in her life. Her original timidity had grown with this concealment, and her light step and her little figure

MR. FREDERICK DORRIT

shunned the thronged streets while they passed along them.

Worldly wise in hard and poor necessities, she was innocent in all things else. Innocent, in the mist through which she saw her father, and the prison, and the turbid living river that flowed through it and flowed on.

Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. iii, v-ix, xii-xvi, xviii-xxv, xxvii, xxix, xxxi, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvi; Book II, ch. i-viii, xi, xiv, xv, xix, xxiv, xxvi, xxvii, xxix-xxxi, xxxiii, xxxiv.

MR. FREDERICK DORRIT, brother to Mr. William Dorrit, *Little Dorrit's* uncle.

There was a ruined uncle in the family group — ruined by his brother, the Father of the Marshalsea. . . . Naturally a retired and simple man, he had shown no particular sense of being ruined, at the time when that calamity fell upon him, further than that he left off washing himself when the shock was announced, and never took to that luxury any more. He had been a very indifferent musical amateur in his better days; and when he fell with his brother, resorted for support to playing a clarionet as dirty as himself in a small Theatre Orchestra. It was the theatre in which his niece became a dancer; he had been a fixture there a long time when she took her poor station in it; and he accepted the task of serving as her escort and guardian, just as he

would have accepted an illness, a legacy, a feast, starvation — anything but soap.

He stooped a good deal, and plodded along in a slow preoccupied manner, which made the bustling London thoroughfares no very safe resort for him. He was dirtily and meanly dressed, in a threadbare coat, once blue, reaching to his ankles and buttoned to his chin, where it vanished in the pale ghost of a velvet collar. A piece of red cloth with which that phantom had been stiffened in its lifetime was now laid bare, and poked itself up, at the back of the old man's neck, into a confusion of grey hair and rusty stock and buckle which altogether nearly poked his hat off. A greasy hat it was, and a napless; impending over his eyes, cracked and crumpled at the brim, and with a wisp of pocket-handkerchief dangling out below it. His trousers were so long and loose, and his shoes so clumsy and large, that he shuffled like an elephant; though how much of this was gait and how much trailing cloth and leather, no one could have told. Under one arm he carried a limp and worn-out case, containing some wind instrument; in the same hand he had a pennyworth of snuff in a little packet of whitey-brown paper, from which he slowly comforted his poor old blue nose with a lengthened-out pinch.

*Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. vii-ix, xix, xx, xxvi;
Book II, ch. i, iv, v, xix.*

WILLIAM DORRIT

WILLIAM DORRIT, *the Father of the Marshalsea, a prisoner for debt. After twenty-five years in prison he proves to be heir to a great fortune that has been unclaimed and accumulating. He leaves the Marshalsea in great state, a rich man, but he takes with him a failing intellect, developes a ridiculous pride and puts on lofty airs, allowing no one to recall the days of his poverty and disgrace. He declines slowly and dies in a palace in Rome, where he fancies he is again in the Marshalsea.*

He was, at that time, a very amiable and very helpless middle-aged gentleman, who was going out again directly. Necessarily, he was going out again directly, because the Marshalsea lock never turned upon a debtor who was not. He brought in a portmanteau with him, which he doubted its being worth while to unpack; he was so perfectly clear—like all the rest of them, the turnkey on the lock said—that he was going out again directly.

He was a shy, retiring man; well-looking, though in an effeminate style; with a mild voice, curling hair, and irresolute hands—rings upon the fingers in those days—which nervously wandered to his trembling lip a hundred times, in the first half-hour of his acquaintance with the jail. His principal anxiety was about his wife. . . .

The affairs of this debtor were perplexed by a partnership, of which he knew no more than that he had invested money in it; by legal matters of assignment and settlement, conveyance here and conveyance there, suspicion of unlawful preference of creditors in this direction, and of mysterious spiriting away of property in that; and as nobody on the face of the earth could be more incapable of explaining any single item in the heap of confusion than the debtor himself, nothing comprehensible could be made of his case. To question him in detail, and endeavour to reconcile his answers; to closet him with accountants and sharp practitioners, learned in the wiles of insolvency and bankruptcy; was only to put the case out at compound interest of incomprehensibility. The irresolute fingers fluttered more and more ineffectually about the trembling lip on every such occasion, and the sharpest practitioners gave him up as a hopeless job. . . . Crushed at first by his imprisonment, he had soon found a dull relief in it. He was under lock and key; but the lock and key that kept him in, kept numbers of his troubles out. If he had been a man with strength of purpose to face those troubles and fight them, he might have broken the net that held him, or broken his heart; but being what he was, he languidly slipped into this smooth

WILLIAM DORRIT

descent, and never more took one step upward.

When he was relieved of the perplexed affairs that nothing would make plain, through having them returned upon his hands by a dozen agents in succession who could make neither beginning, middle, nor end of them, or him, he found his miserable place of refuge a quieter refuge than it had been before. . . . Tradition afterwards handed down from generation to generation — a Marshalsea generation might be calculated as about three months — that the shabby old debtor with the soft manner and the white hair, was the Father of the Marshalsea.

And he grew to be proud of the title. If any impostor had arisen to claim it, he would have shed tears in resentment of the attempt to deprive him of his rights. A disposition began to be perceived in him, to exaggerate the number of years he had been there; it was generally understood that you must deduct a few from his account; he was vain, the fleeting generations of debtors said.

All newcomers were presented to him. He was punctilious in the exaction of this ceremony. The wits would perform the office of introduction with overcharged pomp and politeness, but they could not easily overstep his sense of its gravity. He received them in his

poor room (he disliked an introduction in the mere yard, as informal—a thing that might happen to anybody), with a kind of bowed-down beneficence. They were welcome to the Marshalsea, he would tell them. Yes, he was Father of the place. So the world was kind enough to call him; and so he was, if more than twenty years of residence gave him a claim to the title. It looked small at first, but there was very good company there—among a mixture—necessarily a mixture—and very good air.

Little Dorrit, Book I ch. vi-ix, xviii, xix, xxii, xxiii, xxxi, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvi; Book II, ch. i-iii, v-vii, xii, xiii, xv-xix.

DANIEL DOYCE, *partner of Arthur Clennam. They lose their fortune in the great Merdle crash, but Doyce re-establishes himself.*

He was not much to look at, either in point of size or in point of dress; being merely a short, square, practical looking man, whose hair had turned grey, and in whose face and forehead there were deep lines of cogitation, which looked as though they were carved in hard wood. He was dressed in decent black, a little rusty, and had the appearance of a sagacious master in some handicraft. He had a spectacle-case in his hand, which he turned over and over while he were thus in question,

DANIEL DOYCE

with a certain free use of the thumb that is never seen but in a hand accustomed to tools.

He is a public offender. What has he been guilty of? Murder, manslaughter, arson, forgery, swindling, house-breaking, highway robbery, larceny, conspiracy, fraud?

Not one of them.

But he has been ingenious and he has been trying to turn his ingenuity to his country's service. That makes him a public offender directly, sir.

This Doyce is a smith and engineer. He is not in a large way, but he is well known as a very ingenious man. A dozen years ago, he perfects an invention (involving a very curious secret process) of great importance to his country and his fellow-creatures. I won't say how much money it cost him, or how many years of his life he had been about it, but he brought it to perfection a dozen years ago. He is the most exasperating man in the world; he never complains!

He addresses himself to the Government. The moment he addresses himself to the Government, he becomes a public offender! He ceases to be an innocent citizen, and becomes a culprit. He is treated from that instant as a man who has done some infernal action. He is a man to be shirked, put off, brow-beaten, sneered at, handed over by this highly-

connected young or old gentleman, to that highly-connected young or old gentleman, and dodged back again; he is a man with no rights in his own time, or his own property; a mere outlaw, whom it is justifiable to get rid of anyhow; a man to be worn out by all possible means. . . .

He was the son of a north-country blacksmith, and had originally been apprenticed by his widowed mother to a lock-maker; he had "struck out a few little things" at the lock-maker's, which had led to his being released from his indentures with a present, which present had enabled him to gratify his ardent wish to bind himself to a working engineer, under whom he had laboured hard, His time being out, he had "worked in the shop" at weekly wages seven or eight years more; and had then betaken himself to the banks of the Clyde, where he had studied, and filed and hammered, and improved his knowledge, theoretical and practical, for six or seven years more. There he had had an offer to go to Lyons, which he had accepted; and from Lyons had been engaged to go to Germany, and in Germany had had an offer to go to St. Petersburg, and there had done very well indeed — never better. However, he had naturally felt a preference for his own country, and a wish to gain

LITTLE EM'LY

distinction there, and to do whatever service he could do, there rather than elsewhere. And so he had come home. And so at home he had established himself in business, and had invented and executed, and worked his way on, until, after a dozen years of constant suit and service, he had been enrolled in the Great British Legion of Honour, the Legion of the Rebuffed of the Circumlocution Office, and had been decorated with the Great British Order of Merit, the Order of the Disorder of the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings. . . .

A composed and unobtrusive self-sustainment was noticeable in Daniel Doyce — a calm knowledge that what was true must remain true, in spite of all the Barnacles in the family ocean, and would be just the truth, and neither more nor less, when even that sea had run dry — which had a kind of greatness in it, though not of the official quality.

Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. x, xii, xvi, xvii, xxiii, xxvi, xxviii, xxxiv,; Book II, ch. viii, xiii, xxii, xxvi, xxxiv.

LITTLE EM'LY, *Mr. Peggotty's niece, and adopted daughter, and David Copperfield's first love. She was afterward engaged to her cousin Ham, but Steerforth seduced, and took her abroad, where he cast her off — offering her the hand of his rascally servant, Littimer.*

LITTLE EM'LY

** She runs away from him, goes to England, is found wandering in London, is restored to her uncle and emigrates with him to Australia, where the rest of her life is spent in peace and good works.*

She was a little creature still in stature, though she was grown. But when she drew nearer, and I saw her blue eyes looking bluer, and her dimpled face looking brighter, and her whole self prettier and gayer, a curious feeling came over me that made me pretend not to know her, and pass by as if I were looking at something a long way off. I have done such a thing since in later life, or I am mistaken.

Little Em'ly didn't care a bit. She saw me well enough; but instead of turning round and calling after me, ran away laughing. This obliged me to run after her, and she ran so fast that we were very near the cottage before I caught her. . . . I was going to kiss her, but she covered her cherry lips with her hands, and said she wasn't a baby now, and ran away, laughing more than ever, into the house. She seemed to delight in teasing me, which was a change in her I wondered at very much. . . .

Little Em'ly was spoiled by them all, in fact; and by no one more than Mr. Peggotty himself, whom she could have coaxed into anything, by

LITTLE EM'LY

only going and laying her cheek against his rough whisker. That was my opinion, at least, when I saw her do it; and I held Mr. Peggotty to be thoroughly in the right. But she was so affectionate and sweet-natured, and had such a pleasant manner of being both sly and shy at once, that she captivated me more than ever. . . .

Wild and full of childish whims as Em'ly was, she was more of a little woman than I had supposed. She seemed to have got a great distance away from me, in little more than a year. She liked me, but she laughed at me, and tormented me; and when I went to meet her, stole home another way, and was laughing at the door when I came back disappointed. The best times were when she sat quietly at work in the doorway, and I sat on the wooden step at her feet, reading to her. It seems to me, at this hour, that I have never seen such sunlight as on those bright April afternoons; that I have never seen such a sunny little figure as I used to see, sitting in the doorway of the old boat; that I have never beheld such sky, such water, such glorified ships sailing away into golden air.

David Copperfield, ch. iii, vii, x, xvii, xxiii, xxx, l, lvii, lxiii.

MR. F'S AUNT

MR. F'S AUNT, *an old lady who is a legacy left to Mrs. Flora Finching by her deceased husband.*

An amazing little old woman, with a face like a staring wooden doll too cheap for expression, and a stiff yellow wig perched unevenly on the top of her head, as if the child who owned the doll had driven a tack through it anywhere, so that it only got fastened on. Another remarkable thing in this little old woman was, that the same child seemed to have damaged her face in two or three places with some blunt instrument in the nature of a spoon; her countenance, and particularly the tip of her nose, presented the phenomena of several dints, generally answering to the bowl of that article. A further remarkable thing in this little old woman was, that she had no name but Mr. F's Aunt. . . .

The major characteristics discoverable by the stranger in Mr. F's Aunt were extreme severity and grim taciturnity; sometimes interrupted by a propensity to offer remarks in a deep warning voice, which, being totally uncalled for by anything said by anybody, and traceable to no association of ideas, confounded and terrified the mind. Mr. F's Aunt may have thrown in these observations on some system of her own, and it may have been ingenious, or even subtle; but the key to it was wanted. . . .

"There's mile-stones on the Dover road!"

With such mortal hostility towards the human race did she discharge this missile, that Clennam was quite at a loss how to defend himself. . . . He could not but look at her with disconcertment, as she sat breathing bitterness and scorn, and staring leagues away. Flora, however, received the remark as if it had been of a most apposite and agreeable nature; approvingly observing aloud that Mr. F's Aunt had a great deal of spirit. Stimulated either by this compliment, or by her burning indignation, that illustrious woman then added, "Let him meet it if he can!" And, with a rigid movement of her stony reticule (an appendage of great size, and of a fossil appearance), indicated that Clennam was the unfortunate person at whom the challenge was hurled.

*Little Dorrit, Bk. I, ch. xiii, xxiii, xxiv, xxv.
Book II, ch. ix, xxxiv.*

FAGIN, a receiver of stolen goods and a trainer of thieves and pickpockets, whom he called his "apprentices." After a long career of crime he was sentenced to death for being concerned in a murder.

A very old shrivelled Jew, whose villanous-looking and repulsive face was obscured by a quantity of matted red hair. He was dressed

in a greasy flannel gown, with his throat bare; and seemed to be dividing his attention between a frying-pan and a clothes-horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging. Several rough beds made of old sacks, were huddled side by side on the floor; and seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, smoking long clay pipes, and drinking spirits with the air of middle aged men. These all crowded about their associate as he whispered a few words to the Jew; and then turned round and grinned at Oliver; as did the Jew himself, toasting-fork in hand.

"This is him, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins; "my friend Oliver Twist."

The Jew grinned; and, making a low obeisance to Oliver, took him by the hand, and hoped he should have the honour of his intimate acquaintance. Upon this, the young gentlemen with the pipes came round him, and shook both his hands very hard — especially the one in which he held his little bundle. One young gentleman was very anxious to hang up his cap for him; and another was so obliging as to put his hands in his pockets, in order that, as he was very tired, he might not have the trouble of emptying them, himself, when he went to bed. . . .

It was late next morning when Oliver

awoke, from a sound, long sleep. There was no other person in the room but the old Jew, who was boiling some coffee in a saucepan for breakfast, and whistling softly to himself as he stirred it round and round, with an iron spoon. He would stop every now and then to listen when there was the least noise below: and when he had satisfied himself, he would go on, whistling and stirring again as before. . . . When the breakfast was cleared away, the merry old gentleman and the two boys played at a very curious and uncommon game, which was performed in this way. The merry old gentleman, placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-case in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, with a guard-chain round his neck, and sticking a mock diamond pin in his shirt: buttoned his coat tight round him, and putting his spectacle-case and handkerchief in his pockets, trotted up and down the room with a stick, in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets any hour in the day. Sometimes he stopped at the fire-place, and sometimes at the door, making believe that he was staring with all his might into shop-windows. At such times, he would look constantly round him, for fear of thieves, and keep slapping all his pockets in turn, to see that he hadn't lost anything, in such a funny

and natural manner, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face. All this time, the two boys followed him closely about: getting out of his sight, so nimbly, every time he turned round, that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last, the Dodger trod upon his toes, or ran upon his boot accidentally, while Charley Bates stumbled up against him behind; and in that one moment they took from him, with the most extraordinary rapidity, snuff-box, note-case, watch-guard, chain, shirt-pin, pocket-handkerchief, even the spectacle-case. If the old gentleman felt a hand in any one of his pockets, he cried out where it was; and then the game began all over again.

Oliver Twist, ch. viii, ix, xii, xiii, xv, xvi, xix, xx, xxv, xxxvi, xxxiv, xxxix, xlii-xlv, xlvii, lii.

MR. FEEDER, B. A., *assistant to Dr. Blimber in his school at Brighton: he subsequently married his daughter Cornelia—and succeeded to his “high class expensive school.”*

He was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation. He might have been fitted up with a change of barrels, perhaps, in early life, if his destiny had been favourable; but

it had not been; and he had only one, with which, in a monotonous round, it was his occupation to bewilder the young ideas of Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen. The young gentlemen were prematurely full of carking anxieties. They knew no rest from the pursuit of stony-hearted verbs, savage noun-substantives, inflexible syntactic passages, and ghosts of exercises that appeared to them in their dreams. Under the forcing system, a young gentleman usually took leave of his spirits in three weeks. He had all the cares of the world on his head in three months. He conceived bitter sentiments against his parents or guardians in four; he was an old misanthrope, in five; envied Quintius Curtius that blessed refuge in the earth, in six; and at the end of the first twelvemonth had arrived at the conclusion, from which he never afterwards departed, that all the fancies of the poets, and lessons of the sages, were a mere collection of words and grammar, and had no other meaning in the world.

But he went on, blow, blow, blowing, in the Doctor's hothouse, all the time; and the Doctor's glory and reputation were great, when he took his wintry growth home to his relations and friends.

Dombey and Son, ch. lx:

FLORA FINCHING

FLORA FINCHING, a good-hearted sentimental widow of about forty. Daughter of Christopher Casby, formerly engaged to Arthur Clennam. The engagement was broken off and Arthur went to China. She talks disjointedly, and with the utmost volubility—using nothing but commas and very few of those, producing an effect on the listener which nearly takes away the breath.

Clennam's eyes no sooner fell upon the subject of his old passion, than it shivered and broke to pieces.

Most men will be found sufficiently true to themselves to be true to an old idea. It is no proof of an inconstant mind, but exactly the opposite, when the ideal will not bear close comparison with the reality, and the contrast is a fatal shock to it. Such was Clennam's case. In his youth he had ardently loved this woman, and had heaped upon her all the locked-up wealth of his affection and imagination. That wealth had been, in his desert home, like Robinson Crusoe's money; exchangeable with no one, lying idle in the dark to rust; until he poured it out for her. Ever since that memorable time, though he had, until the night of his arrival, as completely dismissed her from any association with his Present or Future as if she had been dead (which she might easily have been for anything he knew), he

FLORA FINCHING

had kept the old fancy of the Past unchanged, in its old sacred place. And now, after all, the last of the Patriarchs coolly walked into the parlour, saying in effect, "Be good enough to throw it down and dance upon it. This is Flora."

Flora, always tall, had grown to be very broad too, and short of breath; but that was not much. Flora, whom he had left a lily, had become a peony; but that was not much. Flora who had seemed enchanting in all she said and thought, was diffuse and silly. That was much. Flora, who had been spoiled and artless long ago, was determined to be spoiled and artless now. That was a fatal blow. . . .

Meanwhile Flora was murmuring in rapid snatches for his ear, that there *was* a time and that the past was yawning gulf however and that a golden chain no longer bound him and that she revered the memory of the late Mr. F and that she should be at home to-morrow at half-past one and that the decrees of Fate were beyond recall and that she considered nothing so improbable as that he ever walked on the north-west side of Gray's-Inn Gardens at exactly four o'clock in the afternoon. He tried at parting to give his hand in frankness to the existing Flora — not the vanished Flora, or the Mermaid — but Flora wouldn't have it, couldn't have it, was wholly destitute of the

JEREMIAH FLINTWINCH

power of separating herself and him from their bygone characters.

Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. xiii, xxiii, xxiv, xxxv; Book II, ch. ix, xvii, xxiii, xxxiv.

JEREMIAH FLINTWINCH, *Mrs. Clennam's servant and afterwards partner. An unscrupulous man, and a domestic tyrant.—His brother Ephraim was his "double" and his confederate.*

An old man: bent and dried but with keen eyes. . . . A short, bald old man, in a high-shouldered black coat and waistcoat, drab breeches, and long drab gaiters. He might, from his dress, have been either clerk or servant, and in fact had long been both. There was nothing about him in the way of decoration but a watch, which was lowered into the depths of its proper pocket by an old black ribbon, and had a tarnished copper key moored above it, to show where it was sunk. His head was awry, and he had a one-sided, crab-like way with him, as if his foundations had yielded at about the same time as those of the house, and he ought to have been propped up in a similar manner. . . .

His neck was so twisted, that the knotted ends of his white cravat usually dangled under one ear; his natural acerbity and energy, always contending with a second nature of ha-

MISS FLITE

bitual repression, gave his features a swollen and suffused look; and altogether, he had a weird appearance of having hanged himself at one time or other, and of having gone about ever since, halter and all, exactly as some timely hand had cut him down.

*Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. iii-v, xv, xxix, xxx;
Book ch. x, xvii, xxiii, xxviii, xxx, xxxi.*

MISS FLITE, *one of the suitors in the famous case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce and one of its victims.*

A little mad old woman in a squeezed bonnet, who is always in court, from its sitting to its rising, and always expecting some incomprehensible judgment to be given in her favour. Some say she really is, or was, a party to a suit; but no one knows for certain, because no one cares. She carries some small litter in a reticule which she calls her documents; principally consisting of paper matches and dry lavender. . . .

She lived at the top of the house, in a pretty large room, from which she had a glimpse of the roof of Lincoln's Inn Hall. This seemed to have been her principal inducement, originally, for taking up her residence there. She could look at it, she said, in the night: especially in the moonshine. Her room was clean, but very, very bare. I noticed the scantiest

MISS FLITE

necessaries in the way of furniture; a few old prints from books, of Chancellors and barristers, wafered against the wall; and some half-dozen reticules and work-bags, "containing documents," as she informed us. There were neither coals nor ashes in the grate, and I saw no articles of clothing anywhere, nor any kind of food. Upon a shelf in an open cupboard were a plate or two, a cup or two, and so forth; but all dry and empty. There was a more affecting meaning in her pinched appearance, I thought as I looked round, than I had understood before.

"Extremely honoured, I am sure," said our poor hostess, with the greatest suavity, "by this visit from the wards in Jarndyce. And very much indebted for the omen. It is a retired situation. Considering. I am limited as to situation. In consequence of the necessity of attending on the Chancellor. I have lived here many years. I pass my days in court; my evenings and my nights here. I find the nights long, for I sleep but little, and think much. That is, of course, unavoidable; being in Chancery. I am sorry I cannot offer chocolate. I expect a judgment shortly, and shall then place my establishment on a superior footing. At present, I don't mind confessing to the wards in Jarndyce (in strict confidence), that I sometimes find it difficult

SAIRY GAMP

to keep up a genteel appearance. I have felt the cold here. I have felt something sharper than cold. It matters very little. Pray excuse the introduction of such mean topics."

She partly drew aside the curtain of the long low garret-window, and called our attention to a number of bird-cages hanging there: some, containing several birds. There were larks, linnets, and goldfinches — I should think at least twenty.

"I began to keep the little creatures," she said, "with an object that the wards will readily comprehend. With the intention of restoring them to liberty. When my judgment should be given. Ye-es! They die in prison, though. Their lives, poor silly things, are so short in comparison with Chancery proceedings, that, one by one, the whole collection has died over and over again. I doubt, do you know, whether one of these, though they are all young, will live to be free! Ve-ry mortifying, is it not?"

Bleak House, ch. iii, v, xi, xiv, xxxiii, xxxv, xlvi, xlvii, l, lx, lxv.

SAIRY GAMP, a professional nurse, who constantly quotes or refers to a purely fictitious person, Mrs. Harris, as an authority for her own fancies and fabrications. "Mrs. Harris," I says, "leave the bottle on the chim-

ley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed, and then I will do what I am engaged to do, according to the best of my ability"—was her way of intimating how she wished to be treated by her patrons with regard to her supply of spirituous liquor.

She was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp, with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up, and only showing the white of. Having very little neck, it cost her some trouble to look over herself, if one may say so, at those to whom she talked. She wore a very rusty black gown, rather the worse for snuff, and a shawl and bonnet to correspond. In these dilapidated articles of dress she had, on principle, arrayed herself, time out of mind, on such occasions as the present; for this at once expressed a decent amount of veneration for the deceased, and invited the next of kin to present her with a fresher suit of weeds: an appeal so frequently successful, that the very fetch and ghost of Mrs. Gamp, bonnet and all, might be seen hanging up, any hour in the day, in at least a dozen of the second-hand clothes shops about Holborn. The face of Mrs. Gamp—the nose in particular—was somewhat red and swollen, and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming con-

JOE GARGERY

scious of a smell of spirits. Like most persons who have attained to great eminence in their profession, she took to hers very kindly; insomuch, that setting aside her natural predilections as a woman, she went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xix, xxv, xxvi, xxix, xl, xlv, xlix, li, liii.

JOE GARGERY, the blacksmith who married Pip's sister. She harshly treated the boy and Joe did as much as he dared to shield and befriend him, making him quite a companion. After his wife dies he marries Biddy, a strong contrast to his termagant of a first wife: she makes his life happy and Joe lives for many years, "doing his duty with a strong hand, a quiet tongue and a gentle heart."

Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow — a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness. . . .

His character is well portrayed in his own words:

Pip, dear old chap, life is made of ever so many partings welded together, as I may say,

and one man's a blacksmith, and one's a white-smith, and one's a goldsmith, and one's a copersmith. Divisions among such must come, and must be met as they come. If there's been any fault at all to-day, it's mine. You and me is not two figures to be together in London; nor yet anywheres else but what is private, and beknown, and understood among friends. It ain't that I am proud, but that I want to be right, as you shall never see me no more in these clothes. I'm wrong in these clothes. I'm wrong out of the forge, the kitchen, or off th' meshes. You won't find half so much fault in me if you think of me in my forge dress, with my hammer in my hand, or even my pipe. You won't find half so much fault in me if, supposing as you should ever wish to see me, you come and put your head in at the forge window and see Joe the blacksmith, there, at the old anvil, in the old burnt apron, sticking to the old work. I'm awful dull, but I hope I've beat out something nigh the rights of this at last. And so God bless you, dear old Pip, old chap, God bless you!"

Great Expectations, ch. ii-vii, ix, x, xii-xx, xvii, xxxv, lvii-lix.

MRS. JOE GARGERY

MRS. JOE GARGERY — *the shrewish wife of Joe Gargery — Pip's sister.*

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbours because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her "by hand." . . .

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin, that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square impregnable bib in front that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason why she should have

worn it at all; or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off every day of her life. . . .

She had been in one of her bad states—though they had got better of late, rather than worse—for four days, when she came out of it in the evening, just at tea-time, and said quite plainly, ‘Joe.’ As she had never said any word for a long while, I ran and fetched in Mr. Gargery from the forge. She made signs to me that she wanted him to sit down close to her, and wanted me to put her arms round his neck. So I put them round his neck, and she laid her head down on his shoulder quite content and satisfied. And so she presently said ‘Joe’ again, and once ‘Pardon,’ and once ‘Pip.’ And so she never lifted her head up any more, and it was just an hour later when we laid it down on her own bed, because we found she was gone.

Great Expectations, ch. ii, iv-vii, ix, x, xii, xviii, xxiv, xxv.

GASHFORD, *the fawning unprincipled secretary of Lord George Gordon, whom he of course deserted in his misfortune. He sold his master's secrets as long as he could, became a government spy—and poisoned himself in the end, dying obscurely and unknown, save for the entries in the pocketbook found upon him.*

Gashford, the secretary, was tall, angularly made, high-shouldered, bony, and ungraceful. His dress, in imitation of his superior, was demure and staid in the extreme; his manner, formal and constrained. This gentleman had an overhanging brow, great hands and feet and ears, and a pair of eyes that seemed to have made an unnatural retreat into his head, and to have dug themselves a cave to hide in. His manner was smooth and humble, but very sly and slinking. He wore the aspect of a man who was always lying in wait for something that *wouldn't* come to pass; but he looked patient—very patient—and fawned like a spaniel 'dog. Even now, while he warmed and rubbed his hands before the blaze, he had the air of one who only presumed to enjoy it in his degree as a commoner; and though he knew his lord was not regarding him, he looked into his face from time to time, and, with a meek and deferential manner, smiled as if for practice. . . .

This man, who in his boyhood was a thief, and has been from that time to this, a servile, false, and truckling knave: this man, who has crawled and crept through life, wounding the hands he licked, and biting those he fawned upon: this sycophant, who never knew what honour, truth, or courage meant; who robbed his benefactor's daughter of her virtue, and

married her to break her heart, and did it, with stripes and cruelty: this creature, who has whined at kitchen windows for the broken food, and begged for halfpence at our chapel doors: this apostle of the faith, whose tender conscience cannot bear the altars where his vicious life was publicly denounced!

Barnaby Rudge, ch. xxxv-xxxviii, xliii, xliv, xlviii-l, lii, liii, lxxi, lxxii.

MRS. GENERAL, *the daughter of a clerical dignitary in a cathedral town, where she had led the fashion until near forty-five — when she married a staff commissariat officer of sixty. On his death she was engaged by Mr. Dorrit to “form the mind and manners” of his daughters.*

In person, Mrs. General, including her skirts which had much to do with it, was of a dignified and imposing appearance; ample, rustling, gravely voluminous; always upright behind the proprieties. She might have been taken — had been taken — to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculaneum, without disarranging a fold of her dress, or displacing a pin. If her countenance and hair had rather a floury appearance, as though from living in some transcendently genteel Mill, it was rather because she was a chalky creation altogether, than because she mended her com-

MRS. GENERAL

plexion with violet powder, or had turned grey. If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express. If she had few wrinkles, it was because her mind had never traced its name or any other inscription on her face. A cool, waxy, blown-out woman, who had never lighted well.

Mrs. General had no opinions. Her way of forming a mind was to prevent it from forming opinions. She had a little circular set of mental grooves or rails, on which she started little trains of other people's opinions, which never overtook one another, and never got anywhere. Even her propriety could not dispute that there was impropriety in the world; but Mrs. General's way of getting rid of it was to put it out of sight, and make believe that there was no such thing. This was another of her ways of forming a mind — to cram all articles of difficulty into cupboards, lock them up, and say they had no existence. It was the easiest way, and, beyond all comparison, the properest.

Mrs. General was not to be told of anything shocking. Accidents, miseries, and offences, were never to be mentioned before her. Passion was to go to sleep in the presence of Mrs. General, and blood was to change to milk and water. The little that was left in the world, when all these deductions were

made, it was Mrs. General's province to varnish . In that formation process of hers, she dipped the smallest brushes into the largest of pots, and varnished the surface of every object that came under consideration. The more cracked it was, the more Mrs. General varnished it.

Little Dorrit, Book II, ch. i-v, vii, xi, xv, xix.

SOLOMON GILLS, a seller of nautical instruments, the uncle of Walter Gay and friend of Captain Cuttle, whom he leaves in charge when he goes abroad to find his nephew, whose ship is reported to have been lost at sea.

To say nothing of his Welsh wig, which was as plain and stubborn a Welsh wig as ever was worn, and in which he looked like anything but a Rover, he was a slow, quiet-spoken, thoughtful old fellow, with eyes as red as if they had been small suns looking at you through a fog; and a newly-awakened manner, such as he might have acquired by having stared for three or four days successively through every optical instrument in his shop, and suddenly come back to the world again, to find it green. The only change ever known in his outward man, was from a complete suit of coffee-colour cut very square, and ornamented with glaring buttons, to the

same suit of coffee-colour minus the inexpressibles, which were then of a pale nankeen. He wore a very precise shirt-frill, and carried a pair of first-rate spectacles on his forehead, and a tremendous chronometer in his fob, rather than doubt which precious possession, he would have believed in a conspiracy against it on the part of all the clocks and watches in the City, and even of the very sun itself. Such as he was, such he had been in the shop and parlour behind the little midshipman, for years upon years: going regularly aloft to bed every night in a howling garret remote from the lodgers, where, when gentlemen of England who lived below at ease had little or no idea of the state of the weather, it often blew great guns.

Dombey and Son, ch. iv, vi, ix, x, xv, xvii, xix, xxii, xxiii, xxv, lvi, lvii, lxiii.

LORD GEORGE GORDON, the leader of the "no popery riots in 1780 — the result of a bill in Parliament relieving Roman Catholics of certain disabilities. Many Roman Catholic Churches, Newgate Prison, the house of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield and a number of private dwellings were destroyed. He was arrested, charged with high treason and committed to the tower but was acquitted. After committing various political offences in Eng-

land and abroad he was imprisoned in Newgate for nearly six years. He then embraced the Jewish faith—devoted himself to that, and to painting, and died in prison in 1793, when only 43 years old. Dickens's descriptions of the man and of the riots are generally regarded as historically accurate.

He was about the middle height, of a slender make, and sallow complexion, with an aquiline nose, and long hair of a reddish brown, combed perfectly straight and smooth about his ears, and slightly powdered, but without the faintest vestige of a curl. He was attired, under his great coat, in a full suit of black, quite free from any ornament, and of the most precise and sober cut. The gravity of his dress, together with a certain lankness of cheek and stiffness of deportment, added nearly ten years to his age, but his figure was that of one not yet past thirty. . . . His very bright large eye betrayed a restlessness of thought and purpose, singularly at variance with the studied composure and sobriety of his mien, and with his quaint and sad apparel. It had nothing harsh or crude in its expression; neither had his face, which was thin and mild, and wore an air of melancholy; but it was suggestive of an indefinable uneasiness, which infected those who looked upon him, and filled them with a kind of pity for

the man: though why it did so, they would have had some trouble to explain. . . .

Sitting bolt upright upon his bony steed, with his long, straight hair dangling about his face and fluttering in the wind; his limbs all angular and rigid, his elbows stuck out on either side ungracefully, and his whole frame jogged and shaken at every motion of his horse's feet; a more grotesque or more ungainly figure can hardly be conceived. In lieu of whip, he carried in his hand a great gold-headed cane, as large as any footman carries in these days; and his various modes of holding this unwieldy weapon—now upright before his face like the sabre of a horse-soldier, now over his shoulder like a musket, now between his finger and thumb, but always in some uncouth and awkward fashion—contributed in no small degree to the absurdity of his appearance. Stiff, lank, and solemn, dressed in an unusual manner, and ostentatiously exhibiting—whether by design or accident—all his peculiarities of carriage, gesture, and conduct; all the qualities, natural and artificial, in which he differed from other men; he might have moved the sternest looker-on to laughter, and fully provoked the smiles and whispered jests that greeted his departure. . .

This lord was sincere in his violence and in his wavering. A nature prone to false en-

thusiasm, and the vanity of being a leader, were the worst qualities apparrent in his composition. All the rest was weakness — sheer weakness; and it is the unhappy lot of thoroughly weak men, that their very sympathies, affections, confidences — all the qualities which in better constituted minds are virtues — dwindle into foibles or turn into downright vices.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. xxxv-xxxvii, xliii, xlvi-l, lvii, lxxiii, lxxxii.

THOMAS GRADGRIND, *a retired wholesale hardware merchant. The wasted lives of his own children showed the error of his views.*

Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir — peremptorily Thomas — Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John

Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all suppositious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind — no, sir!

“Now what I want is Facts! Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!” . . .

The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—

may, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis. . . .

He was an affectionate father, after his manner; but he would probably have described himself as “an eminently practical” father. He had a particular pride in the phrase eminently practical, which was considered to have a special application to him. Whatsoever the public meeting held in Coketown, and whatsoever the subject of such meeting, some Coketowner was sure to seize the occasion of alluding to his eminently practical friend Gradgrind.

Hard Times, Book I, ch. iv, xiv-xvi; Book II, ch. i-iii, vii, ix, xi, xii; Book III, ch. i-ix.

MARY GRAHAM, *old Martin Chuzzlewit's companion, betrothed to young Martin, against the old man's wishes...But they are finally married.*

She was very young; apparently not more than seventeen; timid and shrinking in her manner, and yet with a greater share of self-possession and control over her emotions than usually belongs to a far more advanced period of female life. She was short in stature; and her figure was slight as became her years;

MARY GRAHAM

but all the charm of youth and womanhood set it off, and clustered on her gentle brow. . . . Her attire was that of a lady, but extremely plain; and in her manner there was an indefinable something which appeared to be in kindred with her scrupulously unpretending dress. . . .

Had she been of the common metal of love-worn young ladies, she would have told him that she knew she had become a perfect fright; or that she had wasted away with weeping and anxiety; or that she was dwindling gently into an early grave; or that her mental sufferings were unspeakable; or would either by tears or words, or a mixture of both, have furnished him with some other information to that effect, and made him as miserable as possible. But she had been reared up in a sterner school than the minds of most young girls are formed in; she had had her nature strengthened by the hands of hard endurance and necessity; had come out from her young trials constant, self-denying, earnest, and devoted; had acquired in her maidenhood — whether happily in the end, for herself or him, is foreign to our present purpose to inquire — something of that nobler quality of gentle hearts which is developed often by the sorrows and struggles of manly years, but often by their lessons only.

Unspoiled, unpampered in her joys or griefs; with frank, and full, and deep affection for the object of her early love; she saw in him one who for her sake was an outcast from his home and fortune, and she had no more idea of bestowing that love upon him in other than cheerful and sustaining words, full of high hope and grateful trustfulness, than she had of being unworthy of it, in her lightest thought or deed, for any base temptation that the world could offer.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. iii, v, vi, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxiii, xliii, lii, liii.

ARTHUR GRIDE, *the old miser who was associated with Ralph Nickleby in his business of extortion, and who was on the point of marrying Madeline Bray, when her father died, and Nicholas took her away and placed her in charge of the Cheeryble Brothers.*

He was a little old man, of about seventy or seventy-five years of age, of a very lean figure, much bent, and slightly twisted. He wore a grey coat with a very narrow collar, an old-fashioned waistcoat of ribbed black silk, and such scanty trousers as displayed his shrunken spindle-shanks in their full ugliness. The only articles of display or ornament in his dress, were a steel watch-chain to which were attached some large gold seals;

and a black ribbon into which, in compliance with an old fashion scarcely ever observed in these days, his grey hair was gathered behind. His nose and chin were sharp and prominent, his jaws had fallen inwards from loss of teeth, his face was shrivelled and yellow, save where the cheeks were streaked with the colour of a dry winter apple; and where his beard had been, there lingered yet a few grey tufts which seemed, like the ragged eyebrows, to denote the badness of the soil from which they sprang. The whole air and attitude of the form, was one of stealthy cat-like obsequiousness; the whole expression of the face was concentrated in a wrinkled leer, compounded of cunning, lecherousness, slyness, and avarice.

Such was old Arthur Gride, in whose face there was not a wrinkle, in whose dress there was not one spare fold or plait, but expressed the most covetous and griping penury, and sufficiently indicated his belonging to that class of which Ralph Nickleby was a member. Such was old Arthur Gride, as he sat in a low chair looking up into the face of Ralph Nickleby, who, lounging upon the tall office stool with his arms upon his knees, looked down into his.

Nicholas Nickleby, ch. xlvii, li, liii, liv, lvi, lix, lxx.

MR. GRIMWIG, *a friend of Mr. Brownlow, the gentleman who befriended and adopted Oliver Twist—irascible, but warm-hearted, who would not be convinced of the innocence of Oliver Twist. He afterwards became his friend, though he contended always he was right because "Oliver did not come back after all."*

A stout old gentleman, rather lame in one leg, who was dressed in a blue coat, striped waistcoat, nankeen breeches and gaiters, and a broad-brimmed white hat, with the sides turned up with green. A very small-plaited shirt frill stuck out from his waist-coat; and a very long steel watch-chain, with nothing but a key at the end, dangled loosely below it. The ends of his white neckerchief were twisted into a ball about the size of an orange; the variety of shapes into which his countenance was twisted defy description. He had a manner of screwing his head on one side when he spoke: and of looking out of the corners of his eyes at the same time: which irresistibly reminded the beholder of a parrot. In this attitude, he fixed himself, the moment he made his appearance; and, holding out a piece of orange-peel at arm's length, exclaimed in a growling, discontented voice,

"Look here! do you see this? Isn't it a

most wonderful and extraordinary thing that I can't call at a man's house but I find a piece of this poor surgeon's-friend on the staircase? I've been lamed with orange-peel once, and I know orange-peel will be my death at last. It will, Sir; orange-peel will be my death or I'll be content to eat my own head, Sir!"

This was the handsome offer with which Mr. Grimwig backed and confirmed nearly every assertion that he made; and it was the more singular in his case, because, even admitting for the sake of argument, the possibility of scientific improvements being ever brought to that pass which will enable a gentleman to eat his own head in the event of his being so disposed; Mr. Grimwig's head was such a particularly large one, that the most sanguine man alive could hardly entertain a hope of being able to get through it at a sitting—to put entirely out of the question, a very thick coating of powder.

Oliver Twist, ch. xiv, xvii, xli, li, liii.

MRS. GUMMIDGE, *Mr. Peggotty's partner's widow. He gives her a home, and though she does not brighten his fireside when all goes well, she is a great help in time of trouble. She finally emigrates with Mr. Peggotty and Little Em'ly.*

Mrs. Gummidge did not always make herself so agreeable as she might have been expected to do under the circumstances of her residence with Mr. Peggotty. Mrs. Gummidge's was rather a fretful disposition and she whimpered more sometimes than was comfortable for other parties in so small an establishment. I was very sorry for her; but there were moments when it would have been more agreeable, I thought, if Mrs. Gummidge had had a convenient apartment of her own to retire to, and had stopped there until her spirits revived.

Mr. Peggotty went occasionally to a public-house called The Willing Mind. I discovered this, by his being out on the second or third evening of our visit, and by Mrs. Gummidge's looking up at the Dutch clock, between eight and nine, and saying he was there, and that, what was more, she had known in the morning he would go there.

Mrs. Gummidge had been in a low state all day, and had burst into tears in the forenoon, when the fire smoked. "I am a lone lorn creetur'," were Mrs. Gummidge's words, when that unpleasant occurrence took place, "and everythink goes contrairy with me." . .

It was a very cold day, with cutting blasts of wind. Mrs. Gummidge's peculiar corner of the fireside seemed to me to be the warm-

MISS HAVISHAM

est and snuggest in the place, as her chair was certainly the easiest, but it didn't suit her that day at all. She was constantly complaining of the cold, and of its occasioning a visitation in her back which she called "the creeps." At last she shed tears on that subject, and said again that she was "a lone lorn creetur' and everythink went contrairy with her."

"It is certainly very cold," said Peggotty. "Everybody must feel it so."

"I feel it more than other people," said Mrs. Gummidge.

David Copperfield, ch. iii, vii, xxi, xxii, xxxi, xxxii, xl, li, lvii, lxiii.

MISS HAVISHAM, *the beautiful heiress who was heartlessly robbed and deceived by the convict Compeyson. She adopted a beautiful orphan girl, Estella, educating her to steel her heart against all tenderness but to lead men on to love her and break their hearts. Estella suffered deeply but in the end allows her affections to have proper play.*

In an arm chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the 'strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials — satins, and lace, and silks — all of white. Her shoes

were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand—her veil was but half-arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief and gloves, and some flowers, and a Prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first few moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But, I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been

URIAH HEEP

taken to see some ghastly waxwork at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, waxwork and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me.

Great Expectations, ch. viii, ix, xi-xiv, xix, xxii, xxix, xxxviii, xli, xlix, lvii.

URIAH HEEP, a lawyer's clerk in the office of Mr. Wickfield. By a series of fraudulent machinations, he becomes Mr. Wickfield's partner, robbing him and his clients, until exposed by Mr. Micawber. He is last seen in solitary confinement in Mr. Creakle's Model Prison, where he is under sentence for life for robbing the Bank of England.

I saw a cadaverous face appear at a small window on the ground floor (in a little round tower that formed one side of the house), and quickly disappear. The low arched door then opened and the face came out. It was quite as cadaverous as it had looked in the window, though in the grain of it there was that tinge of red which is sometimes to be observed in the skins of red-haired people. It belonged to a red-haired person—a youth

URIAH HEEP

of fifteen, as I take it now, but looking much older — whose hair was cropped as close as the closest stubble; who had hardly any eyebrows, and no eyelashes, and eyes of a red-brown, so unsheltered and unshaded, that I remember wondering how he went to sleep. He was high-shouldered and bony; dressed in decent black, with a white wisp of a neck-cloth; buttoned up to the throat; and had a long, lank, skeleton hand, which particularly attracted my attention, as he stood at the pony's head, rubbing his chin with it, and looking up at us in the chaise. . . .

Uriah, having taken the pony to a neighbouring stable, was at work at a desk in this room, which had a brass frame on the top to hang papers upon, and on which the writing he was making a copy of was then hanging. Though his face was towards me, I thought, for some time, the writing being between us, that he could not see me; but looking that way more attentively, it made me uncomfortable to observe that, every now and then, his sleepless eyes would come below the writing, like two red suns, and stealthily stare at me for I dare say a whole minute at a time, during which his pen went, or pretended to go, as cleverly as ever. I made several attempts to get out of their way — such as standing on a chair to look at a map on the other

side of the room, and poring over the columns of a Kentish newspaper—but they always attracted me back again: and whenever I looked toward those two red suns, I was sure to find them, either just rising or just setting. . . .

I saw Heep shutting up the office; and, feeling friendly towards everybody, went in and spoke to him, and at parting, gave him my hand. But oh, what a clammy hand his was! as ghostly to the touch as to the sight! I rubbed mine afterwards, to warm it, *and to rub his off.*

It was such an uncomfortable hand, that, when I went to my room, it was still cold and wet upon my memory. Leaning out of window, and seeing one of the faces on the beam-ends looking at me sideways, I fancied it was Uriah Heep got up there somehow, and shut him out in a hurry.

David Copperfield, ch. xv-xvii, xix, xxv, xxxv, xxxvi, xxxix, xlii, xlix, lii, liv, lxi.

HUGH, *the natural son of Sir John Chester, who from hostler at the Maypole Inn became a leader in the Gordon riots. He was captured, tried and executed and although Sir John is made aware of his relationship to him, he is deaf to all appeals on his behalf and allows him to go to the gallows without lifting a finger in his behalf.*

A young man, of a hale, athletic figure, and a giant's strength, whose sunburnt face and swarthy throat, overgrown with jet-black hair, might have served a painter for a model. Loosely attired, in the coarsest and roughest garb, with scraps of straw and hay—his usual bed—clinging here and there, and mingling with his uncombed locks, he had fallen asleep in a posture as careless as his dress. The negligence and disorder of the whole man, with something fierce and sullen in his features, gave him a picturesque appearance, that attracted the regards even of the Maypole customers who knew him well, and caused Long Parkes to say that Hugh looked more like a poaching rascal to-night than ever he had seen him yet. . . .

“That chap, whose mother was hung when he was a little boy, along with six others, for passing bad notes—and it's a blessed thing to think how many people are hung in batches every six weeks for that, and such like offences, as showing how wide awake our government is—that chap that was then turned loose, and had to mind cows, and frighten birds away, and what not, for a few pence to live on, and so got on by degrees to mind horses, and to sleep in course of time in lofts and litter, instead of under haystacks and hedges, till at last he come to be hostler at

the Maypole for his board and lodging and a annual trifle—that chap that can't read nor write, and has never had much to do with anything but animals, and has never lived in any way but like the animals he has lived among, is a animal. And," said Mr. Willet, arriving at his logical conclusion, "is to be treated accordingly."

Barnaby Rudge, ch. x-xii, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxxviii, xxix, xxxiv-xxxv, xxxvii-xl, xliv, xlviii-l, liii-liv, lix, lx, lxiii-lxv, lxvii-lxix, lxxiv, lxxvi-lxxviii.

MR. JAGGERS, *the criminal lawyer of Little Britain, London, employed by Magwitch (Provis) to inform Pip of his "great expectations" and to supply him with money while waiting. He was also Trustee for Miss Havisham.*

He was a burly man of an exceedingly dark complexion, with an exceedingly large head and a corresponding large hand. He took my chin in his large hand and turned up my face to have a look at me by the light of the candle. He was prematurely bald on the top of his head, and had bushy black eye-brows that wouldn't lie down, but stood up bristling. His eyes were set very deep in his head, and were disagreeably sharp and suspicious. He had a large watch-chain, and

strong black dots where his beard and whiskers would have been if he had let them. . . . Mr. Jaggers never laughed; but he wore great bright creaking boots; and, in poising himself on those boots, with his large head bent down and his eyebrows joined together, awaiting an answer, he sometimes caused the boots to creak, as if *they* laughed in a dry and suspicious way. . . . If anybody, of whatsoever degree, said a word that he didn't approve of, he instantly required to have it "taken down." If anybody wouldn't make an admission, he said, "I'll have it out of you!" and if anybody made an admission, he said, "Now I have got you!" The magistrates shivered under a single bite of his finger. Thieves and thieftakers hung in dread rapture on his words, and shrank when a hair of his eyebrows turned in their direction. . . .

He always carried a pocket-handkerchief of rich silk and of imposing proportions, which was of great value to him in his profession. I have seen him so terrify a client or a witness by ceremoniously unfolding his pocket-handkerchief as if he were immediately going to blow his nose, and then pausing, as if he knew he should not have time to do it, before such client or witness committed himself, that the self-committal has followed directly, quite as a matter of course.

MRS. JARLEY

Great Expectations, ch. xi, xviii, xx, xxi, xxiv, xxvi, xxix, xl, xlix, li, lvi.

MRS. JARLEY, *Wax Work Show Proprietor who engaged Little Nell as demonstrator of her collection.*

At the open door [of the caravan] graced with a bright brass knocker, sat a Christian lady, stout and comfortable to look upon, who wore a large bonnet trembling with bows. And that it was not an unprovided or destitute caravan was clear from this lady's occupation, which was the very pleasant and refreshing one of taking tea. The tea-things, including a bottle of rather suspicious character and a cold knuckle of ham, were set forth upon a drum, covered with a white napkin; and there, as if at the most convenient round-table in all the world, sat this roving lady, taking her tea and enjoying the prospect. . .

[She] unfolded [a] scroll, whereon was the inscription, "One hundred figures the full size of life," and then another scroll, on which was written, "The only stupendous collection of real wax-work in the world," and then several smaller scrolls with such inscriptions as "Now exhibiting within"—"The genuine and only Jarley"—"Jarley's unrivalled collection"—"Jarley is the delight of the Nobility and Gentry"—"The Royal Family are the

patrons of Jarley." When she had exhibited these leviathans of public announcement to the astonished child, she brought forth specimens of the lesser fry in the shape of hand-bills, some of which were couched in the form of parodies on popular melodies, as "Believe me if all Jarley's wax-work so rare"—"I saw thy show in youthful prime"—"Over the water to Jarley;" while, to consult all tastes, others were composed with a view to the lighter and more facetious spirits, as a parody on the favourite air of "If I had a donkey," beginning

If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go
To see Mrs. JARLEY's wax-work show,
Do you think I'd acknowledge him
Oh no no!

Then run to Jarley's—

—besides several compositions in prose, purporting to be dialogues between the Emperor of China and an oyster, or the Archbishop of Canterbury and a Dissenter on the subject of church-rates, but all having the same moral, namely, that the reader must make haste to Jarley's, and that children and servants were admitted at half-price. When she had brought all these testimonials of her important position in society to bear, Mrs. Jarley rolled them up, and put them carefully away. . . .

It's calm and — what's that word again — critical? — no — classical, that's it — it's calm and classical. No low beatings and knockings about, no jokings and squeakings like your precious Punches, but always the same, with a constantly unchanging air of coldness and gentility; and so like life, that if wax-work only spoke and walked about, you'd hardly know the difference. I won't go so far as to say, that, as it is, I've seen wax-work quite like life, but I've certainly seen some life that was exactly like wax-work."

. . . It's Jarley's wax-work, remember. The duty's very light and genteel, the company particular select, the exhibition takes place in assembly-rooms, town-halls, large rooms at inns, or auction galleries. There is none of your open-air wagrancy at Jarley's, recollect; there is no tarpaulin and sawdust at Jarley's, remember. Every expectation held out in the handbills is realised to the utmost, and the whole forms an effect of imposing brilliancy hitherto unrivalled in this kingdom. Remember that the price of admission is only sixpence, and that this is an opportunity which may never occur again!"

The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. xxvi-xxix, xxxi, xxxii, xlvii, lxxiii.

JOHN JARNDYCE

JOHN JARNDYCE, *one of the parties in the famous Chancery Suit of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce—the guardian of Richard Carstone and Ada Clare, and the protector of Esther Summerson. He was an old bachelor of sixty—and when displeased, disappointed or deceived in any one, the wind was always “in the East”—as he said, and then he took refuge in his Library which he called “The Growlery.” He will have nothing to do with the case which has been the despair and ruin of so much hope and of so many lives—and which only came to an end when the whole estate had been eaten up in costs.*

It was a handsome, lively, quick face, full of change and motion; and his hair was a silvered iron-grey. I took him to be nearer sixty than fifty, but he was upright, hearty, and robust.

He thus describes the famous case:—

“It’s about a Will, and the trusts under a Will—or it was, once. It’s about nothing but Costs, now. We are always appearing, and disappearing, and swearing, and interrogating, and filing, and cross-filing, and arguing, and sealing, and motioning, and referring, and reporting, and revolving about the Lord Chancellor and all his satellites, and equitably waitzing ourselves off to dusty death, about Costs. That’s the great question. All the

rest, by some extraordinary means, has melted away. . . .

“A certain Jarndyce, in an evil hour, made a great fortune, and made a great Will. In the question how the trusts under that Will are to be administered, the fortune left by the Will is squandered away; the legatees under the Will are reduced to such a miserable condition that they would be sufficiently punished, if they had committed an enormous crime in having money left them; and the Will itself is made a dead letter. All through the deplorable cause, everything that everybody in it, except one man, knows already, is referred to that only one man who don't know it, to find out—all through the deplorable cause, everybody must have copies, over and over again, of everything that has accumulated about it in the way of cartloads of papers (or must pay for them without having them, which is the usual course, for nobody wants them); and must go down the middle and up again, through such an infernal country-dance of costs and fees and nonsense suit on any terms, for we are made parties to it, and *must be* parties to it, whether we like it or not. But it won't do to think of it! When my great uncle, poor Tom Jarndyce began to think of it, it was the beginning of the end!”

Bleak House, ch. i, iii, vi, viii, ix, xiii-xv,

*xvii, xviii, xxiii, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxv-
xxxvii, xxxix, xliii-xlvi, xlvi, l-liii, lvi, lx-
lxii, lxiv, lxv, lxvii.*

MRS. JELLYBY, a "blue stocking," so absorbed in her self-imposed tasks that she neglects her family, and drives her husband to dejection and bankruptcy.

A lady of very remarkable strength of character, who devotes herself entirely to the public. She has devoted herself to an extensive variety of public subjects, at various times, and is at present (until something else attracts her) devoted to the subject of Africa; with a view to the general cultivation of the coffee berry—and the natives—and the happy settlement, on the banks of the African rivers, of our super-abundant home population. . . . She was a pretty, plump diminutive woman of from forty to fifty, with handsome eyes, though they had a curious habit of seeming to look a long way off. . . . Mrs. Jellyby had very good hair, but was too much occupied with her African duties to brush it. The shawl in which she had been loosely muffled, dropped on to her chair when she advanced to us; and as she turned to resume her seat, we could not help noticing that her dress didn't nearly meet up the back, and that the open space was railed across with a

MRS. JELLYBY

lattice-work of stay-lace—like a summer-house.

The room, which was strewn with papers and nearly filled by a great writing-table covered with similar litter, was, I must say, not only very untidy, but very dirty. . . .

“You find me, my dears,” said Mrs. Jellyby, snuffing the two great office candles in tin candlesticks which made the room taste strongly of hot tallow (the fire had gone out, and there was nothing in the grate but ashes, a bundle of wood, and a poker), “you find me, my dears, as usual, very busy; but that you will excuse. The African project at present employs my whole time. It involves me in correspondence with public bodies, and with private individuals anxious for the welfare of their species all over the country. I am happy to say it is advancing. We hope by this time next year to have from a hundred and fifty to two hundred healthy families cultivating coffee and educating the natives of Borrioboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger.” . . .

All through dinner; which was long, in consequence of such accidents as the dish of potatoes being mislaid in the coal scuttle, and the handle of the cork-screw coming off, and striking the young woman in the chin; Mrs. Jellyby preserved the evenness of her disposi-

tion. She told us a great deal that was interesting about Borrioboola-Gha and the natives; and received so many letters that Richard, who sat by her, saw four envelopes in the gravy at once. Some of the letters were proceedings of ladies' committees, or resolutions of ladies' meetings, which she read to us; others were applications from people excited in various ways about the cultivation of coffee, and natives; others required answers, and these she sent her eldest daughter from the table three or four times to write. She was full of business, and undoubtedly was, as she had told us, devoted to the cause.

. . . sitting in quite a nest of waste paper [she] drank coffee all the evening, and dictated at intervals to her eldest daughter. She also held a discussion with Mr. Quale: of which the subject seemed to be — the Brotherhood of Humanity, and gave utterance to some beautiful sentiments.

Bleak House, ch. iv, v, xix, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lxvi.

ALFRED JINGLE, *a man of much verbiage but few verbs. His talk is a series of disconnected phrases, but he makes himself well understood. As D'Israeli said of a famous statesman, he is "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."* He was a stroll-

ALFRED JINGLE

ing actor, and a sad scamp, passing himself off as a person of importance and sponging his way through life. He finally lands in the Fleet prison, and is in great destitution and distress. Mr. Pickwick releases him on evidence of his penitence and on his promises to reform, which were faithfully kept.

He was about the middle height, but the thinness of his body, and the length of his legs, gave him the appearance of being much taller. The green coat had been a smart dress garment in the days of swallow-tails, but had evidently in those times adorned a much shorter man than the stranger, for the soiled and faded sleeves scarcely reached to his wrists. It was buttoned closely up to his chin, at the imminent hazard of splitting the back; and an old stock, without a vestige of shirt collar, ornamented his neck. His scanty black trousers displayed here and there those shiny patches which bespeak long service, and were strapped very tightly over a pair of patched and mended shoes, as if to conceal the dirty white stockings, which were nevertheless distinctly visible. His long black hair escaped in negligent waves from beneath each side of his old pinched up hat; and glimpses of his bare wrist might be observed, between the tops of his gloves, and the cuffs of his coat sleeves. His face was thin and haggard; but

an indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-possession pervaded the whole man.

Pickwick Papers, ch. ii, iii, vii-x, xv, xxv, xlii, xlv, xlvii, lii.

Jo, alias "Toughey," a street crossing sweeper. He was befriended by the unfortunate Captain Hawdon, and as he was seen speaking to him before his sudden death, he was brought before the Coroner's jury, but his evidence was set aside. He becomes possessed of information in connection with the secret of Lady Dedlock, and is constantly being told to "move on" by the police. He is finally found by Dr. Alan Woodcourt, who takes care of him, in the illness which terminated in his death, and who saw that he was buried according to his wish in the strangers' burying ground near his unknown friend.

Here he is, very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged. Now, boy!—But stop a minute. Caution. This boy must be put through a few preliminary paces.

Name, Jo. Nothing else that he knows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heerd of sich a think. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks it long enough for *him*. *He* don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No. *He* can't spell it.

No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's home? Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie. Don't recollect who told him about the broom, or about the lie, but knows both. Can't exactly say what'll be done to him arter he's dead if he tells a lie to the gentlemen here, but believes it'll be something wery bad to punish him, and serve him right — and so he'll tell the truth. . . .

While the Coroner buttons his great-coat, Mr. Tulkinghorn and he give private audience to the rejected witness in a corner.

That graceless creature only knows that the dead man (whom he recognised just now by his yellow face and black hair) was sometimes hooted and pursued about the streets. That one cold winter night, when he, the boy, was shivering in a doorway near his crossing, the man turned to look at him, and came back, and, having questioned him and found that he had not a friend in the world, said, "Neither have I. Not one!" and gave him the price of a supper and a night's lodging. That the man had often spoken to him since; and asked him whether he slept sound at night, and how he bore cold and hunger, and whether he ever wished to die; and similar strange questions. That when the man had no money, he would say in passing, "I am as

poor as you to-day, Jo;" but that when he had any, he had always (as the boy most heartily believes) been glad to give him some.

"He was wery good to me," says the boy, wiping his eyes with his wretched sleeve. "Wen I see him a layin' so stritched out just now, I wished he could have heerd me tell him so. He wos wery good to me, he wos!"

With the night, comes a slouching figure through the tunnel-court, to the outside of the iron gate. It holds the gate with its hands, and looks in between the bars; stands looking in, for a little while.

It then, with an old broom it carries, softly sweeps the step, and makes the archway clean. It does so, very busily and trimly; looks in again, a little while; and so departs.

Jo, is it thou? Well, well! Though a rejected witness, who "can't exactly say" what will be done to him in greater hands than men's, thou art not quite in outer darkness. There is something like a distant ray of light in thy muttered reason for this:

"He wos wery good to me, he wos!" . . .

Jo moves on, through the long vacation, down to Blackfriars Bridge, where he finds a baking stony corner wherein to settle to his repast.

And there he sits, munching and gnawing, and looking up at the great Cross on the sum-

mit of St. Paul's Cathedral, glittering above a red and violet-tinted cloud of smoke. From the boy's face one might suppose that sacred emblem to be, in his eyes, the crowning confusion of the great, confused city; so golden, so high up, so far out of his reach. There he sits, the sun going down, the river running fast, the crowd flowing by him in two streams — everything moving on to some purpose and to one end — until he is stirred up, and told to "move on" too.

Bleak House, ch. xi, xvi, xix, xx, xxv, xxix, xxxii, xlvi, xlii.

MR. JORKINS, *one of the Firm of Spenlow and Jorkins, to which Copperfield was articulated.*

He was a mild man or a heavy temperament, whose place in the business was to keep himself in the background, and be constantly exhibited by name as the most obdurate and ruthless of men. If a clerk wanted his salary raised, Mr. Jorkins wouldn't listen to such a proposition. If a client were slow to settle his bill of costs, Mr. Jorkins was resolved to have it paid; and however painful these things might be (and always were) to the feelings of Mr. Spenlow, Mr. Jorkins would have his bond. The heart and hand of the good angel Spenlow would have been

always open, but for the restraining demon Jorkins. As I have grown older, I think I have had experience of some other houses doing business on the principle of Spenlow and Jorkins!

David Copperfield, ch. xxiii, xxix, xxxv, xxxviii, xxxix.

MISS LA CREEVY, a miniature painter—a young lady of fifty—who was a warm friend of the Nicklebys. She finally married Tom Linkinwater, the head clerk of Cheeryble Brothers.

The little bustling, active, cheerful creature, existed entirely within herself, talked to herself, made a confidant of herself, was as sarcastic as she could be, on people who offended her, by herself; pleased herself, and did no harm. If she indulged in scandal, nobody's reputation suffered; and if she enjoyed a little bit of revenge, no living soul was one atom the worse. One of the many to whom, from straitened circumstances, a consequent inability to form the associations they would wish, and a disinclination to mix with the society they could obtain, London is as complete a solitude as the plains of Syria, the humble artist had pursued her lonely, but contented way for many years; and, until the peculiar misfortunes of the Nickleby family attracted

TIM LINKINWATER

her attention, had made no friends, though brimful of the friendliest feelings to all mankind. There are many warm hearts in the same solitary guise as poor Miss La Creevy's. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ch. iii, v, x, xi, xx, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii, xlix, lxi, lxiii, lxv.

TIM LINKINWATER, *Cheeryble Brothers' head clerk to whose work Nicholas Nickleby in part succeeded. He married Miss La Creevy, the miniature painter.*

Punctual as the counting-house dial, which he maintained to be the best time-keeper in London next after the clock of some old, hidden, unknown church hard by (for Tim held the fabled goodness of that at the Horse Guards to be a pleasant fiction, invented by jealous Westenders), the old clerk performed the minutest actions of the day, and arranged the minutest articles in the little room, in a precise and regular order, which could not have been exceeded if it had actually been a real glass case fitted with the choicest curiosities. Paper, pens, ink, ruler, sealing-wax, wafers, pounce-box, string-box, fire-box, Tim's hat, Tim's scrupulously folded gloves, Tim's other coat—looking precisely like a back view of himself as it hung against the wall—all had their accustomed inches of space. Except the clock, there was not such an accurate

LITTIMER

and unimpeachable instrument in existence as the little thermometer which hung behind the door. . . .

It was a sight to behold Tim Linkinwater slowly bring out a massive ledger and day book, and, after turning them over and over and affectionately dusting their backs and sides, open the leaves here and there, and cast his eyes half-mournfully, half-proudly, upon the fair and unblotted entries. . . .

"It's forty-four year," said Tim, making a calculation in the air with his pen, and drawing an imaginary line before he cast it up, "forty-four year, next May, since I first kept the books of Cheeryble Brothers. I've opened the safe every morning all that time (Sundays excepted) as the clock struck nine, and gone over the house every night at half-past ten (except on Foreign Post nights, and then twenty minutes before twelve) to see the doors fastened and the fires out. I've never slept out of the back attic one single night.

Nicholas Nickleby, ch. xxxv, xxxvii, xl, xliii, xlix, lv, lix-lxi, lxiii, lxv.

LITTIMER, *Steerforth's confidential serving man,—and a thorough rascal. He aided Steerforth in running away with little Emily—and stood ready to marry her when Steerforth wished to cast her off. He ends his*

days in Mr. Creakle's model prison, where he is one of the model prisoners, on show to visitors as a pious example of the effects of the treatment given there.

I believe there never existed in his station a more respectable-looking man. He was taciturn, soft-footed, very quiet in his manner, deferential, observant, always at hand when wanted, and never near when not wanted; but his great claim to consideration was his respectability. He had not a pliant face, he had rather a stiff neck, rather a tight smooth head with short hair clinging to it at the sides, a soft way of speaking, with a peculiar habit of whispering the letter S so distinctly, that he seemed to use it oftener than any other man; but every peculiarity that he had he made respectable. If his nose had been upside-down, he would have made that respectable. He surrounded himself with an atmosphere of respectability, and walked secure in it. It would have been next to impossible to suspect him of anything wrong, he was so thoroughly respectable. Nobody could have thought of putting him in a livery, he was so highly respectable. To have imposed any derogatory work upon him, would have been to inflict a wanton insult on the feelings of a most respectable man. And of this, I noticed the women-servants in the household

were so intuitively conscious, that they always did such work themselves, and generally while he read the paper by the pantry fire.

Such a self-contained man I never saw. But in that quality, as in every other he possessed, he only seemed to be the more respectable. Even the fact that no one knew his Christian name, seemed to form a part of his respectability. Nothing could be objected against his surname Littimer, by which he was known. Peter might have been hanged, or Tom transported; but Littimer was perfectly respectable. . . .

David Copperfield, ch. xxi-xxiii, xxviii, xxix, xxxi, xxxii, xliv, lxi.

MR. JARVIS LORRY, *Tellson and Co.'s confidential clerk. He was charged with the task of taking Miss Manette to her father who had been released from the Bastille and bringing them back to England. During the awful scenes of the Revolution in Paris he was their companion and friend and it is he who finally brings them back to England after their second visit to Paris.*

Very orderly and methodical he looked, with a hand on each knee, and a loud watch ticking a sonorous sermon under his flapped waistcoat, as though it pitted its gravity and longevity against the levity and evanescence

of the brisk fire. He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture; his shoes and buckles, too, though plain, were trim. He wore an odd little sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head: which wig, it is to be presumed, was made of hair, but which looked far more as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with his stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighbouring beach, or the specks of sail that glinted in the sunlight far at sea. A face habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes that it must have cost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy colour in his cheeks, and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety. But, perhaps, the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people; and perhaps second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, come easily off and on.

A Tale of Two Cities, Book I, ch. ii-vi; Book II, ch. ii-iv, vi, xii, xvi-xxi, xxiv; Book III, ch. ii-vi, viii, ix, xi-xiii, xv.

MRS. LUPIN, *the landlady of the Blue Dragon Inn, the friend of Tom Pinch. After Mark Tapley's "jolly" career in America he returned and married her.*

The mistress of the Blue Dragon was in outward appearance just what a landlady should be: broad, buxom, comfortable, and good-looking, with a face of clear red and white, which, by its jovial aspect, at once bore testimony to her hearty participation in the good things of the larder and the cellar, and to their thriving and healthful influences. She was a widow, but years ago had passed through her state of weeds, and burst into flower again; and in full bloom she had continued ever since; and in full bloom she was now; with roses on her ample skirts, and roses on her bodice, roses in her cap, roses in her cheeks,—ay, and roses, worth the gathering too, on her lips, for that matter. She had still a bright black eye, and jet black hair; was comely, dimpled, plump, and tight as a gooseberry; and though she was not exactly what the world calls young, you may make an affidavit, on trust, before any mayor or magistrate in Christendom, that there are a great many young ladies in the world (blessings on them, one and all!) whom you wouldn't like half as well, or admire half as much, as the beaming hostess of the Blue Dragon.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. iii, iv, vii, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxvii, xlii, xliv, liii.

MR. McCHOAKUMCHILD, *the Teacher in Mr. Gradgrind's Model School.*

He and some one hundred and forty other schoolmasters had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land-surveying and levelling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stony way into Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the Water Sheds of all the world (whatever they are), and all the histories of all the peoples, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two and thirty points of the compass. Ah, rather overdone,

McChoakumchild. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more!

He went to work in this preparatory lesson, not unlike Morgiana in the Forty Thieves: looking into all the vessels ranged before him, one after another, to see what they contained. Say, good McChoakumchild. When from thy boiling store, thou shalt fill each jar brim full by-and-bye, dost thou think that thou wilt always kill outright the robber Fancy lurking within — or sometimes only maim him and distort him!

Hard Times, Book I, ch. i-iii, ix, xiv.

MAGGY, a *protégée* of Little Dorrit, afterwards assistant to Mrs. Plornish. She was a grand-daughter of Mrs. Bangham — and a faithful creature who followed little Dorrit everywhere and obeyed her implicitly.

She was about eight-and-twenty, with large bones, large features, large feet and hands, large eyes and no hair. Her large eyes were limpid and almost colourless; they seemed to be very little affected by light, and to stand unnaturally still. There was also that attentive listening expression in her face, which is seen in the faces of the blind; but she was not blind, having one tolerably serviceable eye. Her face was not exceedingly ugly, though

it was only redeemed from being so by a smile; a good-humoured smile, and pleasant in itself, but rendered pitiable by being constantly there. A great white cap, with a quantity of opaque frilling that was always flapping about, apologised for Maggy's baldness, and made it so very difficult for her old black bonnet to retain its place upon her head, that it held on round her neck like a gipsy's baby. A commission of haberdashers could alone have reported what the rest of her poor dress was made of; but it had a strong general semblance to seaweed, with here and there a gigantic tea-leaf. Her shawl looked particularly like a tea-leaf, after long infusion. . . .

Nothing would serve Maggy but that they must stop at a grocer's window, short of their destination, for her to show her learning. She could read after a sort; and picked out the fat figures in the tickets of prices, for the most part correctly. She also stumbled, with a large balance of success against her failures, through various philanthropic recommendations to Try our Mixture, Try our Family Black, Try our Orange-flavoured Pekoe, challenging competition at the head of Flowery Teas; and various cautions to the public against spurious establishments and adulterated articles.

ABEL MAGWITCH

Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. ix, xiv, xx, xxii, xxiv, xxxi, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvi; Book II, ch. iii, iv, xiii, xxix, xxxiii, xxxiv.

ABEL MAGWITCH (*alias* PROVIS), the escaped convict who was supplied with a file and food by the boy Pip. Recaptured and transported to New South Wales, he escapes again, goes up country and becomes rich by sheep farming. In gratitude to Pip he sets him up as a gentleman through Mr. Jaggers, who was his banker and guardian. Pip all the while was under the impression that Miss Havisham was befriending him. Under the name of Provis, Magwitch returns to England and makes himself known to Pip. But he is betrayed and recaptured, losing the whole of his money in endeavouring to escape, finally dying in prison.

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head. . . . I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided simi-

larity between the dog's way of eating, and the man's. The man took strong sharp sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful, too soon and too fast; and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger in every direction of somebody's coming to take the pie away. He was altogether too unsettled in his mind over it, to appreciate it comfortably, I thought, or to have anybody to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In all of which particulars he was very like the dog.

Great Expectations, ch. i, iii, v, xxix-xlii, xlvi, liv-lvi.

DR. ALEXANDER MANETTE, a Paris Physician confined in solitude for 18 years in the Bastille to hide the crime of a noble family of which he had become cognizant. Here his only occupation was that of shoe-making. Released he goes to England and lives with his daughter who marries Charles Darnay (St. Evremonde). The latter was called back to Paris to help an old and faithful servant and was at once imprisoned as a proscribed emigrant. Dr. Manette and his daughter follow him and the former secures his acquittal. But he is again denounced as an aristocrat through some papers written by Dr. Manette when a

prisoner in the Bastille and secreted there. Darnay is condemned to death, rescued by Sydney Carton, who dies in his stead, and the Doctor and his family return to England for the rest of their days.

A white head bent low over the shoe making . . . a broad ray of light . . . showed the workman with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labour. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face would have caused them to look large, under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair, though they had been really otherwise, but, they were naturally large, and looked unnaturally so. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn. He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment-yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work. He never

looked at the figure before him, without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had lost the habit of associating place with sound; he never spoke, without first wandering in this manner, and forgetting to speak.

He laid the knuckles of the right hand in the hollow of the left, and then the knuckles of the left hand in the hollow of the right, and then passed a hand across the bearded chin, and so on in regular changes, without a moment's intermission. The task of recalling him from the vagrancy into which he always sank when he had spoken, was like recalling some very weak person from a swoon, or endeavouring, in the hope of some disclosure, to stay the spirit of a fast-dying man. . . .

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it affected the senses like a once beautiful colour faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice under-

ground. So expressive it was, of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveller, wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die. . . .

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns, at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long obliterated marks of an actively intent intelligence in the middle of the forehead, gradually forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but they had been there. . . .

It would have been difficult by a far brighter light, to recognize in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. Yet, no one could have looked at him twice, without looking again: even though the opportunity of observation had not extended to the mournful cadence of his low grave voice, and to the abstraction that overclouded him fitfully, without any apparent reason. While one external cause, and that a reference to his long lingering agony, would always—as on the trial—evoke this condition from the depths of his soul, it was also in its nature to arise of itself, and to draw a gloom over him, as incomprehensible to those unac-

MINNIE MEAGLES

quainted with his story as if they had seen the shadow of the actual Bastille thrown upon him by a summer sun, when the substance was three hundred miles away.

Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding from his mind. She was the golden thread that united him to a Past beyond his misery, and to a Present beyond his misery: and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always. Not absolutely always, for she could recall some occasions on which her power had failed; but they were few and slight, and she believed them over.

A Tale of Two Cities, Book I, ch. ii-vi; Book II, ch. ii-iv, vi, ix, x, xii, xiii, xvi-xxi, xxiv; Book III, ch. ii-vii, ix-xii, xiv, xv.

MINNIE MEAGLES (*Pet*). *The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Meagles — afterwards the wife of Henry Gowan.*

Pet was about twenty. A fair girl with rich brown hair hanging free in natural ringlets. A lovely girl, with a frank face, and wonderful eyes; so large, so soft, so bright, set to such perfection in her kind good head. She was round and fresh and dimpled and spoilt, and there was in Pet an air of timidity and dependence which was the best weakness

MINNIE MEAGLES

in the world, and gave her the only crowning charm a girl so pretty and pleasant could have been without. . . .

Pet had a twin sister who died when we could just see her eyes—exactly like Pet's—above the table, as she stood on tiptoe holding by it. . . . Pet and her baby sister were so exactly alike, and so completely one, that in our thoughts we have never been able to separate them since. It would be of no use to tell us that our dead child was a mere infant. We have changed that child according to the changes in the child spared to us, and always with us. As Pet has grown, that child has grown; as Pet has become more sensible and womanly, her sister has become more sensible and womanly, by just the same degrees. It would be as hard to convince me that if I was to pass into the other world to-morrow, I should not, through the mercy of God, be received there by a daughter, just like Pet, as to persuade me that Pet herself is not a reality at my side. . . .

As to her, the sudden loss of her little picture and playfellow, and her early association with that mystery in which we all have our equal share, but which is not often so forcibly presented to a child, has necessarily had some influence on her character. Then, her mother and I were not young when

we married, and Pet has always had a sort of grown-up life with us, though we have tried to adapt ourselves to her. We have been advised more than once when she has been a little ailing, to change climate and air for her as often as we could—especially at about this time of her life—and to keep her amused. So, as I have no need to stick at a bank-desk now (though I have been poor enough in my time I assure you, or I should have married Mrs. Meagles long before), we go trotting about the world.

Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. ii, xvi, xvii, xxviii, xxxiii, xxxiv; Book II, ch. viii, ix, xxxiii, xxxiv.

MR. WILKINS MICAWBER, a recklessly improvident man of variable spirits—fond of conviviality and inveterably addicted to writing grandiloquent letters—which resembled his manner of speech. Shabby, shifting, and full of devices to earn a living in a way becoming a gentleman and always waiting for “something to turn up.” Copperfield lodged in his house when he first went to London. He tries occupations too numerous to mention and at length becomes clerk to Uriah Heep in Mr. Wickfield’s office. After exposing the frauds of the former, he, aided by Miss Betsey Trotwood and her friends, emi-

grates to Australia where he becomes District Magistrate of Port Middlebay.

He was a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one, and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing shirt-collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of a stick, with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung outside his coat,—for ornament, I afterwards found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did. . . .

"I have received," said the stranger, "a letter from Mr. Murdstone, in which he mentions that he would desire me to receive into an apartment in the rear of my house, which is at present unoccupied—and is, in short, to be let as a—in short," said the stranger, with a smile and in a burst of confidence, "as a bedroom—the young beginner whom I have now the pleasure to——" and the stranger waved his hand, and settled his chin in his shirt-collar.

"This is Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion to me.

"Ahem!" said the stranger, "that is my name."

“Mr. Micawber,” said Mr. Quinion, “is known to Mr. Murdstone. He takes orders for us on commission, when he can get any. He has been written to by Mr. Murdstone, on the subject of your lodgings, and he will receive you as a lodger.” . . .

Mr. Micawber was uncommonly convivial. I never saw him such good company. He made his face shine with the punch, so that it looked as if it had been varnished all over. He got cheerfully sentimental about the town, and proposed success to it; observing that Mrs. Micawber and himself had been made extremely snug and comfortable there, and that he never should forget the agreeable hours they had passed in Canterbury. He proposed me afterwards; and he, and Mrs. Micawber, and I, took a review of our past acquaintance, in the course of which, we sold the property all over again. Then I proposed Mrs. Micawber; or, at least, said, modestly, “if you’ll allow me, Mrs. Micawber, I shall now have the pleasure of drinking *your* health, ma’am.” On which Mr. Micawber delivered an eulogium on Mrs. Micawber’s character, and said she had ever been his guide, philosopher, and friend, and that he would recommend me, when I came to a marrying-time of life, to marry such another woman, if such another woman could be found.

As the punch disappeared, Mr. Micawber became still more friendly and convivial. Mrs. Micawber's spirits becoming elevated, too, we sang "Auld Lang Syne." When we came to "Here's a hand, my trusty frere," we all joined hands round the table; and when we declared we would "take a right gude willie-waught," and hadn't the least idea what it meant, we were really affected.

In a word, I never saw anybody so thoroughly jovial as Mr. Micawber was, down to the very last moment of the evening, when I took a hearty farewell of himself and his amiable wife. Consequently, I was not prepared, at seven o'clock next morning, to receive the following communication, dated half-past nine in the evening; a quarter of an hour after I had left him.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"The die is cast — all is over. Hiding the ravages of care with a sickly mask of mirth, I have not informed you, this evening, that there is no hope of the remittance! Under these circumstances, alike humiliating to endure, humiliating to contemplate, and humiliating to relate, I have discharged the pecuniary liability contracted at this establishment, by giving a note of hand, made payable fourteen days after date, at my residence, Penton-

ville, London. When it becomes due, it will not be taken up. The result is destruction. The bolt is impending, and the tree must fall.

"Let the wretched man who now addresses you, my dear Copperfield, be a beacon to you through life. He writes with that intention, and in that hope. If he could think himself of so much use, one gleam of day might, by possibility, penetrate into the cheerless dungeon of his remaining existence — though his longevity is, at present (to say the least of it), extremely problematical.

"This is the last communication, my dear Copperfield, you will ever receive

"From

"The

"Beggared Outcast,

"WILKINS MICAWBER."

I was so shocked by the contents of this heartrending letter, that I ran off directly towards the little hotel with the intention of taking it on my way to Doctor Strong's, and trying to soothe Mr. Micawber with a word of comfort. But, half-way there, I met the London coach with Mr. and Mrs. Micawber up behind; Mr. Micawber, the very picture of tranquil enjoyment, smiling at Mrs. Micawber's conversation, eating walnuts out of a

paper bag, with a bottle sticking out of his breast-pocket.

David Copperfield, ch. xi, xii, xvii, xxii, xxviii, xxxvi, xxxix, xliii, xlix, lii, liv, lvii, lxiii.

MISS MIGGS, *the domestic servant of Mrs. Varden, "her chief aider and abettor, and at the same time the principal object of her wrath."* She loved, unrequited, the 'prentice Sim Tappertit and follows and watches over him during the Gordon riots. On returning to Mrs. Varden she is ordered out of the house and finally becomes female turnkey for the County Bridewell, "*which she held till her decease more than thirty years afterwards, remaining single all the time.*"

Miggs was a tall young lady, very much addicted to pattens in private life; slender and shrewish, of a rather uncomfortable figure, and though not absolutely ill-looking, of a sharp and acid visage. As a general principle and abstract proposition, Miggs held the male sex to be utterly contemptible and unworthy of notice; to be fickle, false, base, sottish, inclined to perjury, and wholly undeserving. When particularly exasperated against them (which, scandal said, was when Sim Tappertit slighted her most) she was accustomed to wish with great emphasis that

the whole race of women could but die off, in order that the men might be brought to know the real value of the blessings by which they set so little store; nay, her feeling for her order ran so high, that she sometimes declared, if she could only have good security for a fair, round number — say ten thousand — of young virgins following her example, she would, to spite mankind, hang, drown, stab, or poison herself, with a joy past all expression.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. vii, ix, xiii, xviii, xix, xxii, xxvii, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxix, xli, li, lxiii, lxx, lxxi, lxxx, lxxxii.

MOLLY, the housekeeper for Mr. Jaggers, a former mistress of Abel Magwitch — the mother of Estella adopted by Miss Havisham. She had been accused of the murder of a rival and was acquitted owing to the ingenuity of Mr. Jaggers, who was retained for her defence.

She was rather tall, of a lithe nimble figure, extremely pale, with large faded eyes, and a quantity of streaming hair. I cannot say whether any diseased affection of the heart caused her lips to be parted as if she were panting, and her face to bear a curious expression of suddenness and flutter; but I know that I had been to see Macbeth at the

theatre, a night or two before, and that her face looked to me as if it were all disturbed by fiery air, like the faces I had seen rise out of the Witches' caldron. . . . Years afterwards, I made a dreadful likeness of that woman, by causing a face that had no other natural resemblance to it than it derived from flowing hair, to pass behind a bowl of flaming spirits in a dark room. . . .

I observed that whenever she was in the room, she kept her eyes attentively on my guardian, and that she would remove her hands from any dish she put before him, hesitatingly, as if she dreaded his calling her back, and wanted him to speak when she was nigh, if he had anything to say. I fancied that I could detect in his manner a consciousness of this, and a purpose of always holding her in suspense.

During the dinner Mr. Jaggers took his hand from hers, and turned that wrist up on the table. She brought her other hand from behind her, and held the two out side by side. The last wrist was much disfigured — deeply scarred and scarred across and across. When she held her hands out, she took her eyes from Mr. Jaggers, and turned them watchfully on every one of the rest of us in succession.

"There's power here," said Mr. Jaggers,

MISS MOWCHER

coolly tracing out the sinews with his forefinger. "Very few men have the power of wrist that this woman has. It's remarkable what mere force of grip there is in these hands. I have had occasion to notice many hands; but I never saw stronger in that respect, man's or woman's, than these." . . .

Great Expectations, ch. xxiv, xxvi.

MISS MOWCHER, an exceedingly "volatile" person, who deals in cosmetics, and manicures and pedicures a variety of people in all stations of life. She is a great talker, and carries about a great deal of gossip, but she is kind-hearted, honest, and true. She aided in the capture of Mr. Littimer when in disguise he was about to leave the country with the proceeds of his thefts.

There came waddling round a sofa which stood between me and it, a pursy dwarf, of about forty or forty-five, with a very large head and face, a pair of roguish grey eyes, and such extremely little arms, that, to enable herself to lay a finger archly against her snub nose as she ogled Steerforth, she was obliged to meet the finger half-way, and lay her nose against it. Her chin, which was what is called a double chin, was so fat that it entirely swallowed up the strings of her bonnet, bow and all. Throat she had none;

waist she had none; legs she had none, worth mentioning; for though she was more than full-sized down to where her waist would have been, if she had had any, and though she terminated, as human beings generally do, in a pair of feet, she as so short that she stood at a common-sized chair as at a table, resting a bag she carried on the seat. This lady; dressed in an off-hand, easy style; bringing her nose and her forefinger together, with the difficulty I have described; standing with her head necessarily on one side, and, with one of her sharp eyes shut up, making an uncommonly knowing face; after ogling Steerforth for a few moments, broke into a torrent of words. . . .

I never beheld anything approaching to Miss Mowcher's wink, except Miss Mowcher's self-possession. She had a wonderful way too, when listening to what was said to her, or when waiting for an answer to what she had said herself, of pausing with her head cunningly on one side, and one eye turned up like a magpie's. Altogether I was lost in amazement, and sat staring at her, quite oblivious, I am afraid, of the laws of politeness. . . .

Miss Mowcher had quite an extensive connexion, and made herself useful to a variety of people in a variety of ways. Some people

trifled with her as a mere oddity, he said; but she was as shrewdly and sharply observant as anyone he knew, and as long-headed as she was short-armed. He told me that what she had said of being here, and there, and everywhere, was true enough; for she made little darts into the provinces, and seemed to pick up customers everywhere, and to know everybody. I asked him what her disposition was: whether it was at all mischievous, and if her sympathies were generally on the right side of things: but, not succeeding in attracting his attention to these questions after two or three attempts, I forebore or forgot to repeat them. He told me instead, with much rapidity, a good deal about her skill, and her profits; and about her being a scientific cupper, if I should ever have occasion for her service in that capacity.

David Copperfield, ch. xxii, xxxii, lxi.

MR. EDWARD MURDSTONE married David Copperfield's mother, subdued her gentle spirit and broke her heart. After her death he married a bright young woman, and by his dour treatment practically sent her out of her mind.

He had that kind of shallow black eye — I want a better word to express an eye that has no depth in it to be looked into — which,

when it is abstracted, seems, from some peculiarity of light, to be disfigured for a moment, at a time, by a cast. Several times when I glanced at him, I observed that appearance with a sort of awe, and wondered what he was thinking about so closely. His hair and whiskers were blacker and thicker, looked at so near, than even I had given them credit for being. A squareness about the lower part of his face, and dotted indication of the strong black beard he shaved close every day, reminded me of the wax-work that had travelled into our neighborhood some half-a-year before. This, his regular eyebrows, and the rich white, and black, and brown, of his complexion—confound his complexion, and his memory!—made me think him, in spite of my misgivings, a very handsome man. . . .

The gloomy taint that was in the Murdstone blood, darkened the Murdstone religion, which was austere and wrathful. I have thought, since, that its assuming that character was a necessary consequence of Mr. Murdstone's firmness, which wouldn't allow him to let anybody off from the utmost weight of the severest penalties he could find any excuse for.

David Copperfield, ch. ii-iv, viii-x, xiv, xxxiii, lix.

MISS JANE MURDSTONE

MISS JANE MURDSTONE, *Edward Murdstone's sister, harder and more severe in her treatment of young Copperfield,—“firm, they called it,”—than her brother. Subsequently she became an inmate of Mr. Spenlow's house as a sort of duenna to Dora Spenlow.*

A gloomy-looking lady; dark, like her brother, whom she greatly resembled in face and voice; and with very heavy eyebrows, nearly meeting over her large nose, as if, being disabled by the wrongs of her sex from wearing whiskers, she had carried them to that account. She brought with her two uncompromising hard black boxes, with her initials on the lids in hard brass nails. When she paid the coachman she took her money out of a hard steel purse, and she kept the purse in a very jail of a bag which hung upon her arm by a heavy chain, and shut up like a bite. I had never, at that time, seen such a metallic lady altogether as Miss Murdstone was. . . .

Almost the first remarkable thing I observed in Miss Murdstone was, her being constantly haunted by a suspicion that the servants had a man secreted somewhere on the premises. Under the influence of this delusion, she dived into the coal-cellar at the most untimely hours and scarcely ever opened the door of a dark cupboard without clapping

it to again in the belief that she had got him. . . .

Firmness was the grand quality on which both Mr. and Miss Murdstone took their stand. However I might have expressed my comprehension of it at that time, if I had been called upon, I nevertheless did clearly comprehend in my own way, that it was another name for tyranny; and for a certain gloomy, arrogant, devil's humour, that was in them both. The creed, as I should state it now, was this. Mr. Murdstone was firm; nobody in his world was to be so firm as Mr. Murdstone; nobody else in his world was to be firm at all, for everybody was to be bent to his firmness. Miss Murdstone was an exception. She might be firm, but only by relationship, and in an inferior and tributary degree. My mother was another exception. She might be firm, and must be; but only in bearing their firmness, and firmly believing there was no other firmness upon earth. . . .

I do not doubt that she had a choice pleasure in exhibiting what she called for self-command, and her firmness, and her strength of mind, and her common sense, and the whole diabolical catalogue of her unamiable qualities. She was particularly proud of her turn for business; and she showed it now in reducing everything to pen and ink, and being

moved by nothing. All the rest of that day, and from morning to night afterwards, she sat at that desk; scratching composedly with a hard pen, speaking in the same imperturbable whisper to everybody; never relaxing a muscle of her face, or softening a tone of her voice, or appearing with an atom of her dress astray.

David Copperfield, ch. iv, viii-x, xii, xiv, xxvi, xxx, xxxvii, lix.

MR. NADGETT, *a private detective in the employ of The Anglo-Bengalee Insurance Co. He tracked the murderer of Montague Tegg by whom he was retained to shadow Jonas Chuzzlewit, among other duties.*

It was no virtue or merit in Nadgett that he transacted all his business secretly and in the closest confidence; for he was born to be a secret. He was a short, dried-up, withered, old man, who seemed to have secreted his very blood; for nobody would have given him credit for the possession of six ounces of it in his whole body. How he lived was a secret; where he lived was a secret; and even what he was, was a secret. In his musty old pocket-book he carried contradictory cards, in some of which he called himself a coal-merchant, in others a wine-merchant, in others a commission-agent, in others a collector, in

others an accountant: as if he really didn't know the secret himself. He was always keeping appointments in the City, and the other man never seemed to come. He would sit on 'Change for hours, looking at everybody who walked in and out, and would do the like at Garraway's, and in other business coffee-rooms, in some of which he would be occasionally seen drying a very damp pocket-handkerchief before the fire, and still looking over his shoulder for the man who never appeared. He was mildewed, threadbare, shabby; always had flue upon his legs and back; and kept his linen so secret by buttoning up and wrapping over, that he might have had none — perhaps he hadn't. He carried one stained beaver glove, which he dangled before him by the forefinger as he walked or sat; but even its fellow was a secret. Some people said he had been a bankrupt, others that he had gone an infant into an ancient Chancery suit which was still depending, but it was all a secret. He carried bits of sealing-wax and a hieroglyphical old copper seal in his pocket, and often secretly indited letters in corner boxes of the trysting-places before mentioned; but they never appeared to go to anybody, for he would put them into a secret place in his coat, and deliver them to himself weeks afterwards, very much to his

RALPH NICKLEBY

own surprise, quite yellow. He was that sort of man that if he had died worth a million of money, or had died worth twopence half-penny, everybody would have been perfectly satisfied, and would have said it was just as they expected.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xxvii, xxviii, xxxviii, xl, xli, xlvii, li.

RALPH NICKLEBY, *uncle to young Nicholas, a heartless usurer and miser. He ignores his family but when appealed to, after the death of his brother by his widow he set their children to work for their bread in the most menial way. He exposed his niece Kate, to the wiles and debauchery of his friends for his own gain, and tries in every way to humble and ruin his nephew. But his cheating and illegal operations are found out in the end and at last he hangs himself in a fit of frenzy, hatred and despair. The unfortunate Smike turns out to be his son.*

On the death of his father, Ralph Nickleby, who had been some time before placed in a mercantile house in London, applied himself passionately to his old pursuit of money-getting, in which he speedily became buried and absorbed. . . .

He was not, strictly speaking, what you would call a merchant: neither was he a

banker, nor an attorney, nor a special pleader, nor a notary. He was certainly not a tradesman, and still less could he lay any claim to the title of a professional gentleman; for it would have been impossible to mention any recognised profession to which he belonged. .

He wore a bottle-green spencer over a blue coat; a white waistcoat, grey mixture pantaloons, and Wellington boots drawn over them; the corner of a small-plaited shirt frill struggled out, as if insisting to show itself, from between his chin and the top button of his spencer, and the garment was not made low enough to conceal a long gold watch-chain, composed of a series of plain rings, which had its beginning at the handle of a gold repeater in Mr. Nickleby's pocket, and its termination in two little keys, one belonging to the watch itself, and the other to some patent padlock. He wore a sprinkling of powder upon his head, as if to make himself look benevolent; but if that were his purpose, he would perhaps have done better to powder his countenance also, for there was something in its very wrinkles, and in his cold restless eye, which seemed to tell of cunning that would announce itself in spite of him. . . .

Stern, unyielding, dogged, and impenetrable, Ralph cared for nothing in life, or beyond it, save the gratification of two passions, avarice,

the first and predominant appetite of his nature, and hatred, the second. Affecting to consider himself but a type of all humanity, he was at little pains to conceal his true character from the world in general, and in his own heart he exulted over and cherished every bad design as it had birth. The only scriptural admonition that Ralph Nickleby heeded, in the letter, was "know thyself." He knew himself well, and choosing to imagine that all mankind were cast in the same mould, hated them; for, though no man hates himself, the coldest among us having too much self-love for that, yet most men unconsciously judge the world from themselves, and it will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.

Nicholas Nickleby, ch. i-iv, x, xix, xx, xxviii, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxv, xlv, xlvii, li, liv, lvi, lix, lx, lxii.

NEWMAN NOGGS, *the clerk and drudge of Ralph Nickleby, who after having ruined him takes him into his employ. There no one can witness his degradation, and there he begins his work of finding out Nickleby's secrets. He at last has the satisfaction of unravelling his plots, and of telling him of his misdeeds*

"face to face, man to man and like a man."
He was a great friend to Nicholas and his family.

He was a tall man of middle-age with two goggle eyes whereof one was a fixture, a rubicund nose, a cadaverous face, and a rusty brown suit of clothes (if the term be allowable when they suited him not at all) much the worse for wear, very much too small, and placed upon such a short allowance of buttons that it was quite marvellous how he contrived to keep them on. . . .

He rarely spoke to anybody unless somebody spoke to him. . . . and rubbed his hands slowly over each other, cracking the joints of his fingers, and squeezing them into all possible distortions. The incessant performance of this routine on every occasion, and the communication of a fixed and rigid look to his unaffected eye, so as to make it uniform with the other, and to render it impossible for anybody to determine where or at what he was looking, were two among the numerous peculiarities of Mr. Noggs, which struck an inexperienced observer at first sight. . . .

He sat upon an uncommonly hard stool (to which he had communicated a high polish by countless gettings off and on) in a species of butlers' pantry at the end of the passage

and always had a pen behind his ear when he answered the door.

Ralph Nickleby gives this account of him:

"Newman Noggs kept his horses and hounds once, and not many years ago either; but he squandered his money, invested it anyhow, borrowed at interest, and in short made first a thorough fool of himself, and then a beggar. He took to drinking, and had a touch of paralysis, and then came here to borrow a pound, as in his better days I had done business with him.

But as I wanted a clerk just then, to open the door and so forth, I took him out of charity, and he has remained with me ever since. He is a little mad, I think, but he is useful enough, poor creature—useful enough."

The kind-hearted gentleman omitted to add that Newman Noggs, being utterly destitute, served him for rather less than the usual wages of a boy of thirteen; and likewise failed to mention in his hasty chronicle, that his eccentric taciturnity rendered him an especially valuable person in a place where much business was done, of which it was desirable no mention should be made out of doors.

Nicholas Nickleby, ch. ii-vi, xi, xiv-xvi, xxii, xxviii, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxiv, xl, xliv, xlvii, li, lii, lvii, lix, lxiii, lxv.

CHRISTOPHER NUBBLES

CHRISTOPHER NUBBLES (*called KIT*), errand boy to little Nell's grandfather, much attached to little Nell. The old man sends him away because he thinks he has told of his gambling habits. He then secures employment in the family of a Mr. Garland. Falsely accused of larceny by Sampson and Sally Brass, instigated by Quilp, he is arrested. His innocence is proved and he is set at liberty. He afterwards marries Barbara, the housemaid at Mr. Garland's.

A shock-headed shambling awkward lad with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and certainly the most comical expression of face I ever saw. He stopped short at the door on seeing a stranger, twirled in his hand a perfectly round old hat without any vestige of a brim, and resting himself now on one leg and now on the other and changing them constantly, stood in the doorway, looking into the parlour with the most extraordinary leer I ever beheld. . .

He had a remarkable manner of standing sideways as he spoke, and thrusting his head forward over his shoulder, as if he could not get at his voice without that accompanying action. . . .

It must be specially observed in justice to poor Kit that he was by no means of a sentimental turn, and perhaps had never heard that

adjective in all his life. He was only a soft-hearted grateful fellow, and had nothing genteel or polite about him; consequently instead of going home again in his grief to kick the children and abuse his mother (for when your finely strung people are out of sorts they must have everybody else unhappy likewise), he turned his thoughts to the vulgar expedient of making them more comfortable if he could.

The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. i, iii, vi, ix, xi, xiii, xiv, xx, xxii, xxxviii-xli, xlviii, lvi-lxi, lxiii, lxiv, lxviii-lxxii.

MR. SETH PECKSNIFF, a cousin of old Martin Chuzzlewit, ostensibly an architect and land-surveyor. A thorough paced hypocrite liar, and secret drunkard. He takes young Martin Chuzzlewit into his house as a student, but turns him away in contumely on a word from the elder Martin who had gone to live with him in order to test the man. John Westlock was another of his apprentices, Tom Pinch another, and to their work in his office he affixed his name and received both the pay and the honor, though he knew little or nothing of the profession. Just when he thought himself in full favor with old Martin Chuzzlewit his duplicity is fathomed to the very bottom, and his character completely re-

vealed. In shame, in drunkenness and misery he ended his days, remaining to the last the same canting hypocrite.

Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man; a grave man, a man of noble sentiments, and speech: and he had had her christened Mercy. Mercy! oh, what a charming name for such a pure-souled being as the youngest Miss Pecksniff! Her sister's name was Charity. There was a good thing! Mercy and Charity! And Charity, with her fine strong sense, and her mild, yet not reproachful gravity, was so well named, and did so well set off and illustrate her sister! What a pleasant sight was that, the contrast they presented: to see each loved and loving one sympathising with, and devoted to, and leaning on, and yet correcting and counter-checking, and, as it were, antidoting, the other! To behold each damsel, in her very admiration of her sister, setting up in business for herself on an entirely different principle, and announcing no connexion with over-the-way, and if the quality of goods at that establishment don't please you, you are respectfully invited to favour ME with a call! And the crowning circumstance of the whole delightful catalogue was, that both the fair creatures were so utterly unconscious of all this! They had no idea of it. They no more thought or dreamed of it,

MR. SETH PECKSNIFF

than Mr. Pecksniff did. Nature played them off against each other: *they* had no hand in it, the two Miss Pecksniffs.

It has been remarked that Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. So he was. Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff: especially in his conversation and correspondence. It as once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus's purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that if they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man: fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there: but these were his enemies; the shadows cast by his brightness; that was all. His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind), and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace: a holy calm pervades me." So did his hair, just grizzled with

MR. SETH PECKSNIFF

an iron-gray, which was all brushed off his forehead, and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek though free from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eyeglass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, "Behold the moral Pecksniff!"

The brazen plate upon the door (which being Mr. Pecksniff's, could not lie) bore this inscription, "PECKSNIFF, ARCHITECT," to which Mr. Pecksniff, on his cards of business, added, "AND LAND SURVEYOR." In one sense, and only one, he may be said to have been a Land Surveyor on a pretty large scale, as an extensive prospect lay stretched out before the windows of his house. Of his architectural doings, nothing was clearly known, except that he had never designed or built anything; but it was generally understood that his knowledge of the science was almost awful in its profundity.

Mr. Pecksniff's professional engagements, indeed, were almost, if not entirely, confined to the reception of pupils; for the collection of rents, with which pursuit he occasionally varied and relieved his graver toils, can hardly be said to be a strictly architectural employ-

HAM PEGGOTTY

ment. His genius lay in ensnaring parents and guardians, and pocketing premiums.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. ii-vi, viii-xii, xviii-xx, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxv, xliii, xlv, xlvii, liii, liv.

HAM PEGGOTTY, *Little Emily's* cousin and engaged to her, when Steerforth eloped with her. Years after in attempting to rescue some passengers from a wreck—among whom was Steerforth, he and Steerforth both were drowned and washed ashore together on the very scene of the hopes of the one and the devilish machinations of the other.

He was a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round-shouldered; but with a simpering boy's face and curly light hair that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a canvas jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone, without any legs in them. And you couldn't so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in atop, like an old building, with something pitchy.

David Copperfield, ch. ii, iii, vii, x, xxi, xxii, xxx-xxxiii, xl, xlv, li, lv.

MR. SOLOMON PELL, an attorney in the Insolvent Court, to whom the Wellers went to

SAMUEL PICKWICK

carry out their plan of getting Sam Weller sent to the debtors' prison in order to continue his services to Mr. Pickwick. He subsequently assists in giving legal effect to the testamentary dispositions of Mrs. Weller, the elder.

Mr. Solomon Pell was a fat flabby pale man, in a surtout which looked green one minute, and brown the next, with a velvet collar of the same chameleon tints. His forehead was narrow, his face wide, his head large, and his nose all on one side, as if Nature, indignant with the propensities she observed in him in his birth, had given it an angry tweak which it had never recovered. Being short-necked and asthmatic, however, he respired principally through this feature; so, perhaps, what it wanted in ornament it made up in usefulness.

Pickwick Papers, ch. xliii, lv.

SAMUEL PICKWICK, the founder of the *Pickwick Club*, and the leading character in *The Pickwick Papers*. After many vicissitudes, including his prosecution for breach of promise of marriage by Mrs. Bardell and his imprisonment for refusing to pay the damages, Mr. Pickwick withdraws from the Club, which is consequently dissolved, and settles down at Dulwich,—after seeing all his

SAMUEL PICKWICK

friends happily married,—with his devoted servant, Sam Weller, whose wife becomes Mr. Pickwick's Housekeeper.

A casual observer might possibly have remarked nothing extraordinary in the bald head, and circular spectacles, which were intently turned towards his (the secretary's) face, during the reading of the above resolutions. To those who knew that the gigantic brain of Pickwick was working beneath that forehead, and that the beaming eyes of Pickwick were twinkling behind those glasses, the sight was indeed an interesting one. There sat the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his Theory of Tittlebats, as calm and unmoved as the deep waters of the one on a frosty day, or as a solitary specimen of the other in the inmost recesses of an earthen jar. And how much more interesting did the spectacle become, when, starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for "Pickwick" burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair, on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the club himself had founded. What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat tails, and the

other waving in air to assist his glowing declamation: his elevated position revealing those tights and gaiters, which had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired involuntary awe and respect; surrounded by the men who had volunteered to share the perils of his travels, and who were destined to participate in the glories of his discoveries.

The Pickwick Papers, ch. i-xxviii, xxx-xxxii, xxxiv-xxxvii, xxxix-xlvi, l-lvi.

RUTH PINCH, *Tom Pinch's sister, governess in a wealthy and vulgar brass and copper founder's family in Clerkenwell, where she suffered ignominious treatment. When her brother goes to London he takes her away and they set up housekeeping together. She afterwards becomes the wife of Tom's old friend John Westlock.*

She had a good face; a very mild and prepossessing face; and a pretty little figure—slight and short, but remarkable for its neatness. There was something of her brother, much of him indeed, in a certain gentleness of manner, and in her look of timid trustfulness. . . .

Pleasant little Ruth! Cheerful, tidy, bust-

RUTH PINCH

ling, quiet little Ruth! No doll's house ever yielded greater delight to its young mistress, than little Ruth derived from her glorious dominion over the triangular parlour and the two small bed-rooms.

To be Tom's housekeeper. What dignity! Housekeeping, upon the commonest terms, associated itself with elevated responsibilities of all sorts and kinds; but housekeeping for Tom, implied the utmost complication of grave trusts and mighty charges. Well might she take the keys out of the little chiffonier which held the tea and sugar; and out of the two little damp cupboards down by the fire-place, where the very black beetles got mouldy, and had the shine taken out of their backs by envious mildew; and jingle them upon a ring before Tom's eyes when he came down to breakfast! Well might she, laughing musically, put them up in that blessed little pocket of hers with a merry pride! For it was such a grand novelty to be mistress of anything, that if she had been the most relentless and despotic of all little housekeepers, she might have pleaded just that much for her excuse, and have been honourably acquitted.

So far from being despotic, however, there was a coyness about her very way of pouring out the tea, which Tom quite revelled in.

TOM PINCH

And when she asked him what he would like to have for dinner, and faltered out "chops" as a reasonably good suggestion after their last night's successful supper, Tom grew quite facetious and rallied her desperately.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. ix, xxxvi, xxxvii, xxxix, xl, xlvi, xlviii, l, liii-liv.

TOM PINCH, assistant to Pecksniff, in whom he had unbounded faith and trust. But his eyes are open at last to see him as the consummate hypocrite he is. He befriends Mary Graham, whom he secretly loves. Pecksniff, his villainy found out by Tom, discharges him. He makes his way to London and finds his friend John Westlock. Old Martin Chuzzlewit finds him out and secretly befriends him, revealing the identity of his benefactor later. Tom rescues his sister from her position as governess, where she is cruelly and tyrannically treated, and they keep house together — very happily.

An ungainly, awkward-looking man, extremely short-sighted, and prematurely bald, availed himself of this permission; [he] stood hesitating, with the door in his hand. He was far from handsome certainly; and was drest in a snuff-coloured suit, of an uncouth make at the best, which, being shrunken with long wear, was twisted and tortured into all

kinds of odd shapes; but notwithstanding his attire, and his clumsy figure, which a great stoop in his shoulders, and a ludicrous habit he had of thrusting his head forward, by no means redeemed, one would not have been disposed to consider him a bad fellow by any means. He was perhaps about thirty, but he might have been almost any age between sixteen and sixty: being one of those strange creatures who never decline into an ancient appearance, but look their oldest when they are very young, and get it over at once.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. ii, v-vii, ix, xii, xiv, xx, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxvi-xl, xlv, xlvi, xlviii, l, lii, liii-liv.

MRS. PIPCHIN *lived at Brighton, and Paul Dombey with his sister and nurse was sent to board in her house. Afterwards she became housekeeper to Mr. Dombey.*

Mrs. Pipchin was a marvellous ill-favoured, ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face, like bad marble, a hook nose, and a hard grey eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered at on an anvil without sustaining any injury. Forty years at least had elapsed since the Peruvian mines had been the death of Mr. Pipchin; but his relict still wore black bombazeen, of such a lustreless, deep, dead, sombre shade, that gas

itself couldn't light her up after dark, and her presence was a quencher to any number of candles. She was generally spoken of as "a great manager" of children; and the secret of her management was, to give them everything that they didn't like, and nothing that they did—which was found to sweeten their dispositions very much. She was such a bitter old lady, that one was tempted to believe there had been some mistake in the application of the Peruvian machinery, and that all her waters of gladness and milk of human kindness had been pumped out dry, instead of the mines. . . .

Mrs. Pipchin appeared to have something of the same odd kind of attraction towards Paul, as Paul had towards her. She would make him move his chair to her side of the fire, instead of sitting opposite; and there he would remain in a nook between Mrs. Pipchin and the fender, with all the light of his little face absorbed into the black bombazeen drapery, studying every line and wrinkle of her countenance, and peering at the hard grey eye, until Mrs. Pipchin was sometimes fain to shut it, on pretence of dozing. Mrs. Pipchin had an old black cat, who generally lay coiled upon the centre foot of the fender, purring egotistically, and winking at the fire until the contracted pupils of his eyes were like two

PHILIP PIR RIP

notes of admiration. The good old lady might have been — not to record it disrespectfully — a witch, and Paul and the cat her two familiars, as they all sat by the fire together. It would have been quite in keeping with the appearance of the party if they had all sprung up the chimney in a high wind one night, and never been heard of any more.

Dombey and Son, ch. viii, xi, xii, xiv, xvi, xlii-xliv, xlvii, li, lix.

PHILIP PIR RIP (called PIP) was "brought up by hand" by his sister Mrs. Joe Gargery, who does not treat him over kindly. He is apprenticed to his brother-in-law Joe the blacksmith — and they become "ever the best of friends." Before he is out of his time Mr. Jaggers comes to tell him of his good fortune and his "great expectations." He goes to London and looks down upon his humble friends of his early days. When Pip's fortune vanishes into thin air he has a long illness and his old friend Joe comes to nurse him. He recovers, compounds with his creditors, becomes a clerk, and later a partner, in a merchant's establishment and at last marries Estella (the protégée of Hiss Havisham), who is now a widow. (See Magwitch.)

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue

could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister — Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*Also Georgiana Wife of the Above*," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine — who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle — I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence. . . .

[Pip grew up to be] a good fellow, with im-

PHILIP PIRRIPI

petuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, action and dreaming curiously mixed in him." . . .

I went out and joined Herbert. Within a month, I had quitted England, and within two months I was clerk to Clarriker and Co., and within four months I assumed my first undivided responsibility. [For] Herbert had gone away to marry Clara, and I was left in sole charge of the Eastern Branch until he brought her back.

Many a year went round, before I was a partner in the House; but, I lived happily with Herbert and his wife, and lived frugally, and paid my debts, and maintained a constant correspondence with Biddy and Joe. . . I must not leave it to be supposed that we were ever a great House, or that we made mints of money. We were not in a grand way of business, but we had a good name, and worked for our profits, and did very well. We owed so much to Herbert's ever cheerful industry and readiness, that I often wondered how I had conceived that old idea of his inaptitude, until I was one day enlightened by the reflection, that perhaps the inaptitude had never been in him at all, but had been in me.

Great Expectations, ch. i to end [as the hero is the relator of the story the reference can only be to the whole volume].

HERBERT POCKET

HERBERT POCKET, a warm friend of Pip, son of Matthew Pocket, also a young man of "great expectations" of becoming wealthy. When Pip comes into his good fortune he secretly helps Herbert to a position in the house of Clarriker and Co., in which he subsequently becomes partner. The secret is not discovered for many years, but Pip has his reward, for when later on he was in need, Clarriker & Co. gave him a position and he also rose to be a partner. Herbert married Clara Barley, the pretty daughter of old Bill Barley, a drunken, bed-ridden, gouty old purser whom she tended with the greatest care.

Herbert Pocket had a frank and easy way with him that was very taking. I had never seen any one then, and I have never seen any one since, who more strongly expressed to me, in every look and tone, a natural incapacity to do anything secret and mean. There was something wonderfully hopeful about his general air, and something that at the same time whispered to me he would never be very successful or rich. I don't know how this was. . . .

A pale young gentleman, and had a certain conquered languor about him in the midst of his spirits and briskness, that did not seem indicative of natural strength. He had

not a handsome face, but it was better than handsome: being extremely amiable and cheerful. His figure was a little ungainly. . . . I asked him, in the course of conversation, what he was? He replied, "A capitalist—an Insurer of Ships." I suppose he saw me glancing about the room in search of some tokens of Shipping, or capital, for he added, "In the City." . . .

"I shall not rest satisfied with merely employing my capital in insuring ships. I shall buy up some good Life Assurance shares, and cut into the Direction. I shall also do a little in the mining way. None of these things will interfere with my chartering a few thousand tons on my own account. I think I shall trade," said he, leaning back in his chair, "to the East Indies, for silks, shawls, spices, dyes, drugs, and precious woods. It's an interesting trade. I think I shall trade, also," said he, putting his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, "to the West Indies, for sugar, tobacco, and rum. Also to Ceylon, especially for elephants' tusks." Quite overpowered by the magnificence of these transactions, I asked him where the ships he insured mostly traded to at present?

"I haven't begun insuring yet," he replied. "I am looking about me. Yes. I am in a counting-house, and looking about me;

HERBERT POCKET

it doesn't pay me anything and I have to —— keep myself."

This certainly had not a profitable appearance, and I shook my head as if I would imply that it would be difficult to lay by much accumulative capital from such a source of income.

"But the thing is," said Herbert Pocket, "that you look about you. *That's* the grand thing. You are in a counting-house, you know, and you look about you."

Every morning, with an air ever new, Herbert went into the City to look about him. I often paid him a visit in the dark back-room in which he consorted with an ink-jar, a hat-peg, a coal-box, a string-box, an almanack, a desk and stool, and a ruler; and I do not remember that I ever saw him do anything else but look about him. If we all did what we undertake to do, as faithfully as Herbert did, we might live in a Republic of the Virtues. He had nothing else to do, poor fellow, except at a certain hour of every afternoon to "go to Lloyd's"—in observance of a ceremony of seeing his principal, I think. He never did anything else in connection with Lloyd's that I could find out, except come back again. When he felt his case unusually serious, and that he positively must find an opening, he would go on 'Change at a busy

time, and walk in and out, in a kind of gloomy country dance figure, among the assembled magnates. "For," says Herbert to me, coming home to dinner on one of those special occasions, "I find the truth to be, Handel, that an opening won't come to one, but one must go to it — so I have been."

Great Expectations, ch. xi, xxi-xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxiv, xxxvi-xliii, xlv-xlvii, xlix, l, liii-lv, lviii.

MATTHEW POCKET, *the father of Herbert Pocket, with whom Pip studied for some time; a relative of Miss Havisham.*

He had rather a perplexed expression of face, with his hair disordered on his head as if he didn't quite see his way to putting anything straight. . . .

He had been educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he had distinguished himself; but when he had had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket very early in life, he had impaired his prospects and taken up the calling of a Grinder. After grinding a number of dull blades — of whom it was remarkable that their fathers, when influential, were always going to help him to preferment, but always forgot to do it when the blades had left the Grindstone — he had wearied of that poor work and had come to London.

THE HON. ELIJAH POGRAM

Here, after gradually failing in loftier hopes, he had "read" with divers who had lacked opportunities or neglected them, and had refurbished divers others for special occasions, and had turned his acquirements to the account of literary compilation and correction, and on such means, added to some very moderate private resources, still maintained the house I saw. . . .

Mr. Pocket was a most delightful lecturer on domestic economy, and his treatises on the management of children and servants were considered the very best text-books on those themes. . . .

Mr. Pocket being justly celebrated for giving most excellent practical advice, and for having a clear and sound perception of things and a highly judicious mind, I had some notion in my heart-ache of begging him to accept my confidence. But happening to look up at Mrs. Pocket as she sat reading her book of dignities after prescribing Bed as a sovereign remedy for baby, I thought — Well,—No, I wouldn't.

Great Expectations, ch. xxii-xxiv, xxxiii, xxxix.

THE HONORABLE ELIJAH POGRAM, *the author of "The Pogram Defiance," "which rose so much con-test and preju-dice in Europe"*

—“one of the master minds of the country” whose acquaintance Martin Chuzzlewit made in America. He was a Member of Congress.

He had straight black hair, parted up the middle of his head, and hanging down upon his coat; a little fringe of hair upon his chin; wore no neckcloth; a white hat; a suit of black, long in the sleeves, and short in the legs; soiled brown stockings, and laced shoes. His complexion, naturally muddy, was rendered muddier by too strict an economy of soap and water; and the same observation will apply to the washable part of his attire, which he might have changed with comfort to himself, and gratification to his friends. He was about five-and-thirty; was crushed and jammed up in a heap, under the shade of a large green cotton umbrella; and ruminated over his tobacco-plug like a cow.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xxxiv.

MR. POTT, *editor of the Eatanswill Gazette.*

A tall, thin man, with a sandy-coloured head inclined to baldness, and a face in which solemn importance was blended with a look of unfathomable profundity. He was dressed in a long brown surtout, with a black cloth waistcoat, and drab trousers. A double eyeglass dangled at his waistcoat: and on his head he wore a very low-crowned hat with a

broad brim. The new comer was introduced to Mr. Pickwick as Mr. Pott, the editor of the Eatanswill Gazette. After a few preliminary remarks, Mr. Pott turned round to Mr. Pickwick, and said with solemnity —

“This contest excites great interest in the metropolis, Sir?”

“I believe it does,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“To which I have reason to know,” said Pott, looking towards Mr. Perker for corroboration,—“to which I have reason to know my article of last Saturday in some degree contributed.”

“Not the least doubt of that,” said the little man.

“The press is a mighty engine, Sir,” said Pott.

Mr. Pickwick yielded his fullest assent to the proposition.

Pickwick Papers, ch. xiii, xv, xviii.

MISS PROSS, sister of Solomon Pross (John Barsad), Lucie Manette's maid, a tough, loyal, and faithful creature. In concealing the last flight of the Manettes to England she is involved in a struggle with Madame Defarge—who attacks her with a pistol. Miss Pross strikes it at the moment of firing and the charge kills the would-be murderess. Miss Pross closely veiled succeeds in escaping to England in safety.

MISS PROSS

A wild-looking woman, whom even in his agitation, Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red colour, and to have red hair, and to be dressed in some extraordinary tight-fitting fashion, and to have on her head a most wonderful bonnet like a Grenadier wooden measure, and good measure too,—or a great Stilton cheese. . . .

Miss Pross was a pleasant sight, albeit wild, and red, and grim, taking off her darling's bonnet when she came up-stairs, and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair if she had been the vainest and handsomest of women. Her darling was a pleasant sight too, embracing her and thanking her, and protesting against her taking so much trouble for her—which last she only dared to do playfully, or Miss Pross, sorely hurt, would have retired to her own chamber and cried. . . .

Mr. Lorry knew Miss Pross to be very jealous, but he also knew her by this time to be, beneath the surface of her eccentricity, one of those unselfish creatures—found only among women—who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves, to

youth when they have lost it, to beauty that they never had, to accomplishments that they were never fortunate enough to gain, to bright hopes that never shone upon their own sombre lives. He knew enough of the world to know that there is nothing in it better than the faithful service of the heart; so rendered and and so free from any mercenary taint, he had such an exalted respect for it, that in the retributive arrangements made by his own mind—we will make such arrangements, more or less—he stationed Miss Pross much nearer to the lower Angels than many ladies immeasurably better got up both by Nature and Art, who had balances at Tellson's.

A Tale of Two Cities, Book I, ch. iv; Book II, ch. vi, x, xvii-xix, xxi; Book III, ch. ii, iii, vii, viii, xiv.

UNCLE PUMBLEHOOK, *uncle to Joe Gargery—a well-to-do cornhandler and seedsman. He is the torment of Pip's life, discussing his character and prospects in the boy's presence, posing always as the architect of the lad's fortunes, and when Pip later on is reduced to poverty becomes as ostentatiously compassionate and forgiving as he had been servile formerly.*

A large, hard-breathing, middle-aged, slow

UNCLE PUMBLECHOOK

man, with a mouth like a fish; dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been all but choked, and had that moment come to. . . . Mr. Pumblechook wore corduroys, and so did his shopman; and somehow, there was a general air and flavour about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general air and flavour about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that Mr. Pumblechook appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler, who appeared to transact *his* business by keeping his eye on the coach-maker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. . . .

Mr. Pumblechook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlour behind the shop, while the shopman took his mug of tea and hunch of bread-and-butter on a sack of peas in the front premises. I considered Mr. Pumblechook wretched company. Besides being possessed by my sister's idea that a mortifying and penitential character ought to be imparted to my diet—besides giving me as much

crumb as possible in combination with as little butter, and putting such a quantity of warm water into my milk that it would have been more candid to have left the milk out altogether—his conversation consisted of nothing but arithmetic. On my politely bidding him Good morning, he said, pompously, “Seven times nine, boy?” And how should I be able to answer, dodged in that way, in a strange place, on an empty stomach! I was hungry, but before I had swallowed a morsel, he began a running sum that lasted all through the breakfast. “Seven?” “And four?” “And eight?” “And six?” “And two?” “And ten?” And so on. And after each figure was disposed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sup, before the next came; while he sat at his ease guessing nothing, and eating bacon and hot roll, in (if I may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gormandising manner.

Great Expectations, ch. iv-ix, xiii, xv, xix, xxxv, lviii.

DANIEL QUILP, a repulsive character, the incarnation of deviltry and wickedness. He treats his wife, a pretty little, mild-spoken, blue-eyed woman, with fiendish cruelty and is ready for any criminal enterprise. At length, when pursued by the police for his various

DANIEL QUILP

crimes, he falls into the Thames and is drowned. His wife comes into his ill-gotten gains and marries again, this time happily.

An elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his mouth and chin, bristly with the stubble of a coarse hard beard; and his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added most to the grotesque expression of his face, was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit and to have no connexion with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discoloured fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. Such hair as he had, was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowzy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough coarse grain, were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long, and yellow. . . .

DANIEL QUILP

The creature appeared quite horrible with his monstrous head and little body, as he rubbed his hands slowly round and round, and round again—with something fantastic even in his manner of performing this slight action—and, dropping his shaggy brows and cocking his chin in the air, glanced upwards with a stealthy look of exultation that an imp might have copied and appropriated to himself. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Quilp resided on Tower Hill; and in her bower on Tower Hill Mrs. Quilp was left to pine the absence of her lord, when he quitted her.

Mr. Quilp could scarcely be said to be of any particular trade or calling, though his pursuits were diversified and his occupations numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the waterside, advanced money to the seamen and petty officers of merchant vessels, had a share in the ventures of divers mates of East Indiamen, smoked his smuggled cigars under the very nose of the Custom House, and made appointments on 'Change with men in glazed hats and round jackets pretty well every day. On the Surrey side of the river was a small rat-infested dreary yard called "Quilp's Wharf," in which were a little wooden counting-house burrowing all awry in the dust as

if it had fallen from the clouds and ploughed into the ground; a few fragments of rusty anchors; several large iron rings; some piles of rotten wood; and two or three heaps of old sheet copper, crumpled, cracked, and battered. On Quilp's Wharf, Daniel Quilp was a ship-breaker, yet to judge from these appearances he must either have been a ship-breaker on a very small scale, or have broken his ships up very small indeed.

The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. iii-vi, ix, xi-xiii, xxiii, xxvii, xxx, xli, xlviii-li, lx, lxii, lxiv, lxvii, lxxiii.

RIGAUD, *alias* BLANDOIS, *alias* LAGNIER, *a scoundrel with a certain polish of manners, a true chevalier d'industrie. He murdered his wife—was put in jail, and escaped to England. He gained a knowledge of Mrs. Clenman's frauds and tried to extort a large sum of hush money. While waiting in her house for her return he is suddenly killed by the collapse of the building.*

He was waiting to be fed; looking sideways through the bars, that he might see the further down the stairs, with much of the expression of a wild beast in similar expectation. But his eyes, too close together, were not so nobly set in his head as those of the king of beasts are in his, and they were sharp

rather than bright—pointed weapons with little surface to betray them. They had no depth or change; they glittered, and they opened and shut. So far, and waiving their use to himself, a clockmaker could have made a better pair. He had a hook nose, handsome after its kind, but too high between the eyes, by probably just as much as his eyes were too near to one another. For the rest, he was large and tall in frame, had thin lips, where his thick moustache showed them at all, and a quantity of dry hair, of no definable colour, in its shaggy state, but shot with red. The hand with which he held the grating (seamed all over the back with ugly scratches newly healed), was unusually small and plump; would have been unusually white, but for the prison grime. . . .

“I am a cosmopolitan gentleman. I own no particular country. My father was Swiss—Canton de Vaud. My mother was French by blood, English by birth. I myself was born in Belgium. I am a citizen of the world.” . . .

“Call me five-and-thirty years of age. I have seen the world. I have lived here, and lived there, and lived like a gentleman everywhere. I have been treated and respected as a gentleman universally. If you try to prejudice me, by making out that I have lived by

my wits — how do your lawyers live — your politicians — your intriguers — your men of the Exchange? ”

In dry clothes and scented linen, with sleeked hair, a great ring on each forefinger, and a massive show of watch-chain, Mr. Blandois waiting for his dinner, lolling on a window-seat with his knees drawn up, looked (for all the difference in the setting of the jewel) fearfully and wonderfully like a certain Monsieur Rigaud who had once so waited for his breakfast, lying on the stone ledge of the iron grating of a cell in a villanous dungeon at Marseilles.

His greed at dinner, too, was closely in keeping with the greed of Monsieur Rigaud at breakfast. His avaricious manner of collecting all the eatables about him, and devouring some with his eyes, while devouring others with his jaws, was the same manner. His utter disregard of other people, as shown in his way of tossing the little womanly toys of furniture about, flinging favourite cushions under his boots for a softer rest, and crushing delicate coverings with his big body and his great black head, had the same brute selfishness at the bottom of it. The softly moving hands that were so busy among the dishes had the old wicked facility of the hands that had clung to the bars. And when he could eat

no more, and sat sucking his delicate fingers one by one and wiping them on a cloth, there wanted nothing but the substitution of vine-leaves to finish the picture.

On this man, with his moustache going up and his nose coming down in that most evil of smiles, and with his surface eyes looking as if they belonged to his dyed hair, and had had their natural power of reflecting light stopped by some similar process, Nature, always true, and never working in vain, had set the mark, Beware! It was not her fault, if the warning were fruitless. She is never to blame in any such instance.

*Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. i, xi, xxix, xxx;
Book II, ch. i, iii, vi, vii, ix, x, xvii, xx,
xxii, xxiii, xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxiii.*

BARNABY RUDGE, a wild waif who picked up a living anyhow and wandered anywhere with a raven—"Grip"—for constant companion. His father was the murderer of Reuben Haredale, and although the boy was born with a horror of the sight of blood, when he was overtaken by a mob of the Gordon rioters he eagerly joined in their work of pillage and destruction. His strength and agility made him a valuable accession and he fought until he was overpowered, taken prisoner and condemned to death. On the eve of

BARNABY RUDGE

his execution a pardon was secured for him. He is one of the most powerful and vivid characters ever portrayed in fiction.

He was about three-and-twenty years old, and though rather spare, of a fair height and strong make. His hair, of which he had a great profusion, was red, and hanging in disorder about his face and shoulders, gave to his restless looks an expression quite unearthly — enhanced by the paleness of his complexion, and the glassy lustre of his large protruding eyes. Startling as his aspect was, the features were good, and there was something even plaintive in his wan and haggard aspect. But the absence of the soul is far more terrible in a living man than in a dead one; and in this unfortunate being its noblest powers were wanting.

His dress was of green, clumsily trimmed here and there — apparently by his own hands — with gaudy lace; brightest where the cloth was most worn and soiled, and poorest where it was at the best. A pair of tawdry ruffles dangled at his wrists, while his throat was nearly bare. He had ornamented his hat with a cluster of peacock's feathers, but they were limp and broken, and now trailed negligently down his back. Girded to his side was the steel hilt of an old sword without blade or scabbard; and some parti-coloured ends of

ribands and poor glass toys completed the ornamental portion of his attire. The fluttered and confused disposition of all the motley scraps that formed his dress, bespoke, in a scarcely less degree than his eager and unsettled manner, the disorder of his mind, and by a grotesque contrast set off and heightened the more impressive wildness of his face. . .

Some time elapsed before Barnaby got the better of the shock, he had sustained, or regained his old health and gaiety. But he recovered by degrees: and although he could never separate his condemnation and escape from the idea of a terrific dream, he became, in other respects, more rational. Dating from the time of his recovery, he had a better memory and greater steadiness of purpose; but a dark cloud overhung his whole previous existence, and never cleared away.

He was not the less happy for this; for his love of freedom and interest in all that moved or grew, or had its being in the elements, remained to him unimpaired. He lived with his mother on the Maypole farm, tending the poultry and the cattle, working in a garden of his own, and helping everywhere. He was known to every bird and beast about the place, and had a name for every one. Never was there a lighter-hearted husbandman, a creature more popular with young and old, a

blither or more happy soul than Barnaby: and though he was free to ramble where he would, he never quitted Her, but was for evermore her stay and comfort.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. iii-vi, x-xii, xvii, xxv, xxvi, xlv-l, lii, liii, lvii, lviii, lx, lxii, lxv, lxviii, lxix, lxxii, lxxv-lxxvii, lxxix, lxxxii.

MR. RUDGE, *Barnaby's father, and steward to Mr. Reuben Haredale, whom he murdered. After wandering about for years, shunned by and shunning his fellow men, and keeping his unfortunate wife in terror, by appearing from time to time to demand money, he was finally captured and executed.*

A man wrapped in a loose riding-coat with huge cuffs ornamented with tarnished silver lace and large metal buttons, who sat apart from the regular frequenters of the house, and wearing a hat flapped over his face, which was still further shaded by the hand on which his forehead rested. . . .

The stranger took off his hat, and disclosed the hard features of a man of sixty or thereabouts, much weather-beaten and worn by time, and the naturally harsh expression of which was not improved by a dark handkerchief which was bound tightly round his head, and, while it served the purpose of a wig,

shaded his forehead, and almost hid his eyebrows. If it were intended to conceal or divert attention from a deep gash, now healed into an ugly seam, which when it was first inflicted must have laid bare his cheekbone, the object was but indifferently attained, for it could scarcely fail to be noted at a glance. His complexion was of a cadaverous hue, and he had a grizzly jagged beard of some three week's date. . . .

Among all the dangerous characters who prowled and skulked in the metropolis at night, there was one man from whom many as uncouth and fierce as he shrank with an involuntary dread. Who he was, or whence he came, was a question often asked, but which none could answer. His name was unknown, he had never been seen until within eight days or thereabouts, and was equally a stranger to the old ruffians, upon whose haunts he ventured fearlessly, as to the young. He could be no spy, for he never removed his slouched hat to look about him, entered into conversation with no man, heeded nothing that passed, listened to no discourse, regarded nobody that came or went. But so surely as the dead of night set in, so surely this man was in the midst of the loose concourse in the night-cellar where outcasts of every grade resorted; and there he sat till morning.

He was not only a spectre at their licentious feasts; a something in the midst of their revelry and riot that chilled and haunted them; but out of doors he was the same. Directly it was dark, he was abroad—never in company with any one, but always alone; never lingering or loitering but always walking swiftly; and looking (so they said who had seen him) over his shoulder from time to time, and as he did so quickening his pace. In the fields, the lanes, the roads, in all quarters of the town—east, west, north, and south—that man was seen gliding on, like a shadow. He was always hurrying away. Those who encountered him, saw him steal past, caught sight of the backward glance, and so lost him in the darkness.

This constant restlessness, and flitting to and fro, gave rise to strange stories. He was seen in such distant and remote places, at times so nearly tallying with each other, that some doubted whether there were not two of them, or more—some, whether he had not unearthly means of travelling from spot to spot. The footpad hiding in a ditch had marked him passing like a ghost along its brink; the vagrant had met him on the dark high-road; the beggar had seen him pause upon the bridge to look down at the water, and then sweep on again; they who dealt in

bodies with the surgeons could swear he slept in churchyards, and that they had beheld him glide away among the tombs on their approach. And as they told these stories to each other, one who had looked about him would pull his neighbour by the sleeve, and there he would be among them.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. i-iii, v, vi, xvi-xviii, xxxiii, xlv, xlvi, lv, lvi, lxi, lxii, lxv, lxviii, lxix, lxxiii, lxxvi.

MRS. RUDGE, *the mother of Barnaby Rudge*.

She was about forty — perhaps two or three years older — with a cheerful aspect, and a face that had once been pretty. It bore traces of affliction and care, but they were of an old date, and Time had smoothed them. Any one who had bestowed but a casual glance on Barnaby might have known that this was his mother, from the strong resemblance between them; but where in his face there was wildness and vacancy, in hers there was the patient composure of long effort and quiet resignation.

One thing about this face was very strange and startling. You could not look upon it in its most cheerful mood without feeling that it had some extraordinary capacity of expressing terror. It was not on the surface. It was in no one feature that it lingered. You

could not take the eyes, or mouth, or lines upon the cheek, and say, if this or that were otherwise, it would not be so. Yet there it always lurked — something for ever dimly seen, but ever there, and never absent for a moment. It was the faintest, palest shadow of some look, to which an instant of intense and most unutterable horror only could have given birth; but indistinct and feeble as it was, it did suggest what that look must have been, and fixed it in the mind as if it had had existence in a dream.

More faintly imaged, and wanting force and purpose, as it were, because of his darkened intellect, there was this same stamp upon the son. Seen in a picture, it must have had some legend with it, and would have haunted those who looked upon the canvas. They who knew the Maypole story, and could remember what the widow was, before her husband's and his master's murder, understood it well. They recollected how the change had come, and could call to mind that when her son was born, upon the very day the deed was known, he bore upon his wrist what seemed a smear of blood but half washed out.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. iv-vi, xvi, xvii, xxv, xxvi, xliii, xlv-l, lvii, lxii, lxix, lxxiii, lxxvi, lxxix, lxxxiii.

MR. BOB SAWYER, a crony of Mr. Ben Allen (q. v.), and a fellow medical student whose acquaintance Mr. Pickwick makes at Mr. Wardle's. He afterwards sets up as a medical practitioner at Bristol, where Mr. Winkle meets him, as "Sawyer late Nockemorf"—but the practice is pretty much of a sham, and he passed through the Gazette afterwards "passing over to Bengal with Mr. Benjamin Allen, having received appointments from the East India Company where they had yellow fever fourteen times. They then resolved to try a little abstinence, since which period they have been doing well."

Mr. Bob Sawyer, who was habited in a coarse blouse coat, which, without being either greatcoat or surtout, partook of the nature and qualities of both, had about him that sort of slovenly smartness, and swaggering gait, which is peculiar to young gentlemen who smoke in the streets by day, shout and scream in the same by night, call waiters by their christian names, and do various other acts and deeds of an equally facetious description. He wore a pair of plaid trousers, and a large rough double-breasted waistcoat; and out of doors, carried a thick stick with a big top. He eschewed gloves, and looked, upon the whole, something like a dissipated Robinson Crusoe.

BILL SIKES

Pickwick Papers, ch. xxx, xxxi, xxxviii, xlvi, l-lii, lvii.

BILL SIKES, a black-hearted and brutal thief and housebreaker, who had for his mistress the faithful and devoted Nancy. She defends Oliver from his brutality, and imparts to his friends a plot against him. She is watched and Fagin tells Sikes that she has informed against them. Thereupon he brutally murders the girl and flees into the country. He returns to London thinking to escape to France, he is tracked to his hiding place and in endeavoring to escape from the roof by means of a rope he is caught in it by the neck and strangled to death.

A stoutly-built fellow of about five-and-thirty, in a black velveteen coat, very soiled drab breeches, laced-up half boots, and grey cotton stockings, which inclosed a very bulky pair of legs, with large swelling calves; the kind of legs, that in such costume, always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on his head, and a dirty Belcher handkerchief round his neck: with the long frayed ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke; disclosing, when he had done so, a broad heavy countenance with a beard of three days'

growth, and two scowling eyes; one of which displayed various parti-coloured symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow. . .

In the obscure parlour of a low public-house, situate in the filthiest part of Little Saffron Hill; a dark and gloomy den, where a flaring gas-light burnt all day in the winter-time: and where no ray of sun ever shone in the summer; there sat, brooding over a little pewter measure and a small glass, strongly impregnated with the smell of liquor, a man in a velveteen coat, drab shorts, half boots, and stockings, whom, even by that dim light, no experienced agent of police would have hesitated for one instant to recognize as Mr. William Sikes. At his feet, sat a white-coated, red-eyed dog; who occupied himself, alternately, in winking at his master with both eyes at the same time; and in licking a large, fresh cut on one side of his mouth, which appeared to be the result of some recent conflict.

“Keep quiet, you warmint! Keep quiet!” said Mr. Sikes, suddenly breaking silence. Whether his meditations were so intense as to be disturbed by the dog’s winking, or whether his feelings were so wrought upon by his reflections that they required all the relief derivable from kicking an unoffending animal to allay them, is matter for argument and

consideration. Whatever was the cause, the effect was a kick and a curse bestowed upon the dog simultaneously.

Dogs are not generally apt to revenge injuries inflicted upon them by their masters; but Mr. Sikes's dog, having faults of temper in common with his owner: and labouring, perhaps, at this moment, under a powerful sense of injury: made no more ado but at once fixed his teeth in one of the half-boots. Having given it a hearty shake, he retired, growling, under a form; thereby just escaping the pewter measure which Mr. Sikes levelled at his head.

"You would, would you?" said Sikes, seizing the poker in one hand, and deliberately opening with the other a large clasp-knife, which he drew from his pocket. "Come here, you born devil! Come here! D'ye hear?"

The dog no doubt heard; because Mr. Sikes spoke in the very harshest key of a very harsh voice; but, appearing to entertain some unaccountable objection to having his throat cut, he remained where he was, and growled more fiercely than before: at the same time grasping the end of the poker between his teeth, and biting at it like a wild beast.

This resistance only infuriated Mr. Sikes the more; who, dropping on his knees, began

SIR BARNET SKETTLES

to assail the animal most furiously. The dog jumped from right to left, and from left to right: snapping, growling, and barking; the man thrust and swore, and struck and blasphemed; and the struggle was reaching a most critical point for one or other; when, the door suddenly opening, the dog darted out: leaving Bill Sikes with the poker and the clasp-knife in his hands.

Oliver Twist, ch. xiii, xv, xvi, xix-xxii, xxviii, xxxix, xliv, xlvii, xlviii, l.

SIR BARNET SKETTLES *was a member of the House of Commons and lived in a pretty villa at Fulham, where Florence Dombey went on a visit.*

Sir Barnet Skettles expressed his personal consequence chiefly through an antique gold snuff-box, and a ponderous silk pocket-handkerchief, which he had an imposing manner of drawing out of his pocket like a banner, and using with both hands at once. Sir Barnet's object in life was constantly to extend the range of his acquaintance. Like a heavy body dropped into water — not to disparage so worthy a gentleman by the comparison — it was in the nature of things that Sir Barnet must spread an ever-widening circle about him, until there was no room let. Or, like a sound in air, the vibration

SIR BARNET SKETTLES

of which, according to the speculation of an ingenious modern philosopher, may go on travelling for ever through the interminable fields of space, nothing but coming to the end of his moral tether could stop Sir Barnet Skettles in his voyage of discovery through the social system.

Sir Barnet was proud of making people acquainted with people. He liked the thing for its own sake, and it advanced his favourite object too. For example, if Sir Barnet had the good fortune to get hold of a raw recruit, or a country gentleman, and ensnared him to his hospitable villa, Sir Barnet would say to him, on the morning after his arrival, "Now, my dear Sir, is there anybody you would like to know? Who is there you would wish to meet? Do you take any interest in writing people, or in painting, or sculpturing people, or in acting people, or in anything of that sort?" Possibly the patient answered yes, and mentioned somebody, of whom Sir Barnet had no more personal knowledge than of Ptolemy the Great. Sir Barnet replied, that nothing on earth was easier, as he knew him very well: immediately called on the afore-said somebody, left his card, wrote a short note, "My dear Sir — penalty of your eminent position — friend at my house naturally desirous — Lady Skettles and myself partici-

HAROLD SKIMPOLE

pate — trust that genius being superior to ceremonies, you will do us the distinguished favour of giving us the pleasure," &c., &c.— and so killed a brace of birds with one stone, dead as door-nails.

Danbey and Son, ch. xiv, xxiii, xxiv, xxviii, lx.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE, a *protégé* of Mr. John Jarndyce — brilliant, clever and attractive, but sentimental, selfish and unprincipled, with no idea of the value of money and content to live upon his friends, constantly being arrested for debt, and as constantly having his debts discharged for him.

He was a little bright creature, with a rather large head; but a delicate face, and a sweet voice, and there was a perfect charm in him. All he said was so free from effort and spontaneous, and was said with such a captivating gaiety, that it was fascinating to hear him talk. Being of a more slender figure than Mr. Jarndyce, and having a richer complexion, with browner hair, he looked younger. Indeed, he had more the appearance, in all respects, of a damaged young man, than a well-preserved elderly one. There was an easy negligence in his manner, and even in his dress (his hair carelessly disposed, and his neck-kerchief loose and flowing, as I

HAROLD SKIMPOLE

have seen artists paint their own portraits), which I could not separate from the idea of a romantic youth who had undergone some unique process of depreciation. It struck me as being not at all like the manner or appearance of a man who had advanced in life, by the usual road of years, cares, and experiences. . . .

He was so full of feeling, and had such a delicate sentiment for what was beautiful or tender, that he could have won a heart by that alone. . . .

Mr. Skimpole could play on the piano, and the violoncello; and he was a composer—had composed half an opera once, but got tired of it—and played what he composed, with taste. . . .

I gathered from the conversation, that Mr. Skimpole had been educated for the medical profession, and had once lived, in his professional capacity, in the household of a German prince. He told us, however, that as he had always been a mere child in point of weights and measures, and had never known anything about them (except that they disgusted him), he had never been able to prescribe with the requisite accuracy of detail. In fact, he said, he had no head for detail.

Bleak House, ch. iv, viii, ix, xv, xviii, xxxi, xxxvii, xliii, xlvi, lvii, lxi.

DOCTOR SLAMMER

DOCTOR SLAMMER. *Jingle having borrowed a dress suit from Mr. Winkle goes to the Charity Ball at the Bull Inn Rochester, and pays too much attention to the widow lady who is the object of Dr. Slammer's choice. The Pickwickian buttons on the coat cause Mr. Winkle to be taken for the offender and Dr. Slammer challenges him to a duel. On the field, Dr. Slammer discovers he is not the man and they become fast friends.*

One of the most popular personages, in his own circle, present, was a little fat man, with a ring of upright black hair round his head, and an extensive bald plain on the top of it—Doctor Slammer, surgeon to the 97th. The Doctor took snuff with every body, chatted with every body, laughed, danced, made jokes, played whist, did everything, and was everywhere. To these pursuits, multifarious as they were, the little Doctor added a more important one than any—he was indefatigable in paying the most unremitting and devoted attention to a little old widow, whose rich dress and profusion of ornament bespoke her a most desirable addition to a limited income.

Pickwick Papers, ch. ii, iii.

MR. SLUM

MR. SLUM, *a writer of poetical advertisements.*

A tallish gentleman with a hook nose and black hair, dressed in a military surtout very short and tight in the sleeves, and which had once been frogged and braided all over, but was now sadly shorn of its garniture and quite threadbare—dressed too in ancient grey pantaloons fitting tight to the leg, and a pair of pumps in the winter of their existence.

“Will you believe me,” said Mr. Slum; “when I say it’s the delight of my life to have dabbled in poetry, when I think I’ve exercised my pen upon this charming theme? By the way—any orders? Is there any little thing I can do for you?” . . .

“Ask the perfumers, ask the blacking makers, ask the hatters, ask the old lottery-office-keepers—ask any man among ’em what my poetry has done for him, and mark my words, he blesses the name of Slum. If he’s an honest man, he raises his eyes to heaven, and blesses the name of Slum—mark that! . . .

“You’ll find in a certain angle of that dreary pile, called Poets’ Corner, a few smaller names than Slum,” retorted that gentleman, tapping himself expressively on the forehead to imply that there was some slight quantity of brains behind it. “I’ve got a little trifle

here now," said Mr. Slum, taking off his hat which was full of scraps of paper, "a little trifle here, thrown off in the heat of the moment, which I should say was exactly the thing you wanted to set this place on fire with. It's an acrostic — the name at this moment is Warren, but the idea's a convertible one, and a positive inspiration for Jarley. Have the acrostic. . . .

Mr. Slum entered the order in a small notebook as a three-and-sixpenny one. Mr. Slum then withdrew to alter the acrostic, after taking a most affectionate leave of his patroness, and promising to return, as soon as he possibly could, with a fair copy for the printer.

The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. xxviii.

MR. SLURK, *Editor of the "Eatanswill Independent."*

He was a shortish gentleman, with very stiff black hair, cut in the porcupine or blacking-brush style, and standing stiff and straight all over his head; his aspect was pompous and threatening; his manner was peremptory; his eyes sharp and restless; and his whole bearing bespoke a feeling of great confidence in himself, and a consciousness of immeasurable superiority over all other people.

This gentleman was shown into the room

originally assigned to the patriotic Mr. Pott; and the waiter remarked, in dumb astonishment at the singular coincidence, that he had no sooner lighted the candles than the gentleman, diving into his hat, drew forth a newspaper, and began to read it with the very same expression of indignant scorn which upon the majestic features of Pott had paralysed his energies an hour before. The man observed too, that whereas Mr. Pott's scorn had been roused by a newspaper headed *The Eatanswill Independent*, this gentleman's withering contempt was awakened by a newspaper entitled the *Eatanswill Gazette*. . . .

"Are you the landlord?" enquired the gentleman.

"I am, Sir," replied the landlord.

"Do you know me?" demanded the gentleman.

"I have not that pleasure, Sir," rejoined the landlord.

"My name is Slurk," said the gentleman.

"Well, Sir, I do *not* know you."

"Good God!" said the stranger, dashing his clenched fist upon the table. "And this is popularity!"

The landlord took a step or two towards the door, and the stranger fixing his eyes upon him, resumed. "This," said the stranger, "this is gratitude for years of labour and

CHEVY SLYME

study in behalf of the masses. I alight wet and weary; no enthusiastic crowds press forward to greet their champion, the church-bells are silent; the very name elicits no responsive feeling in their torpid bosoms. It is enough," said the agitated Mr. Slurk, pacing to and fro, "to curdle the ink in one's pen, and induce one to abandon their cause for ever."

Pickwick Papers, ch. li. (See also Mr. Pott.)

CHEVY SLYME, a friend of Mr. Montague Tigg, and one of the many relatives of old Martin Chuzzlewit who were on the look-out for a share of his property.

Wretched and forlorn as he looked, Mr. Slyme had once been, in his way, the choicest of swaggerers: putting forth his pretensions, boldly, as a man of infinite taste and most undoubted promise. The stock-in-trade requisite to set up an amateur in this department of business is very slight, and easily got together; a trick of the nose and a curl of the lip sufficient to compound a tolerable sneer, being ample provision for any exigency. But, in an evil hour, this off-shot of the Chuzzlewit trunk, being lazy, and ill qualified for any regular pursuit, and having dissipated such means as he ever possessed, had formally established himself as a professor of

SMIKE

Taste for a livelihood; and finding, too late, that something more than his old amount of qualifications was necessary to sustain him in this calling, had quickly fallen to his present level, where he retained nothing of his old self but his boastfulness and his bile, and seemed to have no existence separate or apart from his friend Tigg. And now so abject and so pitiful was he—at once so maudlin, insolent, beggarly, and proud—that even his friend and parasite, standing erect beside him, swelled into a Man by contrast. . . .

Mr. Slyme—of too haughty a stomach to work, to beg, to borrow, or to steal; yet mean enough to be worked or borrowed, begged or stolen for, by any catspaw that would serve his turn; too insolent to lick the hand that fed him in his need, yet cur enough to bite and tear it in the dark—fell forward with his head upon the table, and so declined into a sodden sleep.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. iv, vii, li.

SMIKE, the son of Ralph Nickleby; who abandoned him; he was left with Squeers at Dotheboy's Hall when a small boy. Nicholas Nickleby rescues him, and they wander about together with a company of strolling players. He is captured by Squeers, set free by John Browdie and finally finds a

home with the Nicklebys. He cherishes a hopeless love for Nicholas' sister, Kate, and finally droops and dies from the effects of the hardships of his early life.

Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit, such as is usually put upon very little boys, and which, though most absurdly short in the arms and legs, was quite wide enough for his attenuated frame. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keeping with his singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. God knows how long he had been there, but he still wore the same linen which he had first taken down; for round his neck, was a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse man's neckerchief. He was lame. . . .

The wretched creature, Smike, since the night Nicholas had spoken kindly to him in the school-room, had followed him to and fro with an ever restless desire to serve or help him, anticipating such little wants as his humble ability could supply, and content only to be near him. He would sit beside him for hours looking patiently into his face, and a

word would brighten up his care-worn visage, and call into it a passing gleam even of happiness. He was an altered being; he had an object now, and that object was to show his attachment to the only person—that person a stranger—who had treated him, not to say with kindness, but like a human creature.

Upon this poor being all the spleen and ill-humour that could not be vented on Nicholas were unceasingly bestowed. Drudgery would have been nothing—he was well used to that. Buffetings inflicted without cause would have been equally a matter of course, for to them also he had served a long and weary apprenticeship; but it was no sooner observed that he had become attached to Nicholas, than stripes and blows, stripes and blows, morning, noon, and night, were his only portion. Squeers was jealous of the influence which his man had so soon acquired, and his family hated him, and Smique paid for both. Nicholas saw it, and ground his teeth at every repetition of the savage and cowardly attack. . . .

He had arranged a few regular lessons for the boys, and one night as he paced up and down the dismal school-room, his swollen heart almost bursting to think that his protection and countenance should have increased the misery of the wretched being whose pe-

SERGEANT SNUBBIN

culiar destitution had awakened his pity, he paused mechanically in a dark corner where sat the object of his thoughts.

The poor soul was poring hard over a tattered book with the traces of recent tears still upon his face, vainly endeavouring to master some task which a child of nine years old, possessed of ordinary powers, could have conquered with ease, but which to the addled brain of the crushed boy of nineteen was a sealed and hopeless mystery. Yet there he sat, patiently conning the page again and again, stimulated by no boyish ambition, for he was the common jest and scoff even of the uncouth objects that congregated about him, but inspired by the one eager desire to please his solitary friend.

Nicholas Nickleby, ch. vii, viii, xii, xiii, xv, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxv, xxix, xxx, xxxii, xxxv, xxvii-xl, xlv, xlix, lv, lvii.

SERGEANT SNUBBIN, *the senior counsel for Mr. Pickwick in Mrs. Bardell's suit against him for Breach of Promise.*

Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was a lantern-faced, sallow-complexioned man, of about five-and-forty, or — as the novels say — he might be fifty. He had that dull-looking boiled eye which is so often to be seen in the heads of people who have applied themselves during

SERGEANT SNUBBIN

many years to a weary and laborious course of study; and which would have been sufficient, without the additional eyeglass which dangled from a broad black riband round his neck, to warn a stranger that he was very near-sighted. His hair was thin and weak, which was partly attributable to his having never devoted much time to its arrangement, and partly to his having worn for five-and-twenty years the forensic wig which hung on a block beside him. The marks of hair-powder on his coat-collar, and the ill-washed and worse tied white neckerchief round his throat, showed that he had not found leisure since he left the court to make any alteration in his dress; while the slovenly style of the remainder of his costume warranted the inference that his personal appearance would not have been very much improved if he had. Books of practice, heaps of papers, and opened letters, were scattered over the table without any attempt at order or arrangement; the furniture of the room was old and rickety; the doors of the book-case were rotting in their hinges; the dust flew out from the carpet in little clouds at every step; the blinds were yellow with age and dirt; and the state of everything in the room showed, with a clearness not to be mistaken, that Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was far too much

occupied with his professional pursuits to take any great heed or regard of his personal comforts.

Pickwick Papers, xxxi, xxxiv.

MR. FRANCIS SPENLOW, the father of Dora, who became David Copperfield's first wife. He was partner in the firm of Spenlow & Jorkins (proctors in Doctors Common) to which Copperfield was articled. In spite of his assertions that his affairs were all in order and Dora well provided for, it came out after his sudden death, that he had made no will, and had been living beyond his means, leaving his daughter without resources.

Mr. Spenlow, in a black gown trimmed with white fur, came hurrying in, taking off his hat as he came. He was a little light-haired gentleman, with undeniable boots, and the stiffest of white cravats and shirt-collars. He was buttoned up mighty trim and tight, and must have taken a great deal of pains with his whiskers, which were accurately curled. His gold watch-chain was so massive, that a fancy came across me, that he ought to have a sinewy golden arm, to draw it out with, like those which are put up over the gold-beaters' shops. He was got up with such care, and was so stiff, that he could hardly bend himself; being obliged, when he glanced

WACKFORD SQUEERS

at some papers on his desk, after sitting down in his chair, to move his whole body, from the bottom of his spine, like Punch.

David Copperfield, ch. xxiii, xxvi, xxix, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii.

WACKFORD SQUEERS, *the Yorkshire school master who ran Dotheboys Hall, by whom Nicholas Nickleby was engaged. He was brutal, rapacious and ignorant. After a long career he receives his just deserts for he was transported for seven years for stealing a will and Dotheboys Hall was broken up.*

Mr. Squeers's appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two. The eye he had was unquestionably useful, but decidedly not ornamental, being of a greenish grey, and in shape resembling the fan-light of a street door. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which time his expression bordered closely on the villanous. His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends, where it was brushed stiffly up from a low protruding forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner. He was about two or three and fifty, and a trifle below the middle size; he wore a white necker-

chief with long ends, and a suit of scholastic black, but his coat sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable.

Nicholas Nickleby, ch. iv-ix, xiii, xxxiv, xxxviii, xxxix, xlii, xlv, lvi, lvii, lix, lx, lxv.

MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH, *the judge who presided at the trial of Bardell vs. Pickwick.*

Mr. Justice Stareleigh (who sat in the absence of the Chief Justice, occasioned by indisposition), was a most particularly short man, and so fat that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar, who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig. . . .

Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up, in the old-established and most approved form. He read as much of his notes to the jury as he could decipher on so short a notice, and made

running comments on the evidence as he went along. If Mrs. Bardell was right, it was perfectly clear Mr. Pickwick was wrong, and if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence they would believe it, and, if they didn't, why they wouldn't. If they were satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage had been committed, they would find for the plaintiff with such damages as they thought proper; and if, on the other hand, it appears to them that no promise of marriage had ever been given, they would find for the defendant with no damages at all. The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the Judge retired to *his* private room, to refresh himself with a mutton chop and a glass of sherry.

Pickwick Papers, ch. xxxiv.

THE REV. MR. STIGGINS, *alias* "THE SHEPHERD," a hypocritical, drunken, canting parson who ministers to a fanatical flock of women of which Mrs. Weller the elder is one. His career comes to an ignominious end after her death and Mr. Weller is avenged.

He was a prim-faced, red-nosed man, with a long thin countenance and a semi-rattlesnake sort of eye—rather sharp, but decidedly bad. He wore very short trousers, and black-cotton stockings, which, like the

rest of his apparel, were particularly rusty. His looks were starched, but his white neckerchief was not; and its long limp ends straggled over his closely-buttoned waistcoat in a very uncouth and unpicturesque fashion. A pair of old, worn, beaver gloves, a broad-brimmed hat, and a faded green umbrella, with plenty of whalebone sticking through the bottom as if to counterbalance the want of a handle at the top, lay on a chair beside him; and being disposed in a very tidy and careful manner seemed to imply that the red-nosed man whoever he was, had no intention of going away in a hurry.

To do the red-nosed man justice, he would have been very far from wise if he had entertained any such intention, for, to judge from all appearances, he must have been possessed of a most desirable circle of acquaintance, if he could have reasonably expected to be more comfortable anywhere else. The fire was blazing brightly, under the influence of the bellows, and the kettle was singing gaily, under the influence of both. A small tray of tea-things was arranged on the table; a plate of hot buttered toast was gently simmering before the fire; and the red-nosed man himself was busily engaged in converting a large slice of bread, into the same agreeable edible, through the instrumentality of a long

brass toasting-fork. Besides him, stood a glass of reeking hot pine-apple rum and water, with a slice of lemon in it: and every time the red-nosed man stopped to bring the round of bread to his eye, with the view of ascertaining how it got on, he imbibed a drop or two of the hot pine-apple rum and water, and smiled upon the rather stout lady, as she blew the fire.

Pickwick Papers, ch. xxvii, xxxiii, xlv, lii.

DR. STRONG, a charming and amiable school master in Canterbury at whose school David Copperfield was educated. He was absorbed in the making of a new Dictionary, in which Copperfield helped him later. He was married to a wife much younger than himself, who, though strongly tempted from her allegiance to him by an early affection for a young cousin, remained loyal and true.

My new master, Doctor Strong, looked almost as rusty, to my thinking, as the tall iron rails and gates outside the house; and almost as stiff and heavy as the great stone urns that flanked them, and were set up, on the top of the red-brick wall, at regular distances all round the court, like sublimated skittles, for Time to play at. He was in his library (I mean Doctor Strong was), with his clothes not particularly well brushed, and his

hair not particularly well combed; his knee-smalls unbraced; his long back gaiters unbuttoned; and his shoes yawning like two caverns on the hearth-rug. Turning upon me a lustreless eye, that reminded me of a long-forgotten blind old horse who once used to crop the grass, and tumble over the graves, in Blunderstone churchyard, he said he was glad to see me: and then he gave me his hand; which I didn't know what to do with, as it did nothing for itself. . . .

The Doctor was the idol of the whole school: and it must have been a badly-composed school if he had been anything else, for he was the kindest of men; with a simple faith in him that might have touched the stone hearts of the very urns upon the wall. As he walked up and down that part of the courtyard which was at the side of the house, with the stray rooks and jackdaws looking after him with their heads cocked slyly, as if they knew how much more knowing they were in worldly affairs than he, if any sort of vagabond could only get near enough to his creaking shoes to attract his attention to one sentence of a tale of distress, that vagabond was made for the next two days. It was so notorious in the house, that the masters and head-boys took pains to cut these marauders off at angles, and to

get out of windows, and turn them out of the courtyard, before they could make the Doctor aware of their presence; which was sometimes happily effected within a few yards of him, without his knowing anything of the matter, as he jogged to and fro. Outside his own domain, and unprotected, he was a very sheep for the shearers. He would have taken his gaiters off his legs, to give away. In fact, there was a story current among us (I have no idea, and never had, on what authority, but I have believed it for so many years that I feel quite certain it is true), that on a frosty day, one winter-time, he actually did bestow his gaiters on a beggar-woman, who occasioned some scandal in the neighborhood by exhibiting a fine infant from door to door, wrapped in those garments, which were universally recognised, being as well known in the vicinity as the Cathedral. The legend added that the only person who did not identify them was the Doctor himself, who, when they were shortly afterwards displayed at the door of a little second-hand shop of no very good repute, where such things were taken in exchange for gin, was more than once observed to handle them approvingly, as if admiring some curious novelty in the pattern, and considering them an improvement on his own.

MR. STRYVER

David Copperfield, ch. xvi, xvii, xix, xxxvi, xxxix, xlii, xlv, lxii, lxiv.

MR. STRYVER ("BULLY STRYVER"), the London Barrister who was counsel for Charles Darnay in his trial when accused of being a spy — the patron of Sydney Carton.

A man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy, had a pushing way of shouldering himself (morally and physically) in companies and conversations, that argued well for his shouldering his way up in life. . . .

A favourite at the Old Bailey, and eke at the Sessions, Mr. Stryver had begun cautiously to hew away the lower staves of the ladder on which he mounted. Sessions and Old Bailey had now to summon their favourite, specially to their longing arms; and shouldering itself towards the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the florid countenance of Mr. Stryer might be daily seen, bursting out of the bed of wigs, like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from among a rank garden-full of flaring companions. . . .

Mr. Stryver shouldered his way from the Temple, while the bloom of the Long Vacation's infancy was still upon it. Anybody

MR. STRYVER

who had seen him projecting himself into Soho, while he was yet on Saint Dunstan's side of Temple Bar, bursting in his full-blown way along the pavement, to the jostlement of all weaker people, might have seen how safe and strong he was. . . .

It was Stryver's grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place, or space. He was so much too big for Tellson's, that old clerks in distant corners looked up with looks of remonstrance, as though he squeezed them against the wall. The House itself, magnificently reading the paper quite in the far-off perspective, lowered displeased, as if the Stryver head had been butted into its responsible waistcoat. . . .

[Stryver] had his slippers on and a loose bed-gown, and his throat was bare for greater ease. He had that rather cold, strained, seared marking about the eyes which may be observed in all free livers of his class from the portrait of Jeffries downward, and which can be traced under various disguises of art, through the portraits of every Drinking Age.

A Tale of Two Cities, Book II, ch. ii-v, xi, xxi, xxiv.

DICK SWIVELLER

DICK SWIVELLER, a roysterer, but a good-hearted fellow. He was clerk to Sampson Brass and a friend of Fred Trent. He aspires to the hand of Little Nell in the hope of getting the fortune it is supposed her grandfather is hoarding up. After a severe illness, during which he is nursed by the "Marchioness," the small servant in the house of Sampson Brass, he falls into an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a year and marries the Marchioness.

He took occasion to apologize for any negligence that might be perceptible in his dress on the ground that last night he had had "the Sun very strong in his eyes," by which expression he was understood to convey in the most delicate manner possible the information that he had been extremely drunk. . . .

It was perhaps not very unreasonable to suspect from what had already passed, that Mr. Swiveller was not quite recovered from the effects of the powerful sunlight to which he had made allusion; but if no such suspicion had been awakened by his speech, his wiry hair, dull eyes, and sallow face, would still have been strong witnesses against him. His attire was not as he had himself hinted, remarkable for the nicest arrangement, but was in a state of disorder which strongly induced the idea that he had gone to bed in

DICK SWIVELLER

it. It consisted of a brown body-coat with a great many brass buttons up the front and only one behind, a bright check neckerchief, a plaid waistcoat, soiled white trousers, and a very limp hat, worn with the wrong side foremost, to hide a hole in the brim. The breast of his coat was ornamented with an outside pocket from which there peeped forth the cleanest end of a very large and very ill-favoured handkerchief; his dirty wristbands were pulled down as far as possible and ostentatiously folded back over his cuffs; he displayed no gloves, and carried a yellow cane having at the top a bone hand with the semblance of a ring on its little finger and a black ball in its grasp. With all these personal advantages (to which may be added a strong savour of tobacco-smoke, and a prevailing greasiness of appearance) Mr. Swiveller leant back in his chair with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and occasionally pitching his voice to the needful key, obliged the company with a few bars of an intensely dismal air, and then, in the middle of a note, relapsed into his former silence. . . .

“I enter in this little book the names of the streets that I can’t go down while the shops are open. This dinner to-day closes Long Acre. I bought a pair of boots in Great Queen Street last week, and made that no

thoroughfare too. There's only one avenue to the Strand left open now, and I shall have to stop up that to-night with a pair of gloves. The roads are closing so fast in every direction, that in about a month's time unless my aunt sends me a remittance, I shall have to go three or four miles out of town to get over the way."

The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. ii, iii, vii, viii, xiii, xxi, xxiii, xxxiv-xxxviii, xlviii-l, lvi-lxvi, lxviii.

MARK TAPLEY, hostler at Mrs. Lupin's Blue Dragon Inn, strong in the belief that he could "come out strong" in circumstances that would make other men miserable. Life at the Blue Dragon is too cheerful, so he goes to London, meets Martin Chuzzlewit and with him goes to America. They invest all their money in a fifty-acre lot in the city of Eden, and find it a dismal fever-stricken swamp. Martin succumbs to fever. Mark nurses him, always "jolly," and when he in turn is down with it and can no longer speak he writes "jolly" on a slate.

When both are recovered they return to England, and Mark marries Mrs. Lupin, changing the sign of the Inn to "The Jolly Tapley."

A young fellow, of some five or six-and-

twenty perhaps, dressed in such a free and fly-away fashion, that the long ends of his loose red neckcloth were streaming out behind him quite as often as before; and the bunch of bright winter berries in the button-hole of his velveteen coat, was as visible to Mr. Pinch's rearward observation, as if he had worn that garment wrong side foremost. . .

Resolved in his usual phrase, to "come out strong" under disadvantageous circumstances, he was the life and soul of the steerage, and made no more of stopping in the middle of a facetious conversation to go away and be excessively ill by himself, and afterwards come back in the very best and gayest of tempers to resume it, than if such a course of proceeding had been the commonest in the world. . . .

It cannot be said that as his illness wore off, his cheerfulness and good nature increased, because they would hardly admit of augmentation; but his usefulness among the weaker members of the party was much enlarged; and at all times and seasons there he was exerting it. If a gleam of sun shone out of the dark sky, down Mark tumbled into the cabin, and presently up he came again with a woman in his arms, or half-a-dozen children, or a man, or a bed, or a saucepan, or a basket, or something animate or inanimate,

that he thought would be the better for the air. If an hour or two of fine weather in the middle of the day, tempted those who seldom or never came on deck at other times, to crawl into the long-boat, or lie down upon the spare spars, and try to eat, there in the centre of the group was Mr. Tapley, handing about salt beef and biscuit, or dispensing tastes of grog, or cutting up the children's provisions with his pocket-knife, for their greater ease and comfort, or reading aloud from a venerable newspaper, or singing some roaring old song to a select party, or writing the beginnings of letters to their friends at home for people who couldn't write, or cracking jokes with the crew, or nearly getting blown over the side, or emerging, half-drowned, from a shower of spray, or lending a hand somewhere or other: but always doing something for the general entertainment. At night, when the cooking-fire was lighted on the deck, and the driving sparks that flew among the rigging, and the cloud of sails, seemed to menace the ship with certain annihilation by fire, in case the elements of air and water failed to compass her destruction; there again was Mr. Tapley, with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves turned up to his elbows, doing all kinds of culinary offices; compounding the strangest dishes; recognised by every one as

SIM TAPPERTIT

an established authority; and helping all parties to achieve something, which, left to themselves, they never could have done, and never would have dreamed of. In short, there never was a more popular character than Mark Tapley became on board that noble and fast-sailing line-of-packet ship, the Screw; and he attained at last to such a pitch of universal admiration, that he began to have grave doubts within himself whether a man might reasonably claim any credit for being jolly under such exciting circumstances.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. v, vii, vii-xv, xvii, xxi-xxiii, xxxiii-xxxv, xliii, xlviii, li, liii.

SIM TAPPERTIT is a full length picture of the London 'prentice boy of the time. He was Gabriel Varden's apprentice, in love with his daughter Dolly, and the sworn enemy of his rival young Joe Willet. He was captain of the 'Prentice Knights, who vowed vengeance on their tyrant masters, and whose object was the restoration of their ancient rights and holidays. He took a leading part in the Gordon riots, in which his legs were crushed and he was otherwise wounded. He was imprisoned and released on two wooden legs, becomes a boot black and takes to wife the widow of a collector of rags and bones, having cast off Miss Miggs for ever.

SIM TAPPERTIT

[He] was 'an old-fashioned, thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow, very little more than five feet high, and thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was above the middle size; rather tall, in fact, than otherwise. Of his figure, which was well enough formed, though somewhat of the leanest, he entertained the highest admiration; and with his legs, which in knee-breeches, were perfect curiosities of littleness, he was enraptured to a degree amounting to enthusiasm. He also had some majestic, shadowy ideas, which had never been quite fathomed by his most intimate friends, concerning the power of his eye. Indeed he had been known to go so far as to boast that he could utterly quell and subdue the haughtiest beauty by a simple process, which he termed "eyeing her over;" but it must be added, that neither of this faculty, nor of the power he claimed to have, through the same gift, of vanquishing and heaving down dumb animals, even in a rabid state, had he ever furnished evidence which could be deemed quite satisfactory and conclusive. . .

In respect of dress and personal decoration, he had been seen, beyond dispute, to pull off ruffles of the finest quality at the corner of the street on Sunday nights, and to put them carefully in his pocket before return-

ing home; and it was quite notorious that on all great holiday occasions it was his habit to exchange his plain steel knee-buckles for a pair of glittering paste, under cover of a friendly post, planted most conveniently in that same spot. Add to this that he was in years just twenty, in his looks much older, and in conceit at least two hundred; that he had no objection to be jested with, touching his admiration of his master's daughter; and had even, when called upon at a certain obscure tavern to pledge the lady whom he honoured with this love, toasted, with many winks and leers, a fair creature whose Christian name, he said, began with a D—;— and as much is known of Sim Tappertit, as is necessary.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. iv, vii-ix, xviii, xix, xxii, xxiv, xxvii, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxix, xlvi-lix, lix, lx, lxii, lxx, lxxi, lxxxii.

TELLSON & Co., *an old and eminent firm of London Bankers.*

Tellson's bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place even in the year seventeen hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place, moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the house were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness,

proud of its ugliness, proud of its incommodiousness. They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable. This was no passive belief, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment. Noakes and Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might; but Tellson's, thank Heaven! —

Any one of these partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding Tellson's. In this respect the House was made on a par with the Country; which did very often disinherit its sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been highly objectionable, but were only the more respectable.

Thus it had come to pass, that Tellson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under

a shower-bath of mud from Fleet-street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper, and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing "the House," you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a misspent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight. Your money came out of or went into wormy old wooden drawers, particles of which flew up your nose and down your throat when they were opened and shut. Your bank-notes had a musty odour, as if they were fast decomposing into rags again. Your plate was stowed away among the neighbouring cesspools, and evil communications corrupted its good polish in a day or two. Your deeds got into extemporised strong rooms, made of kitchens and sculleries, and fretted all the fat out of their parchments into the banking-house air. Your lighter boxes of family papers went up-stairs into a Barmecide room, that always had a great dining-table in it and never had a dinner.

*A Tale of Two Cities, Book I, ch. iii, iv;
Book II, ch. i, iii, vii, ix.*

MONTAGUE TIGG

MONTAGUE TIGG, a sharper, sponger, and adventurer, friend of Chevy Slyme, and sharer of his miserable neediness. Later he forms a swindling concern, with the high sounding title of *The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company*, changing his name to Tigg Montague, Esq. Thieving on a grander scale than ever he becomes a man of showy importance in the city.

He becomes acquainted with the attempt of Jonas Chuzzlewit to poison his father and uses his knowledge to induce him to invest his own and his father-in-law's money in the concern. Jonas, however, kills him on the way, and the company goes to smash.

Something which smelt like several damp umbrellas, a barrel of beer, a cask of warm brandy-and-water, and a small parlour-full of stale tobacco smoke, mixed. . . .

The gentleman was of that order of appearance, which is currently termed shabby-genteel, though in respect of his dress he can hardly be said to have been in any extremities, as his fingers were a long way out of his gloves, and the soles of his feet were at an inconvenient distance from the upper leather of his boots. His nether garments were of a bluish gray — violent in its colours once, but sobered now by age and dinginess — and were so stretched and strained in a

MONTAGUE TIGG

tough conflict between his braces and his straps, that they appeared every moment in danger of flying asunder at the knees. His coat, in colour blue and of a military cut, was buttoned and frogged, up to his chin. His cravat was, in hue and pattern, like one of those mantles which hair-dressers are accustomed to wrap about their clients, during the progress of the professional mysteries. His hat had arrived at such a pass that it would have been hard to determine whether it was originally white or black. But he wore a moustache—a shaggy moustache too: nothing in the meek and merciful way, but quite in the fierce and scornful style: the regular Satanic sort of thing—and he wore, besides, a vast quantity of unbrushed hair. He was very dirty and very jaunty; very bold and very mean; very swaggering and very slinking; very much like a man who might have been something better, and unspeakably like a man who deserved to be something worse.

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He had a world of jet-black shining hair upon his head, upon his cheeks, upon his chin, upon his upper lip. His clothes, symmetrically made, were of the newest fashion and the costliest kind. Flowers of gold and blue, and green and blushing red, were on his waistcoat; precious chains and jewels sparkled

MISS LUCRETIA TOX

on his breast; his fingers, clogged with brilliant rings, were as unwieldy as summer flies but newly rescued from a honey-pot. The daylight mantled in his gleaming hat and boots as in a polished glass. And yet, though changed his name, and changed his outward surface, it was Tigg. Though turned and twisted upside down, and inside out, as great men have been sometimes known to be; though no longer Montague Tigg, but Tigg Montague; still it was Tigg: the same Satanic, gallant, military Tigg. The brass was burnished, lacquered, newly-stamped; yet it was the true Tigg metal notwithstanding.

Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. iv, vii, xii, xiii, xxii, xxviii, xxxviii, xl-xliii, xlv, xlvii.

MISS LUCRETIA TOX, a friend of Mrs. Chick, the sister of Mr. Dombey—for whom Major Joey Bagstock professed a great admiration, but her hopes, it is strongly suspected, were centred on Mr. Dombey himself.

[She] was a long lean figure, wearing such a faded air that she seemed not to have been made in what linen-drappers call “fast colours” originally, and to have, by little and little, washed out. But for this she might have been described as the very pink of general propitiation and politeness. From a long habit of listening admiringly to every-

MISS LUCRETIA TOX

thing that was said in her presence, and looking at the speakers as if she were mentally engaged in taking off impressions of their images upon her soul, never to part with the same but with life, her head had quite settled on one side. Her hands had contracted a spasmodic habit of raising themselves of their own accord as in involuntary admiration. Her eyes were liable to a similar affection. She had the softest voice that ever was heard; and the nose, stupendously aquiline, had a little knob in the very centre or key-stone of the bridge, whence it tended downwards towards her face, as in an invincible determination never to turn up at anything.

Miss Tox's dress, though perfectly genteel and good, had a certain character of angularity and scantiness. She was accustomed to wear odd weedy little flowers in her bonnets and caps. Strange grasses were sometimes perceived in her hair; and it was observed by the curious, of all her collars, frills, tuckers, wristbands, and other gossamer articles — indeed of everything she wore which had two ends to it intended to unite — that the two ends were never on good terms, and wouldn't quite meet without a struggle. She had furry articles for winter wear, as tippetts, boas, and muffs, which stood up on end in a rampant manner, and were not at all sleek. She was

much given to the carrying about of small bags with snaps to them, that went off like little pistols when they were shut up; and when full-dressed, she wore round her neck the barrenest of locketts, representing a fishy old eye, with no approach to speculation in it. These and other appearances of a similar nature, had served to propagate the opinion, that Miss Tox was a lady of what is called a limited independence, which she turned to the best account. Possibly her mincing gait encouraged the belief, and suggested that her clipping a step of ordinary compass into two or three, originated in her habit of making the most of everything.

Dombey and Son, ch. i, ii, v-viii, x, xviii, xx, xxix, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxvii, li, lix, lxii.

MR. TRABB, *the undertaker who had charge of the funeral of Mrs. Joe Gargery.*

Trabb and Co. had put in a funeral execution and taken possession. Two dismally absurd persons, each ostentatiously exhibiting a crutch done up in a black bandage—as if that instrument could possibly communicate any comfort to anybody—were posted at the front door; and in one of them I recognised a postboy discharged from the Boar for turning a young couple into a sawpit on their bridal morning, in consequence of intoxica-

MR. TRABB

tion rendering it necessary for him to ride his horse clasped round the neck with both arms. All the children of the village, and most of the women, were admiring these sable warders and the closed windows of the house and forge; and as I came up, one of the two warders (the postboy) knocked at the door — implying that I was far too much exhausted by grief, to have strength remaining to knock for myself.

Another sable warder (a carpenter, who had once eaten two geese for a wager) opened the door, and showed me into the best parlour. Here, Mr. Trabb had taken unto himself the best table, and had got all the leaves up, and was holding a kind of black Bazaar, with the aid of a quantity of black pins. At the moment of my arrival, he had just finished putting somebody's hat into black long-clothes, like an African baby; so he held out his hand for mine. But I, misled by the action, and confused by the occasion, shook hands with him with every testimony of warm affection. . . .

“Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all!” cried Mr. Trabb in a depressed-business-like voice — “Pocket-handkerchiefs out! We are ready!”

So we all put our pocket-handkerchiefs to our faces, as if our noses were bleeding and filed out two and two. . . .

THOMAS TRADDLES

The remains of my poor sister had been brought round by the kitchen door, and, it being a point of Undertaking ceremony that the six bearers must be stifled and blinded under a horrible black velvet housing with a white border, the whole looked like a blind monster with twelve human legs, shuffling and blundering along under the guidance of two keepers—the postboy and his comrade.

Great Expectations, ch. xix, xxx, xxxv.

THOMAS TRADDLES, one of Copperfield's schoolmates at Salem House. He fought his way through the world against great difficulties, but was always cheerful. He was victimized by Micawber, whom he afterwards helped to expose Uriah Heep. After a long courtship he married "the dearest girl in the world,"—taking the burden of her family on his shoulders, succeeds in his profession, and becomes a judge of high honor, and esteem.

Poor Traddles! In a tight sky-blue suit that made his arms and legs like German sausages, or roly-poly puddings, he was the merriest and most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned—I think he was caned every day that half-year, except one holiday Monday when he was only ruler'd on both hands—and was always going to write to his uncle about it, and never did. After

THOMAS TRADDLES

laying his head on the desk for a little while, he would cheer up, somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate, before his eyes were dry. I used at first to wonder what comfort Traddles found in drawing skeletons; and for some time looked upon him as a sort of hermit, who reminded himself by those symbols of mortality that coming couldn't last for ever. But I believe he only did it because they were easy, and didn't want any features.

He was very honourable, Traddles was, and held it as a solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another. He suffered for this on several occasions; and particularly once, when Steerforth laughed in church, and the beadle thought it was Traddles, and took him out. I see him now, going away in custody, despised by the congregation. He never said who was the real offender, though he smarted for it next day, and was imprisoned so many hours that he came forth with a whole church-yard-full of skeletons swarming all over his Latin Dictionary. But he had his reward. Steerforth said there was nothing of the sneak in Traddles, and we all felt that to be the highest praise. For my part, I could have gone through a good deal (though I was much less brave than Traddles, and nothing like so old) to have won such a recompense.

David Copperfield, ch. vi. vii, ix, xxv, xxvii, xxviii, xxxiv, xxxvi, xxxviii, xli, xliii, xlv, xlviii, xlix, li, liv, lvii-lix, lxi, lxii, lxiv.

MR. — TRENT, *Little Nell's Grandfather*, owner of the old Curiosity Shop. Full of the desire to provide for his granddaughter he becomes a confirmed gambler, borrows money from Quilp the dwarf, pledging his stock for the loans. Reduced to his last penny he is sold up and turned out of doors, weak in mind and body. With his daughter he wanders about the country until at last they find an asylum through the goodness of the schoolmaster, Mr. Marton. Here Little Nell dies worn out with exposure and privation and the old man soon after follows her.

A little old man with long grey hair, whose face and figure as he held the light above his head and looked before him as he approached, I could plainly see. Though much altered by age, I fancied I could recognise in his spare and slender form something of that delicate mould which I had noticed in the child [little Nell]. Their bright blue eyes were certainly alike, but his face was so deeply furrowed and so very full of care, that here all resemblance ceased. . . . Coupled

with something feeble and wandering in his manner, there were in his face marks of deep and anxious thought which convinced me that he could not be, 'as I had been at first inclined to suppose, in a state of dotage or imbecility. . . .

His brother, the single gentleman, thus tells the tale of his life before the opening of the story;—

“There were once two brothers, who loved each other dearly. There was a disparity in their ages—some twelve years. . . . Wide as the interval between them was, however, they became rivals too soon. The deepest and strongest affection of both their hearts settled upon one object.

“The youngest—there were reasons for *his* being sensitive and watchful—was the first to find this out. I will not tell you what misery he underwent, what agony of soul he knew, how great his mental struggle was. He had been a sickly child. His brother, patient and considerate in the midst of his own high health and strength, had many and many a day denied himself the sports he loved, to sit beside his couch, telling him old stories till his pale face lighted up with an unwonted glow; to carry him in his arms to some green spot, where he could tend the poor pen-

sive boy as he looked upon the bright summer day, and saw all nature healthy but himself; to be in any way his fond and faithful nurse. I may not dwell on all he did, to make the poor, weak creature love him, or my tale would have no end. But when the time of trial came, the younger brother's heart was full of those old days. Heaven strengthened it to repay the sacrifices of inconsiderate youth by one of thoughtful manhood. He left his brother to be happy. The truth never passed his lips, and he quitted the country, hoping to die abroad.

"The elder brother married her. She was in Heaven before long, and left him with an infant daughter. . . .

"In this daughter the mother lived again. You may judge with what devotion he who lost that mother almost in the winning, clung to this girl, her breathing image. She grew to womanhood, and gave her heart to one who could not know its worth. Well! Her fond father could not see her pine and droop. He might be more deserving than he thought him. He surely might become so with a wife like her. He joined their hands, and they were married.

"Through all the misery that followed this union; through all the cold neglect and undeserved reproach; through all the poverty

he brought upon her; through all the struggles of their daily life, too mean and pitiful to tell, but dreadful to endure; she toiled on, in the deep devotion of her spirit, and in her better nature, as only women can. Her means and substance wasted; her father nearly beggared by her husband's hand, and the hourly witness (for they lived now under one roof) of her ill-usage and unhappiness,—she never, but for him, bewailed her fate. Patient, and upheld by strong affection to the last, she died a widow of some three weeks' date, leaving to her father's care two orphans; one a son of ten or twelve years old; the other a girl—such another infant child—the same in helplessness, in age, in form, in feature—as she had been herself when her young mother died.

“The elder brother, grandfather to these two children, was now a broken man; crushed and borne down, less by the weight of years than by the heavy hand of sorrow. With the wreck of his possessions, he began to trade—in pictures first, and then in curious ancient things. He had entertained a fondness for such matters from a boy, and the tastes he had cultivated were now to yield him an anxious and precarious subsistence.

“The boy grew like his father in mind and person; the girl so like her mother, that

when the old man had her on his knee, and looked into her mild blue eyes, he felt as if awakening from a wretched dream, and his daughter were a little child again. The wayward boy soon spurned the shelter of his roof, and sought associates more congenial to his taste. The old man and the child dwelt alone together.

“It was then, when the love of two dead people who had been nearest and dearest to his heart, was all transferred to this slight creature; when her face, constantly before him, reminded him from hour to hour of the too early change he had seen in such another — of all the suffering he had watched and known, and all his child had undergone; when the young man’s profligate and hardened course drained him of money as his father’s had, and even sometimes occasioned them temporary privation and distress; it was then that there began to beset him, and to be ever in his mind, a gloomy dread of poverty and want. He had no thought for himself in this. His fear was for the child. It was a spectre in his house, and haunted him night and day.”

At length they found one day that he had risen early, and, with his knapsack on his back, his staff in hand, her own straw hat, and little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they

were making ready to pursue him, far and wide, a frightened schoolboy came who had seen him but a moment before, sitting in the church—upon her grave, he said.

They hastened there, and going softly to the door, espied him in the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept a watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he rose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself, "She will come to-morrow!"

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid him down to rest, and muttered, "She will come to-morrow!"

And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave for her. How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting-places under the free broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trodden—how many tones of that one well-remembered voice—how many glimpses of the form, the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind—how many visions of what had been, and what he hoped was yet to be—rose up before him, in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where he went. He would sit with them at night, pondering with a secret satisfaction, they

LITTLE NELL TRENT

could see, upon the flight that he and she would take before night came again; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, "Oh! Let her come to-morrow!"

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and, in the church where they had often prayed, and mused, and lingered hand in hand, the child and the old man slept together.

The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. i-iii, ix, xi, xii, xv-xix, xxiv-xxxii, xlii-xlvi, lii, liv, lv, lxxi, lxxii.

LITTLE NELL TRENT lived alone with her Grandfather, a confirmed gambler. When turned into the streets a beggar and an imbecile she accompanies him in his wanderings, caring tenderly for him and ever on the watch to prevent him from succumbing to his ruling passion. They fall into the hands of various people, among them the Jarleys and their wax-works, by whom Little Nell is engaged to point out the figures, but always temptation, or the danger of being taken up as vagrants and of separation from her grandfather, keeps them moving on. At last they meet Mr. Mar-

LITTLE NELL TRENT

ton, a schoolmaster, to whom Nell confides her story, and he provides them with a pleasant home and light employment, which brings them a simple living. But the exposure and privation she has gone through have been too much for the delicate child and she slowly sinks and dies.

A pretty little girl who begged to be directed to a certain street at a considerable distance. . . .

She put her hand in mine as confidently as if she had known me from her cradle, and we trudged away together: the little creature accommodating her pace to mine, and rather seeming to lead and take care of me than I to be protecting her. I observed that every now and then she stole a curious look at my face as if to make quite sure that I was not deceiving her, and that these glances (very sharp and keen they were too) seemed to increase her confidence at every repetition.

For my part, my curiosity and interest were at least equal to the child's, for child she certainly was, although I thought it probable from what I could make out, that her very small and delicate frame imparted a peculiar youthfulness to her appearance. Though more scantily attired than she might have been she was dressed with perfect neatness, and betrayed no marks of poverty or neglect.

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LITTLE NELL TRENT

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird — a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed — was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imagined in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery

LITTLE NELL TRENT

and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild loving look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death. . . . She was dead and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet

LITTLE NELL TRENT

sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face — such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget — and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together, by the river side at night. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And even then, she never thought or spoke about him, but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered — save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them — faded like the light upon a summer's evening. . . .

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty, universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the

MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD

panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. i-vi, ix-xii, xiv-xix, xxiv-xxxii, xlii-xlvi, liii-lv,, lxxi, lxii.

MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD, *David Copperfield's Great-Aunt*. Disappointed that he was not born a girl, she for years ignored him and his family. David runs away from his uncongenial employment in London and finds her at Dover. She adopts him, calls him Trotwood Copperfield, educates him and articles him to Spenlow & Jorkins. Her dissolute husband returns and blackmails her, her fortune is lost in the wreck of Mr. Wickfield's affairs, but recovered later by Mr. Micawber's exposure of Uriah Heep. Through all this she keeps a stout heart and a stern exterior. Although eccentric in many ways, as shown in her aversion to donkeys on the green in front of her house, she is a character of solid worth and sterling goodness, and as years go on she becomes softer in manner and allows her heart to speak more freely.

MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD

Miss Trotwood, or Miss Betsey, as my poor mother always called her, when she sufficiently overcame her dread of this formidable personage to mention her at all (which was seldom), had been married to a husband younger than herself, who was very handsome, except in the sense of the homely adage, "handsome is, that handsome does"—for he was strongly suspected of having beaten Miss Betsey, and even of having once, on a disputed question of supplies, made some hasty but determined arrangements to throw her out of a two pair of stairs' window. These evidences of an incompatibility of temper induced Miss Betsey to pay him off, and effect a separation by mutual consent. He went to India with his capital, and there, according to a wild legend in our family, he was once seen riding an elephant, in company with a Baboon; but I think it must have been a Baboo—or a Begum. Anyhow, from India tidings of his death reached home, within ten years. How they affected my aunt, nobody knew; for immediately upon the separation she took her maiden name again, bought a cottage in a hamlet on the sea-coast a long way off, established herself there as a single woman with one servant, and was understood to live secluded, ever afterwards, in an inflexible retirement.

MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD

My father had once been a favourite of hers, I believe; but she was mortally affronted by his marriage, on the ground that my mother was "a wax doll." She had never seen my mother, but she knew her to be not yet twenty. My father and Miss Betsey never met again. He was double my mother's age when he married, and of but a delicate constitution. He died a year afterwards, and, as I have said, six months before I came into the world. . . .

My aunt was a tall, hard-featured lady, but by no means ill-looking. There was an inflexibility in her face, in her voice, in her gait and carriage, amply sufficient to account for the effect she had made upon a gentle creature like my mother; but her features were rather handsome than otherwise, though unbending and austere. I particularly noticed that she had a very quick, bright eye. Her hair, which was grey, was arranged in two plain divisions, under what I believe would be called a mob-cap: I mean a cap, much more common then than now, with side-pieces fastening under the chin. Her dress was of a lavender colour, and perfectly neat; but scantily made, as if she desired to be as little encumbered as possible. I remember that I thought it, in form, more like a riding-habit with the superfluous skirt cut off, than any-

thing else. She wore at her side a gentleman's gold watch, if I might judge from its size and make, with an appropriate chain and seals; she had some linen at her throat not unlike a shirt collar and things at her wrists like shirt wrist-bands.

David Copperfield, ch. ii, xiii-xv, xvii, xix, xxiii-xxv, xxxvii-xl, xliii-xlv, xlvi-xlix, li-lv, lvii, lix, lx, lxiv.

MR. TULKINGHORN, the legal adviser of Sir Leicester Dedlock. He learns the secret of Lady Dedlock and on his informing her of the fact and of his intention to reveal it to Sir Leicester she flees from her home and dies. Immediately after he is murdered in his own house by Mademoiselle Hortense, who had been in his employ in unearthing Lady Dedlock's past.

An old-fashioned old gentleman, attorney-at-law, and eke solicitor of the High Court of Chancery, who has the honour of acting as legal adviser of the Dedlocks, and has as many cast-iron boxes in his office with that name outside, as if the present baronet were the coin of the conjuror's trick, and were constantly being juggled through the whole set. . . .

The old gentleman is rusty to look at, but is reputed to have made good thrift out of

aristocratic marriage settlements and aristocratic wills, and to be very rich. He is surrounded by a mysterious halo of family confidences; of which he is known to be the silent depositary. There are noble Mausoleums rooted for centuries in retired glades of parks, among the growing timber and the fern, which perhaps hold fewer noble secrets than walk abroad among men, shut up in the breast of Mr. Tulkingshorn. He is of what is called the old school—a phrase generally meaning any school that seems never to have been young—and wears knee breeches tied with ribbons, and gaiters or stockings. One peculiarity of his black clothes, and of his black stockings, be they silk or worsted, is, that they never shine. Mute, close, irresponsible to any glancing light, his dress is like himself. He never converses, when not professionally consulted. He is found sometimes, speechless but quite at home, at corners of dinner-tables in great country houses, and near doors of drawing-rooms, concerning which the fashionable intelligence is eloquent: where everybody knows him, and where half the Peerage stops to say “How do you do, Mr. Tulkingshorn?” He receives these salutations with gravity, and buries them along with the rest of his knowledge.

Bleak House, ch. ii, vii, x-xii, xv, xvi, xxii,

MR. TURVEYDROP

xxiv, xxvii, xxix, xxxiii, xxxiv, xxxvi, xli-xliii, xliv, xlvii, xlviii.

MR. TURVEYDROP, *the father of Prince Turveydrop, who married Caddy Jellyby. He was a very gentlemanly man celebrated almost everywhere for his "deportment" and a great admirer of "The first gentleman in Europe," King George IV. He was a very model of a gentlemanly "do-nothing"—and was always content to live upon his family rather than work himself.*

He was a fat old gentleman with a false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers, and a wig. He had a fur collar, and he had a padded breast to his coat, which only wanted a star or a broad blue ribbon to be complete. He was pinched in, and swelled out, and got up, and strapped down, as much as he could possibly bear. He had such a neckcloth on (puffing his very eyes out of their natural shape), and his chin and even his ears so sunk into it, that it seemed as though he must inevitably double up, if it were cast loose. He had, under his arm, a hat of great size and weight, shelving downward from the crown to the brim; and in his hand a pair of white gloves, with which he flapped it, as he stood poised on one leg, in a high shouldered, round-elbowed state of elegance not to be surpassed.

MR. TURVEYDROP

He had a cane, he had an eye-glass, he had a snuff-box, he had rings, he had wristbands, he had everything but any touch of nature; he was not like youth, he was not like age, he was like nothing in the world but a model of Deportment. . . .

He had married a meek little dancing-mistress, with a tolerable connection (having never in his life before done anything but deport himself), and had worked her to death, or had, at the best, suffered her to work herself to death, to maintain him in those expenses which were indispensable to his position. At once to exhibit his Deportment to the best models, and to keep the best models constantly before himself, he had found it necessary to frequent all public places of fashionable and lounging resort; to be seen at Brighton and elsewhere at fashionable times; and to lead an idle life in the very best clothes. To enable him to do this, the affectionate little dancing-mistress had toiled and laboured, and would have toiled and laboured to that hour, if her strength had lasted so long. For, the mainspring of the story was, that, in spite of the man's absorbing selfishness, his wife (overpowered by his Deportment) had, to the last, believed in him, and had, on her death-bed, in the most moving terms, confided him to their son as one who had

DOLLY VARDEN

an inextinguishable claim upon him, and whom he could never regard with too much pride and deference. The son, inheriting his mother's belief, and having the Department always before him, had lived and grown in the same faith, and now, at thirty years of age, worked for his father twelve hours a day, and looked up to him with veneration on the old imaginary pinnacle.

Bleak House, ch. xiv, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lvii.

DOLLY VARDEN, daughter of Gabriel Varden, the locksmith, adored by Sim Tappertit, and beloved by Joe Willet, who, she finally marries after, by her coquetry, and his father's treatment he had been driven abroad, where he lost an arm "at the defence of the Salwanners in America, where the war is," to the never-dying wonder of his unimagined parent.

As to Dolly, there she was again, the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little cherry-coloured mantle, with a hood of the same drawn over her head, and upon the top of that hood, a little straw hat trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons, and worn the merest trifle on one side—just enough in short to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that ever malicious mil-

DOLLY VARDEN

liner devised. And not to speak of the manner in which these cherry-coloured decorations brightened her eyes, or vied with her lips, or shed a new bloom on her face, she wore such a cruel little muff, and such a heart-rending pair of shoes, and was surrounded and hemmed in, as it were, by aggravations. . . .

When and where was there ever such a plump, roguish, comely, bright-eyed, enticing, bewitching, captivating, maddening little puss in all this world, as Dolly! What was the Dolly of five years ago, to the Dolly of that day! How many coach-makers, saddlers, cabinet-makers, and professors of other useful arts, had deserted their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and, most of all, their cousins, for the love of her! How many unknown gentlemen—supposed to be of mighty fortunes, if not titles—had waited round the corner after dark, and tempted Miggs the incorruptible, with golden guineas, to deliver offers of marriage folded up in love-letters! How many disconsolate fathers and substantial tradesmen had waited on the locksmith for the same purpose, with dismal tales of how their sons had lost their appetites, and taken to shut themselves up in dark bedrooms, and wandering in desolate suburbs with pale faces, and all because of Dolly Varden's loveliness and cruelty! How many young men,

DOLLY VARDEN

in all previous times of unprecedented steadiness, had turned suddenly wild and wicked for the same reason, and, in an ecstasy of unrequited love, taken to wrench off door-knockers, and invert the boxes of rheumatic watchmen! How had she recruited the king's service, both by sea and land, through rendering desperate his loving subjects between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five! How many young ladies had publicly professed, with tears in their eyes, that for their tastes she was much too short, too tall, too bold, too cold, too stout, too thin, too fair, too dark — too everything but handsome! How many old ladies, taking counsel together, had thanked Heaven their daughters were not like her, and had hoped she might come to no harm, and had thought she would come to no good, and had wondered what people saw in her, and had arrived at the conclusion that she was "going off" in her looks, or had never come on in them, and that she was a thorough imposition and a popular mistake!

And yet here was this same Dolly Varden, so whimsical and hard to please that she was Dolly Varden still, all smiles and dimples and pleasant looks, and caring no more for the fifty or sixty young fellows who at that very moment were breaking their hearts to marry her, than if so many oysters had been crossed in love and opened afterwards.

GABRIEL VARDEN

Barnaby Rudge, ch. iv, xiii, xix-xxii, xxvii, xxxi, lix, lxx, lxxi.

GABRIEL VARDEN, *Dolly Varden's father, a frank, honest, hearty locksmith in charity with all mankind.*

A round, red-faced, sturdy yeoman, with a double chin, and a voice husky with good living, good sleeping, good humour, and good health. He was past the prime of life, but Father Time is not always a hard parent, and, though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well; making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and in full vigour. With such people the grey head is but the impression of the old fellow's hand in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well-spent life. [He was] bluff, hale, hearty, and in a green old age: at peace with himself, and evidently disposed to be so with all the world. Although muffled up in divers coats and handkerchiefs—one of which, passed over his crown and tied in a convenient crease of his double chin, secured his three-cornered hat and bob-wig from blowing off his head—there was no disguising his plump and comfortable figure; neither did certain dirty fin-

ger-marks upon his face give it any other than an odd and comical expression, through which its natural good humour shone with undiminished lustre.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. ii-vii, xiii, xiv, xix, xxi, xxii, xxvi, xxvii, xli, xliii, li, lxiii, lxiv, lxxi, lxxii, lxxiv, lxxvi, lxxix, lxxx, lxxxii.

MRS. VARDEN, *wife of Gabriel Varden and mother of Dolly.*

Mrs. Varden was a lady of what is commonly called an uncertain temper—a phrase which being interpreted signifies a temper tolerably certain to make everybody more or less uncomfortable. Thus it generally happened, that when other people were merry, Mrs. Varden was dull; and that when other people were dull, Miss Varden was disposed to be amazingly cheerful. Indeed the worthy house-wife was of such a capricious nature, that she not only attained a higher pitch of genius than Macbeth, in respect of her ability to be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral in an instant, but would sometimes ring the changes backwards and forwards on all possible moods and flights in one short quarter of an hour; performing, as it were, a kind of triple bob major on the peal of instruments in the female belfry, with a skilfulness and rapidity of execution that astonished all who heard her.

It had been observed in this good lady (who did not want for personal attractions, being plump and buxom to look at, though like her fair daughter, somewhat short in stature) that this uncertainty of disposition strengthened and increased with her temporal prosperity; and divers wise men and matrons, on friendly terms with the locksmith and his family, even went so far as to assert, that a tumble down some half-dozen rounds in the world's ladder—such as the breaking of the bank in which her husband kept his money, or some little fall of that kind—would be the making of her, and could hardly fail to render her one of the most agreeable companions in existence.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. iv, vii, xiii, xix, xxi, xxii, xxvii, xxxvi, xli, xlii, li, lxxi, lxxii, lxxx, lxxxii.

MR. VHOLES, *the solicitor chosen by Richard Carstone to represent his cause in the case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, a man who is always "putting his shoulder to the wheel" with but little result—except that of pocketing his fees. He has "an inward manner of speech and a bloodless quietude."*

A sallow man with pinched lips that looked as if they were cold, a red eruption here and there upon his face, tall and thin, about fifty

MR. VHOLES

years of age, high-shouldered, and stooping. Dressed in black, black-gloved, and buttoned to the chin, there was nothing so remarkable in him as a lifeless manner, and a slow fixed way he had of looking. . . .

Mr. Vholes, quiet and unmoved, as a man of so much respectability ought to be, takes off his close black gloves as if he were skinning his hands, lifts off his tight hat as if he were scalping himself, and sits down at his desk. The client throws his hat and gloves upon the ground—tosses them anywhere, without looking after them or caring where they go; flings himself into a chair, half sighing and half groaning; rests his aching head upon his hand, and looks the portrait of Young Despair. . . .

Mr. Vholes is a very respectable man. He has not a large business, but he is a very respectable man. He is allowed by the greater attorneys who have made good fortunes, or are making them, to be a most respectable man. He never misses a chance in his practice; which is a mark of respectability. He never takes any pleasure; which is another mark of respectability. He is reserved and serious; which is another mark of respectability. His digestion is impaired, which is highly respectable. And he is making hay of the grass which is flesh, for his

MISS WADE

three daughters. And his father is dependent on him in the Vale of Taunton. . . .

Bleak House, ch. xxxvii, xxxix, xlv, li, lxi, lxii, lxv.

MISS WADE, a woman of a sullen and ungovernable temper, full of fancied wrongs, and a confirmed self-tormentor. Deceived by the man she loved, she became incurably soured. Rigand employed her in some of his rascally schemes and she induced Tattycoram to leave her friends—the Meagles's. But she repented and returned to them.

The shadow in which she sat, falling like a gloomy veil across her forehead, accorded very well with the character of her beauty. One could hardly see the face, so still and scornful, set off by the arched dark eyebrows, and the folds of dark hair, without wondering what its expression would be if a change came over it. That it could soften or relent, appeared next to impossible. That it could deepen into anger or any extreme of defiance, and that it must change in that direction when it changed at all, would have been its peculiar impression upon most observers. It was dressed and trimmed into no ceremony of expression. Although not an open face, there was no pretence in it. I am self-contained and self-reliant; your opin-

ion is nothing to me; I have no interest in you, care nothing for you, and see and hear you with indifference. This it said plainly. It said so in the proud eyes, in the lifted nostril, in the handsome, but compressed and even cruel mouth. Cover either two of those channels of expression, and the third would have said so still. Mask them all, and the mere turn of the head would have shown an unsubduable nature.

*Little Dorrit, Book I, ch. ii, xvi, xxvii, xxviii;
Book II, ch. ix, x, xx, xxi, xxxiii.*

TONY WELLER, father of Samuel Weller, who was inveigled into marriage by a buxom widow who keeps the Marquis of Granby public house. Hence his advice to his son to "beware of vidders." He was a true type of the stage coachman that flourished in England in pre-railway days.

In a small room in the vicinity of the stable-yard . . . sat Mr. Weller senior, preparing himself for his journey to London. He was sitting in an excellent attitude for having his portrait taken; and here it is.

It is very possible that at some earlier period of his career, Mr. Weller's profile might have presented a bold, and determined outline. His face, however, had expanded under the influence of good living, and a disposition re-

markable for resignation; and its bold fleshy curves had so far extended beyond the limits originally assigned them, that unless you took a full view of his countenance in front, it was difficult to distinguish more than the extreme tip of a very rubicund nose. His chin, from the same cause, had acquired the grave and imposing form which is generally described by prefixing the word "double" to that expressive feature, and his complexion exhibited that peculiarly mottled combination of colours which is only to be seen in gentlemen of his profession, and underdone roast beef. Round his neck he wore a crimson travelling shawl, which merged into his chin by such imperceptible gradations, that it was difficult to distinguish the folds of the one, from the folds of the other. Over this, he mounted a long waistcoat of a broad pink-striped pattern, and over that again, a wide-skirted green coat, ornamented with large brass buttons, whereof the two which garnished the waist, were so far apart, that no man had ever beheld them both, at the same time. His hair, which was short, sleek, and black, was just visible beneath the capacious brim of a low-crowned brown hat. His legs were encased in knee-cord breeches, and painted top-boots: and a copper watch-chain terminating in one seal, and a key of the same material, dangled loosely from his capacious waist-band.

MR. JOHN WEMMICK

Pickwick Papers, ch. xx, xxii, xxiii, xxvi, xxxiii, xxxiv, xliii, xlv, lii, lv, lvi.

MR. JOHN WEMMICK, the confidential clerk of the criminal lawyer Mr. Jaggers. His main idea is the securing and taking care of "portable property." Beneath a hard and flinty exterior he is the kindest of men at heart, devoting himself to the comfort of his venerable father, and indulging in many pleasantries and playful ways of which his apparently improptu marriage with Miss Skiffins may be cited as an example. He helped and befriended Pip in many ways.

A dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. There were some marks in it that might have been dimples, if the material had been softer and the instrument finer, but which, as it was, were only dints. The chisel had made three or four of these attempts at embellishment over his nose, but had given them up without an effort to smooth them off. I judged him to be a bachelor from the frayed condition of his linen, and he appeared to have sustained a good many bereavements; for he wore at least four mourning rings, besides a brooch representing a lady and a weeping willow at a tomb with an urn on

it. I noticed, too, that several rings and seals hung at his watch chain, as if he were quite laden with remembrances of departed friends. He had glittering eyes—small, keen, and black—and thin wide mottled lips. He had had them, to the best of my belief, from forty to fifty years.

Great Expectations, ch. xx, xxi, xxiv-xxvi, xxxii, xxxvi, xxxvii, xlv, xlviii, li, lv.

AGNES WICKFIELD, *Mr. Wickfield's daughter and housekeeper. The lifelong friend and faithful advisor of Copperfield, whose second wife she becomes after the death of Dora.*

Mr. Wickfield tapped at a door in a corner of the panelled wall, and a girl of about my own age came quickly out and kissed him. On her face, I saw immediately the placid and sweet expression of the lady whose picture had looked at me down-stairs. It seemed to my imagination as if the portrait had grown womanly, and the original remained a child. Although her face was quite bright and happy, there was a tranquillity about it, and about her—a quiet, good, calm spirit—that I never have forgotten; that I never shall forget.

This was his little housekeeper, his daughter Agnes, Mr. Wickfield said. When I heard how he said it, and saw how he held her hand,

I guessed what the one motive of his life was.

She had a little basket-trifle hanging at her side, with keys in it; and looked as staid and as discreet a housekeeper as the old house could have. She listened to her father as he told her about me, with a pleasant face; and when he had concluded, proposed to my aunt that we should go up-stairs and see my room. We all went together, she before us: and a glorious old room it was, with more oak beams, and diamond panes; and the broad balustrade going all the way up to it.

I cannot call to mind where or when, in my childhood, I had seen a stained-glass window in a church. Nor do I recollect its subject. But I know that when I saw her turn round, in the grave light of the old staircase, and wait for us, above, I thought of that window; and that I associated something of its tranquil brightness with Agnes Wickfield ever afterwards. . . .

We stood together in the same old-fashioned window at night, when the moon was shining; Agnes with her quiet eyes raised up to it; I followed her glance. Long miles of road then opened out before my mind; and, toiling on, I saw a ragged wayworn boy forsaken and neglected, who should come to call even the heart now beating against mine, his own.

MR. WICKFIELD

David Copperfield, ch. xv-xix, xxiv, xxxiv, xxxv, xxxix, xlii, xliii, liii-liv, lvii, lviii, lx, lxii-lxiv.

MR. WICKFIELD, a Canterbury lawyer, Miss Trotwood's agent and friend. The father of Agnes—David Copperfield's second wife. His clerk and partner, Uriah Heep, nearly ruined him, taking advantage of his absorption in grief for the loss of his wife, and his over-addiction to the wine-bottle, but Micawber, whom he tried to make his accomplice, exposed Heep, and saved the reputation and the life of Mr. Wickfield.

His hair was quite white, though his eyebrows were still black. He had a very agreeable face, and, I thought, was handsome. There was a certain richness in his complexion, which I had been long accustomed, under Peggotty's tuition, to connect with port wine; and I fancied it was in his voice too, and referred his growing corpulency to the same cause. He was very cleanly dressed, in a blue coat, striped waistcoat, and nankeen trousers; and his fine frilled shirt and cambric neckcloth looked unusually soft and white, reminding my strolling fancy (I call to mind) of the plumage on the breast of a swan. . . .

I had not seen Mr. Wickfield for some time. I was prepared for a great change in him,

after what I had heard from Agnes, but his appearance shocked me.

It was not that he looked many years older, though still dressed with the old scrupulous cleanliness; or that there was an unwholesome ruddiness upon his face; or that his eyes were full and bloodshot; or that there was a nervous trembling in his hand, the cause of which I knew, and had for some years seen at work. It was not that he had lost his good looks, or his old bearing of a gentleman—for that he had not—but the thing that struck me most was, that with the evidences of his native superiority still upon him, he should submit himself to that crawling impersonation of meanness, Uriah Heep. The reversal of the two natures, in their relative positions, Uriah's of power, and Mr. Wickfield's of dependence, was a sight more painful to me than I can express. If I had seen an Ape taking command of a Man, I should hardly have thought it a more degrading spectacle. He appeared to be only too conscious of himself. When he came in, he stood still; and with his head bowed, as if he felt it.

David Copperfield, ch. xv, xvii, xix, xxxv, xxxix, xlii, liii, liv, lx.

JOHN WILLET, *landlord of the Maypole Inn at Chigwell, father of Joe, whom he treated as*

a boy when he grew up to be a young man. Bullied, badgered, worried, fretted and brow-beaten and with no encouragement from Dolly Varden he runs away and joins the army losing an arm at the siege of Savannah. John welcomes his son back again and never speaks of him without a proud allusion to his lost arm.

A burly, large-headed man with a fat face, which betokened profound obstinacy and slowness of apprehension, combined with a very strong reliance upon his own merits. It was John Willet's ordinary boast in his more placid moods that if he were slow he was sure; which assertion could in one sense at least be by no means gainsaid, seeing that he was in everything unquestionably the reverse of fast, and withal one of the most dogged and positive fellows in existence — always sure that what he thought or said or did was right, and holding it as a thing quite settled and ordained by the laws of nature and Providence, that anybody who said or did or thought otherwise must be inevitably and of necessity wrong.

Barnaby Rudge, ch. i-iii, x-xiv, xix, xx, xxiv, xxix, xxxiii-xxxv, liv-lvi, lxxii, lxxviii, lxxxii.

MR. WOPSLE'S GREAT AUNT

MR. WOPSLE, *parish clerk, a friend of Mrs. Joe Gargery. He afterwards became an actor under the name of Mr. Waldengarver.*

Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shining bald forehead, had a deep voice which he was uncommonly proud of, indeed it was understood among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head, he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he punished the Amens tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm — always giving the whole verse — he looked all around the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard our friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this style!" . . . Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation — as it now appears to me, something like a religious cross of the Ghost in Hamlet with Richard the Third — and ended with the very proper aspiration that we might be truly grateful.

Great Expectations, ch. iv-vii, x, xiii, xv, xxxi, xlviii.

MR. WOPSLE'S GREAT AUNT, *kept a dame's school at which Pip received his first rudiments of education.*

MR. WOPSLE'S GREAT AUNT

She was a ridiculous old woman of limited means and unlimited infirmity, who used to go to sleep from six to seven every evening, in the society of youth who paid twopence per week each, for the improving opportunity of seeing her do it. She rented a small cottage, and Mr. Wopsle had the room upstairs, where we students used to overhear him reading aloud in a most dignified and terrific manner, and occasionally bumping on the ceiling. There was a fiction that Mr. Wopsle "examined" the scholars once a quarter. What he did on those occasions was to turn up his cuffs, stick up his hair, and give us Mark Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar. This was always followed by Collins's Ode on the Passions, wherein I particularly venerated Mr. Wopsle as Revenge, throwing his blood-stained sword in thunder down, and taking the War-denouncing trumpet with a withering look. It was not with me then, as it was in later life, when I fell into the society of the Passions, and compared them with Collins and Wopsle, rather to the disadvantage of both gentlemen.

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, besides keeping this Educational Institution, kept in the same room—a little general shop. She had no idea what stock she had, or what the price of anything in it was; but there was a little

MR. WOPSLE'S GREAT AUNT

greasy memorandum-book kept in a drawer, which served as a Catalogue of Prices, and by this oracle Biddy arranged all the shop transactions. Biddy was Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's granddaughter. . . .

Much of my unassisted self, and more by the help of Biddy than of Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, I struggled through the alphabet as if it had been a bramble-bush; getting considerably worried and scratched by every letter. After that, I fell among those thieves, the nine figures, who seemed every evening to do something new to disguise themselves and baffle recognition. But, at last I began, in a purblind groping way, to read, write, and cipher, on the very smallest scale. . . .

The Educational scheme or Course established by Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt may be resolved into the following synopsis. The pupils ate apples and put straws down one another's backs, until Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt collected her energies, and made an indiscriminate totter at them with a birch-rod. After receiving the charge with every mark of derision, the pupils formed in line and buzzingly passed a ragged book from hand to hand. The book had an alphabet in it, some figures and tables, and a little spelling—that is to say, it had had once. As soon as this volume began to circulate, Mr. Wopsle's

great-aunt fell into a state of coma; arising either from sleep or a rheumatic paroxysm. The pupils then entered among themselves upon a competitive examination on the subject of Boots, with the view of ascertaining who could tread the hardest upon whose toes. This mental exercise lasted until Bidy made a rush at them and distributed three defaced Bibles (shaped as if they had been unskillfully cut off the chump-end of something), more illegibly printed at the best than any curiosities of literature I have since met with, speckled all over with ironmould, and having various specimens of the insect world smashed between their leaves. This part of the Course was usually lightened by several single combats between Bidy and refractory students. When the fights were over, Bidy gave out the number of a page, and then we all read aloud what we could—or what we couldn't—in a frightful chorus; Bidy leading with a high shrill monotonous voice, and none of us having the least notion of, or reverence for, what we were reading about. When this horrible din had lasted a certain time, it mechanically awoke Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, who staggered at a boy fortuitously, and pulled his ears. This was understood to terminate the Course for the evening, and we emerged into the air with shrieks of intellectual victory. It is fair

MR. WOPSLE'S GREAT AUNT

to remark that there was no prohibition against any pupil's entertaining himself with a slate or even with the ink (when there was any), but that it was not easy to pursue that branch of study in the winter season, on account of the little general shop in which the classes were holden — and which was also Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's sitting-room and bed-chamber — being but faintly illuminated through the agency of one low-spirited dip-candle and no snuffers.

Great Expectations, ch. vii.

OCCUPATIONS AND CONDITION OF LIFE OF THE CHARACTERS PORTRAYED.

Note. This can only be considered an attempted classification; for the subjects often play so many parts, and appear in so many different roles, as to defy complete treatment of this kind: — others again are so nondescript that they can only find a place in "Miscellaneous" or as "Odd Characters and Queer Folk." Enough however will be found here to indicate the marvellous variety and distinctiveness of the personages who crowd the pages of the works of Dickens.

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